Blair. 57.

GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL.

THE

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A Magazine for Highlanders.

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DEDICATED

TO

GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL, Esq.,

Late of Siam,

A Sutherland Highlander, who, during many years spent in distant lands, was ever mindful of his duty to his native country: an ardent lover of his people and language, he has generously contributed to every object likely to improve the social condition of his fellow Highlanders, conserve the language, and promote the literature of the Gael.

John Mackay.

Archibald Sinclair, Printer, 47 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

MRS GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL.

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GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL, SIAM.

NE OBLIVISCARIS

GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL is a son of the late Mr. Kenneth Campbell, of Eden, Rogart, Sutherland, and comes of a good stock on both sides. He received the early part of his education in his native parish, and on his father receiving an appointment as Inspector of Works on the Highland Railway the son naturally took to railway work and made his way up so well that in 1868, at a comparatively early age, he was selected by the late Mr. Joseph Mitchell, Chief Engineer of the Highland Line, to go out to India to join the late Mr. David Reid and Mr. Mitchell's nephew, Mr F. D. Mitchell, who had, in partnership, secured a large contract from the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company.

These were the days when bridges and viaducts on Indian railways were, in the words of the Duke of Argyll, "coming down by the run," owing, as alleged, to inferior workmanship and bad material, but some of the condemned bridges had to be brought down by barrels of gunpowder so well did the masonry hold together. A reconstruction scare set in, and Messrs. Reid and Mitchell were entrusted with the renewal of many bridges on the Nagpore branch, of 240 miles. Mr. Campbell, then a young man of twenty-three, took immediate charge of works on the upper half of the line, including the Mahana viaduct of 12 eighty-four feet openings, and the large quarries at Parrus and Wurdha. There he soon picked up Hindustani, and in three months was able to dispense with an interpreter. He always declares that his facility for picking up eastern languages was in great measure owing to his knowledge of Gaelic.

In 1870, Messrs. Reid and Mitchell having secured the contract for the construction of the Navalapitya branch of the Ceylon Government Railway, Mr. Campbell began on that line a career in Ceylon which, with the exception of two short visits home, continued for a period of ten years, first, as already mentioned, with the above firm, and afterwards on the Matale branch of the main line with Mr. David Reid. In Ceylon Mr. Campbell had to deal with Indian as well as local labour. The first required a knowledge of Tamil, and the other of the Singalese Vernacular. Here again Mr. Campbell's Gaelic tongue facilitated the acquisition of these prevailing languages so far as to enable him in his dealings with headmen and individual labour to dispense with the native subordinate intermediary who, not only when he can, robs the coolie of a proportion of his well-earned gains, but discredits the employer, and injures him in pocket as well as reputation. Besides being concerned in these railway undertakings, and as regards the latter one, being the agent in charge of half the line, he superintended at one time the upkeep of over 100 miles of first and second class metalled roads, and at another the construction of an important road in the Wellaway district, a very hot-bed of fever, from which he suffered so severely as to necessitate a change home to shake it off.

In 1880 Mr. David Reid and Mr. George Lowe Reid, in conjunction with myself, secured the contract for the construction of two railways in Jamaica, the Porus and Ewarton branches, 45 miles in length. Mr. Campbell was made manager, and given a junior partnership in the contract. He left Ceylon carrying with him letters from the Lieutenant-Governor (the late Sir John Douglass) and the Chief Engineer for Railways (Mr. J. R. Mosse), recommending him in very complimentary terms to the Government of Jamaica. There he had to do

with labour of a very different kind, and much more difficult to deal with than that of India and Ceylon. The work on this line was very heavy, some portions costing as much as £80,000 a mile. On the Ewarton line (17 miles) there were four large viaducts and five tunnels, one, the Gibraltar tunnel, over half a mile long. Owing to the want of suitable stone or bricks, cement concrete was used for viaducts, bridges, culverts, retaining walls, and stations, in fact the line was then the first example of the exclusive use of cement concrete. The arched viaducts of fifty feet span, and all tunnel linings, were built of cement concrete in mass without a single failure, and all done by negro labour. These lines were opened to traffic in 1885-86 by Sir Henry Norman, then Governor of the island, who in his public speeches bore flattering testimony to Jamaica's indebtedness to Mr. Campbell for the way the works had been carried out, and the labourers managed and cared for. The thousands of labourers round the station when he was leaving gave evidence of their love for "The Chief," as they always called him, by carrying him shoulder high in procession.

On his return from Jamaica Mr. Campbell was elected an Associate Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

In 1887 Mr. Campbell was appointed by the

ROGART, SUTHERLANDSHIRE

late Sir John Hawkshaw to report on a scheme for a railway from the White Sea across the Ural Mountains to the Obi, but the promoters could not get the permission of the Russian Government to the scheme and it was dropped.

Sir John then nominated Mr. Campbell as Engineer-in-Chief and Manager of the Midland Railway of Western Australia, from Perth to Geraldton. Owing, however, to the great delay in raising the capital Mr. Campbell resigned the appointment and accepted an offer from Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, & Co., to go to Formosa to shew the Chinese Governor General, Lieu Ming Chuan, how to open the island by railways. He was in Formosa for a year and with only a young assistant, Alister Campbell, yr. of Auchindarroch, made extensive surveys and laid out 80 miles of railway. The opposition however of the Mandarins, the impossibility of getting proper control over the works, and helplessness in stopping the bribery and corruption which reigned supreme, made his position untenable, and he resigned.

In 1889 Mr. Campbell undertook the survey and construction of railways in the protected native States of the Malay Peninsula, and in 1891 his tender for the construction and equipment of 150 miles of line in Siam was

accepted for £1,200,000, and on this work he is now engaged, assisted by a large staff of engineers, several of whom are Highlanders.

In Malaya and Siam, finding the Malays and Siamese utterly useless for the works of construction, Mr. Campbell had to use Chinese, a race of whom, up till then, he had only comparatively little experience, but requiring very different management to the Jamaican or Indian The Chinaman when trained is the most industrious and effective labourer in the world, but owing to his superstitious nature, and his utilitarianism, he is most difficult to train and manage. These difficulties are increased owing to the peculiarities of his language which is seldom mastered by the adult European. To manage any eastern labourer a knowledge of his language is a first necessity, so as to dispense with a go-between, and give orders direct, and in the course of his career Mr. Campbell has had to learn, besides the languages already mentioned, Malay and sufficient Siamese and Chinese to make himself understood giving simple orders.

In November of last year Mr. Campbell took the King of Siam over 80 miles of the new line, an account and photographs of the trip, which was most successful, appeared afterwards in the London illustrated papers

During all those years it may further be said to Mr. Campbell's credit that he never forgot what was due to his name and his country. His interest in Gaelic and other Highland literature has always been keen; and every object intended to benefit Sutherland people has his warmest support. He is a member of the Highland Society of London.

In 1887 Mr. Campbell was married to Lily, third daughter of the late Mr. William Haynes, of Wildwoods, Hampstead Heath. Mrs. Campbell comes of a clever family and is herself an accomplished musician, and a painter in water-colours of no mean credit, as her pleasing sketches in many eastern lands abundantly testify. She has accompanied her husband everywhere—Formosa, the jungles of Malaya, and Siam—encouraging him in his work, brightening his home and making it a centre where his staff always received Highland hospitality. Mrs. Campbell plays Highland music in a way seldom acquired by one not to the manner born, and her "nichts wi Burns," at which were gathered together any Scotsmen within reach, will long be remembered in Kwala Lumpor and Bangkok.

At a reception in the Royal Palace, just before she left Bangkok, the King was so pleased with her playing for him, by special request, that he there and then presented her with a valuable decoration, and from many of the Princes and Princesses she has had valuable tokens of their esteem.

Mrs. Campbell, like her husband, is no mean linguist, and is thoroughly conversant with the Malay language. For private circulation amongst friends she has written an interesting account of her year in Formosa, in which she deals with the scenery, government and customs of the country, giving her own personal experiences and many illustrations.

One of Mrs. Campbell's brothers was Captain Alfred Ernest Haynes of the Royal Engineers, who was unfortunately killed the other day, after leading his men to victory at the storming of Makoni's Kraal in Mashonaland Captain Haynes had, for so young a man, as already noticed in the newspapers, a distinguished career, and his early soldier's death on the field of battle is a loss to the service to which he had so zealously devoted himself.

Hereford. JOHN MACKAY.

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

BY F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(*Continued from Vol. IV., page 225.*)

LADY HELEN SUTHERLAND COLQUHOUN—JANET SINCLAIR, LADY COLQUHOUN—REV. DR. JOHN STUART, TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE INTO GAELIC—DR. STUART AND THE LUSS INN-KEEPER—INCIDENTS AT THE BURIALS OF SIR JAMES AND LADY COLQUHOUN.

I HAVE before me a copy of a letter from Lady Helen (Sutherland) Colquhoun, which may be seen in the 'Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country," by Sir William Fraser (from whose volumes I have borrowed so largely), dated Rossdhu, January 5th, 1745, speaking of a panic there on account of an alleged raid of the Macgregors to the Luss shores of Loch Lomond. The writing is very curious, and the capital letters in the signature like spider's webs!

JANET SINCLAIR—LADY COLQUHOUN.

This saintly lady was born on the 17th of April, 1781, and was the younger daughter of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart., her mother being Sarah Maitland, only child and heiress of

Alexander Maitland, of Stoke Newington

The sole other child of this marriage was Hannah, the unforgotten authoress of "Letters on the Christian Faith," pronounced by William Wilberforce to be the best compendium on the subject he had ever seen.

The Life of Lady Colquhoun, by Dr. James Hamilton of Lada, passed rapidly into four editions.

Rev. Dr. John Stuart, Gaelic Translator.

When Lady Colquhoun came to Rossdhu, and for many following years, the gifted minister of the parish was the well known Dr. John Stuart, famed as scholar and florist, and under the sanction of the Church of Scotland he translated the Bible into Gaelic. His manse garden contained many rare and valuable flowers and shrubs. His patron, Sir James Colquhoun,

ANNE COLQUHOUN, HEIRESS OF LUSS.
From the Original Painting at Rossdhu, Loch Lomond.

sympathised with Dr. Stuart in all his literary tastes, being himself a great judge of pictures and china, as well as a famed botanist. It was he who sowed the "bonnie shores of Loch Lomond" with daffodils, which flutter still in thousands there, scenting the western breezes. The present Chief has lately imported a number of arbutus trees, which in time will no doubt make the islands of Loch Lomond have a sisterly resemblance to Killarney!

Dr Stuart and the Luss Inn-keeper.

Dr. Stuart of Luss was noted for his hospitality, as well as for his scientific and literary pursuits. No stranger of distinction would have missed the opportunity of inspecting the rare botanical collection in the manse garden, or of being acquainted with its accomplished possessor. The hospitalities of the manse were, however, a source of perpetual annoyance to the

DONALD MATHESON.

boniface of the "hostel," who fancied himself robbed of his annual harvest, and one night when the manse was thronged with guests, and the inn very empty, he slyly took down his sign-post and stuck it over the minister's dining room window. Dr. Stuart's first intimation that he had set up in the public line was the fiery visage of the inn-keeper glaring in upon the well-spread breakfast table, with the ominous words—"Since ye hae taen awa' the company, ye maun as weel hae the sign alang wi' them!"

JANET, LADY COLQUHOUN, AND SIR JAMES.

Lady Colquhoun formed an association called the "Luss and Arrochar Bible Society," and spent her life in forwarding every good movement in the cause of Christ, both in Edinburgh and on the family properties. She survived her husband about ten years and died at Rossdhu, full of faith and hope, sixty-six years of age. She was buried in the Chapel at Rossdhu, wearing her wedding ring, and a ring containing her husband's hair, by her own desire. When the grave had closed over all that was mortal of Sir James some ten years before, there was great lamentation over him. An aged clansman was propped up in bed to see the mournful procession pass, and fainted away when he caught sight of the hearse containing the lifeless form of his much-loved Chief, borne as usual on the shoulders of three Colquhouns and three Grants. There were also present some retainers of the family, whose heads had become blanched in the successive service of three or four generations, but who retained undiminished that feeling of devoted attachment which is the characteristic of the Highlanders of the north and west.

On those who have had progenitors such as those mentioned devolve special responsibilities —"Noblesse oblige," and it is a joy to add that the present Chief and his family do all in their power to shew that they feel the earthly inheritance is a *trust* to be accounted for to the Heavenly Master, who is making them meet some in one way, some in another, for the "Inheritance of the Saints in Light," where God grant we may meet "one day all in our Father's Home at last!"

(To be continued.)

DONALD MATHESON OF THE LEWS.

SO early as the fifteenth century the ancestors of Mr. Matheson were chiefs of no small repute in Sutherland. The progenitor of the family was Donald Ban Matheson, whose wife was a daughter of the Earl of Caithness. The clan took part in several of the numerous conflicts which disturbed the peace of Sutherland during the sixteenth century. In 1626 we find the head of the family, Colonel George Matheson of Shiness, accompanied Sir Donald Mackay, First Lord Reay, in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. In the Jacobite risings of 1715 and '45 the clan, like the Mackays and Sutherlands, espoused the side of the Government against the Stuarts.

Donald Matheson, who had served in the Sutherland Fencibles of 1759 and 1779, married Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Mackay of Lairg, descended from the Mackays of Scourie. His second son, James Sutherland Matheson, joined the great mercantile house of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., India and China, and amassed a large fortune. He purchased the Island of Lewis from the Seaforths, and spent a vast sum in improving the property and erecting a most magnificent Castle at Stornoway. He died in 1878, leaving Lews and Achany in life-rent to Lady Matheson, and entailed on his nephew, Donald Matheson, present representative of the ancient family of Shiness, who recently succeeded to the estates.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of this ancient and distinguished family. Mr. Donald Matheson, of the Lews, worthily maintains the high reputation of his race. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and being devoted to a business career proceeded to China as an assistant in the firm of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co. Being of a deeply religious disposition his experience of the opium traffic was such that he became an intensely earnest anti-opiumist. On his return to Scotland, he married, in 1849, Jane Ellen, daughter of Lieutenant Horace Petley, R.N., who is still a sympathetic partner of his domestic joys, and a helper in his public life. During the subsequent years Mr. Matheson has devoted himself mainly to mission work in Edinburgh and London. As an ardent Presbyterian he has rendered valuable service in the London Presbytery, and for a lengthened period acted as Hon. Secretary of their Presbyterian Mission in India. Mr. Matheson is also a Vice-President and Treasurer of the Evangelical Alliance; and he has done good service as a worker in the Foreign Evangelization Society. He gave evidence before the British Opium Commission at Westminster, and strongly denounced the sale of that drug in India under Government patronage.

Mr. Matheson has two sons, Duncan, Major of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and Donald, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Putney, near London. EDITOR.

PART VI.—(*Continued from Vol. IV., page* 233.)

CHRISTINA DAVIS, THE WOMAN SOLDIER.

BATTLES OF OUDENARDE AND MALPLAQUET.

AFTER the Battle of Blenheim she fell in with her husband, made herself known to him, and passed for his brother until detected after Ramillies. She had escaped unhurt through the hottest of the battle, but when the French were rapidly retiring from the disastrous field, a splinter of a shell from one of the enemy's mortars struck her on the head and fractured her skull. She did not recover for ten weeks, and during the surgeon's attendance upon her, her sex was discovered. "No sooner had they made this discovery" she observes in her curious narrative, "but they acquainted Brigadier Preston that his pretty dragoon (for so I was always called) was a woman. The news spread far and near, and reaching my Lord John Hay's ears (Colonel of the Scots Greys) he came to see me, as did my former comrades, and my Lord called my husband. He gave him a full and satisfactory account of our first acquaintance, marriage, and situation, and my Lord seemed very well entertained with my history."

This brave Amazon continued with the army until the conclusion of the war, but resumed the dress appropriate to her sex, and instead of handling sword, pistol, or musket, she dispensed wine, brandy, and other necessaries to the troops. She returned to England after the treaty of Utrecht, and was allowed by Queen Anne a pension of one shilling a day. Her death took place on the 7th July, 1739, and she was buried with military honours in the graveyard of Chelsea Hospital.

In 1707 the Union of Scotland and England was effected. The Scots Greys, in virtue of that event, and the transcendent valour they displayed at Blenheim and Ramillies became the "Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons."

In this year the only occasion which brought the "Scots Greys" into contact with the enemy was on the 21st June. A detachment of 25 sabres convoying a foraging party met on its return with some 30 French mousquetaires, who at once took up a favourable position and poured a volley into the Greys, who instantly drew their swords and down they came upon the French, sabring 14 of them and making the remainder prisoners.

On the 11th July the Greys participated in Marlborough's third great battle of Oudenarde, in which the cavalry was scarcely engaged, but by the dawn of next morning the Greys were in the saddle and in pursuit of the enemy.

The Battle of Oudenarde was wholly an infantry battle, no cavalry or artillery was used. The French had had half-a-dozen guns on the field. Darkness closed in before the victory was decided, battalions fought singly wherever

they could oppose one another. As darkness deepened it required all the activity of the officers to prevent the men from firing upon friends as well as foes. At length the cease firing sounded, and the French availing themselves of the pause began to fall back and quit the field, with the greatest rapidity.

Prince Eugene at this crisis with a singular forethought ordered the drummers of his own battalions to beat the French "assemblée." This ruse was most successful. Thousands of French came into the British and Dutch lines, and all were disarmed and made prisoners.

The loss of the French in this battle was enormous. "Had we been so happy as to have had two hours more of daylight," said Marlborough, "we should, I believe, have put an end to the war." The retreat of the French became a scene of the greatest disorder and tumult. They fled pell mell along the highway to Ghent, having lost 20,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of whom 1000 were officers, more than a 100 colours and standards, 4000 horses, and all their guns. The loss of the allies was 5000. Marlborough immediately marched for the French lines at Ypres and Warneton, captured and levelled them, then laid siege to Lille, and captured it, defeated the French again at Wynendal, invested and captured Ghent and Bruges.

In 1709 Marlborough displayed his talents as a diplomatist in striving to negotiate a treaty

THE SCOTS GREYS AT ALDERSHOT—MUSICAL DRILL.

of peace. Preliminaries were agreed upon, but when they were submitted to the French King, he refused to ratify them. War again began, and continued with unvarying success by the allied commanders, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who advanced upon Tournay, the chief place in the province of Hainault, one of the finest fortresses in Europe. Marlborough skilfully out-generalled his old antagonist Villars, and pressed the siege with such vigour and energy that it surrendered at discretion on the 28th July, after four weeks' siege. The citadel was given up on the 3rd September. The losses on both sides were heavy owing to mining and countermining, by which hundreds were blown up, in what a French historian calls "this infernal labyrinth." Again hoodwinking Villars, who was intrenched on the Scheldt, Marlborough detached the Prince of Hesse with his division to Mons, and he succeeded in investing it before the French Marshals had any idea of such a movement being contemplated.

At a council of war on the 8th September the allied commanders determined to secure the capture of Mons, and moved forward with 93,000 men and 101 guns. The French army was equally strong. On the 9th September both armies encamped within six miles of each other on a plateau presenting a hilly surface ten miles to the south of Mons. After various moves and counter-moves to prevent reinforcements being sent into Mons, both armies moved

forward. Marlborough fixed his headquarters at Blaregnies, while Villars took possession of Malplaquet. His right extended to that village which lay near the extensive and impenetrable wood of Saart, his left was covered by another thick wood, and his centre defended by three lines of trenches formed along a narrow plain, the whole being secured by an "Abatis de bois," or fortification of felled trees, with their branches outwards, a veritable citadel, and a formidable position to attack. In this position Marshal Villars awaited that conflict, which in killed and wounded was to surpass Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde put together. From the 9th to the 11th all remained quiet. No two such armies as those which now faced each other had yet been brought into the field. The chivalry of modern Europe was serving under the banners of either side.

In the ranks of the allies were Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Princes of Orange and Hesse Cassel, Marshal Count Tilly commanding the Dutch, Generals John, Duke of Argyll, Earl of Stair, Earl of Orkney, Marquis of Tullibardine, Albemarle, Lumley, Cadogan, Schulemberg, Lattum, Bulow, Fagel; Vichleu, Prince of Auvergue, Dohna, Spaar, Oxenstiern, Rautzan, Withers, and amongst the junior officers were the Prince Royal of Prussia, Counts Sax, Munich, and Schwerin, while amongst the French were Marshals Villlars and Boufflers, Dukes de Grammont, de Guiche, Isenghien, Marquis de Puysegur, Montmorency, De Coigny, Counts De Broglie, Nangin, Chaulnes, Duras, Albergotti, Pallavicini, La-Motte, and General, afterwards Marshal, Montesquieu. There were also St. Hilaire and the renowned Chevalier Toland, and last, not least, the hapless Pretender, James the third, serving as a volunteer.

(To be continued).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

ON a former occasion (See Vol. III.) I gave a version of the well-known pibroch "*A Cholla mo rùn*"—and the various traditionary stories attached thereto. I am pleased to be able to give a very complete set of the Gaelic words associated with another famous pibroch—*Fàilte Dhuntròin* Duntroon's Salute. I am not aware that they have ever been in print before, and I have to express my indebtedness to a Lorne Highlander, Mr. D. MacDougall, now resident in Yorkshire, for the words.

Tradition relates that Sir Alexander MacDonald, better known as *Alister, Mac Cholla Chiotaich*, invaded Argyllshire about the year 1644. Landing in Campbeltown with a force of about 1500 rank and file, he marched forward through Kintyre to Tarbert. "Arriving at the passes, he ordered his men to march in loose order over Sliabh-gaoil (an extensive mountain many miles in length), and to descend upon the Campbells' country, Ceanntarbert, and on to Knapdale, with power to massacre every person who attempted to oppose them. He moved himself, in a small fleet of galleys, by the west, landed at Castle Sween, already burnt by his father; from thence he marched to Duntroon Castle, which he surrounded, by sea and land, determined to massacre every person within its walls for the murder of his father's piper, etc. Alexander ordered his piper to play the Macdonald's March, in place of which, he instantly composed a war-cry, and played it to alarm Duntroon and warn him of his approaching danger, by way of a salute, which in the original runs thus, "*Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit, a Dhuntròin.* The warm effusion of the piper could not be better expressed to suit his purpose. After saluting Duntroon and wishing him good health, he warns him to be aware of his danger —that the enemy was ready to attack him by sea and land, right, left, and front; this war-cry, or rather warning tune, was understood on board, and the poor piper instantly hoisted up mast high, and executed for his temerity. Alexander finding he could not reduce Duntroon Castle, moved northward to his work of destruction."* FIONN.

* Kennedy's *Luaidheadair Gaidhlig*, 1836.

FÀILTE DHUNTRÒIN DUNTROON'S SALUTE, 1644.

KEY G. *Slowly, to represent the undulations of the waves.*

AN T-URLAR.

| s.,m: s | l.,s: l | s.,m: s | s.,d: m | s.,m: s | l.,s: l | s.f,r: f | s.,t: r |

Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin; Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin;

| s.,m : s | l.,s : l | s.,m : s | s.,d : m | s.f,r : f | s.,t$_l$: r | s.,m : s | s.,d : m |

Slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit a Dhùntròin ; Slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit a Dhùntròin.

| s.f,r : f | s.,t$_l$: r | s.,m : s | s.,d : m | s.,m : s | l.,s : l | s.f,r : f | s.,t$_l$: r |

Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, failt o'm chruit 's mi air bòrd ; Slainte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, failte dhuit's mairionn beo.

| s.,m : s | l.,s : l | s.,m : s | s.,d : m | f.,l : l.,f | m.,d : s.,m | s.r,m : f.,r | s.,t$_l$: r |

Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin, Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit a Dhùnt oi r

Siubhal.

Fàilt o'm chruit, fàilt' o'm chruit,
Slàinte dhuit, slàinte dhuit,
Failte dhuit, fàilte dhuit,
Nàile 's leòir, nàile 's leòir.
Slàinte dhuit, fàilt' o'm chruit,
Fàilt' o'm chruit is o'm mheòir,
Slàinte dhuit 's fàilt' o'm chruit
Fàilte dhuit 's sinn fo sheòl,
Fàilt' o'm mheòir, fàilt' o'm mheòir,
Nàile 's leòir, nàile 's leòir,
Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit
Fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin.

Siubhal Sleamhainn.

Fàilte, fàilte, slàinte, slàinte,
Nàile, nàile, chàirinn, chàirinn
Geàrd ort, geàrd ort,
Slàinte, slàinte, fàilte, fàilte,
Slàinte dhuit, slàinte dhuit,
Fàilte dhuit, fàilte dhuit,
Slàinte, slàinte, failte, failte,
Fàilte, fàilte, slàinte, slàinte,
Fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin,
Fàilte dhuit, slàinte dhuit,
Slàinte dhuit, fàilte dhuit,
Fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin.

Taor-luath a stigh.

Sin iad thugad, so iad agad,
Bidh iad agad a Dhùntròin,
So iad agad, sin iad thugad,
Tha iad thugad a Dhùntròin.
Tha iad agad, sin iad thugad.
Bidh iad agad a Nèill òig.
So iad thugad, sin iad agad,
Bi air d' fhaicill a Nèill òig.
Sin iad thugad, sin iad thugad,
Tha iad agad a Nèill òig,
Piobaireachd air clàr na luinge,
'S fuaim na tuinne ri Dùntròin.

Taor luath a mach.

Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich,
Piobaireachd am muigh air lòn,
Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich,
Piobaireachd air long fo sheòl.
Sin iad agad, so iad agad
Tha iad agad a Nèill òig
Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich
'S fuaim na tuinne ri Dùntròin.
Gu bhi, gu bhi air tìr 's ad chòir,
Air tìr, air tìr, air tìr 's mu d' shròin,
Gu bhi, gu bhi air tìr le 'n lòd.
Le 'n sgeith, 's le 'n calg,
Ni garbh, 's miann fheòil,
Làmh dhearg, làmh dhearg,
Làmh dhearg Mhic Dhòmhnuill.
Làmh dhearg, Làmh dhearg
Làmh dhearg 'nad chòir.
Làmh dhearg, làmh dhearg
A mharbh's gach beò,
Piobaireachd air bòrd na luinge
'S dlùth ort cunnart a Dhùntròin.

An taor-luath breabach.

Gach bogha air stac
Gach saighead 'an glaic
Gach bogha air stac,
Is dùin an crò.
Gach ùdabac 's cliabh
Greas ulladh gu dian,
Gach ùdabac 's cliabh
Is dùin an crò.
Gach ùdabac 's cliabh
Greas ulladh gu dian
Gach ùdabac 's cliabh
An Dùntròin.
Piobaireachd air clàr na luinge
'S dlùth ort cunnart a Dhùntròin
Làmh dhearg, làmh dhearg,
Ni dearg gu leòir,
Làmh dhearg, làmh dhearg
Le dearg Dhùntròin.
Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich
Piobaireachd a muigh air lòn,
Piobaireachd air clàr na luinge
'S dlùth ort cunnart a Nèill òig.
Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich
Piobaireachd air long fo sheòl,
Piobaireachd air bòrd na luinge
'S fuaim na tuinne ri Dùntròin.

A' chrun-luath.

Greas umad, bi dian,
Bi dian, bi dian,
Bi dian, greas umad,
Greas umad, bi dian,
Bi dian greas umad,
Bi dian greas umad,
Greas umad bi dian.
Bi dian, bi ullamh,
Bi ullamh, bi dian,
Bi ullamh, bi dian,
Bi dian, bi ullamh,
Gach ùdabac 's cliabh,
Gach isreach* is sgiath,
Is dùin an crò.
Fàilte dhuit slàinte dhuit,
Fàilte dhuit a Dhùntròin,
Piobaireachd 's an t-seòmar mhullaich,
'S fuaim na tuinne ri Dùntròin.

* *Isreach*—a polished helmet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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OCTOBER, 1896

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue we commence our Fifth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our List of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their annual subscriptions (4/- post free) at once, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WITH our November number we will give plate portraits of Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow (in response to the request of many of our readers); Mr. Colin G. Macrae, W.S., Edinburgh (head of the Inverinate family); Mr. Daniel Maclean, Jr., Secretary of the Clan Maclean Society, Greenock; and Miss Jean MacFarlane Scott, Sunderland; with biographical sketches.

We regret that owing to the pressure on our space we have been reluctantly compelled to hold over the opening chapter of the article on "Flora Macdonald," and "Tales of the Macleod Country," by Mr. Lockhart Bogle.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME IV.—As we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies of this volume, some of the parts being already out of print, those who desire copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 10/- post free, and copies can be had from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

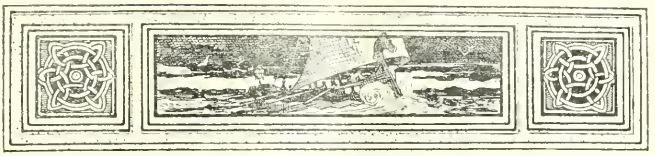
The following paragraph, which we cull from a northern paper, will doubtless interest many of our Highland friends.—"We learn that Mr. JOHN MACKAY, Honorary Secretary of the Clan Mackay Society, and Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, is to be married on the 23rd of September to Miss Annie Maclean Sharp, daughter of Mr. Duncan Sharp, Glasgow. Mr. Sharp was for a number of years President of *Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu*, which carried on for many years the weekly Gaelic concerts."—*John o' Groat Journal.*

"CEOL MOR."—Our readers will find particulars regarding this most important publication in our advertising pages, the first part of which is in the press. *Ceol Mor* will be the largest collection of *piobaireachd* ever published, and the tunes having been revised by several of the most celebrated pibroch players of the present day may be accepted as correct. General Thomason has spent thirty years collecting and verifying these pibrochs, and his *Ceol Mor* notation will make them easily acquired by any piper who is anxious to learn the classical music of the Gael. As the edition is to be a limited one, those desirous of securing copies should apply at once to the publisher of *Ceol Mor*, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Each part consisting of 32 pages of music costs 4/-; the whole collection of 269 pibrochs, with book of notation, can be had, neatly bound in cloth, for two guineas, by subscribers registering before the end of the year.

DEATH OF SIR DAVID L. MACPHERSON, K.C.M.G.—We regret to announce the death of this distinguished Highlander in mid-ocean, on August 16th. He was a native of Inverness, and was educated at the Royal Academy. He went to Canada, where he attained to great eminence, being Dominion Senator and member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, Minister of the Interior of the Macdonald Cabinet, 1883-5, and Speaker of the Senate, 1880-3. Sir David had been travelling on the Continent lately, his copies of the *Celtic* being addressed to San Remo, Italy. In a recent letter to Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, he said "I have had an ardent desire to visit the Highlands once more, and you have done much to increase, if possible, that desire—especially to have another glimpse of Badenoch, the country of our clan, but it is '*too late.*'" His death will be regretted by a large circle of friends both in this country and Canada.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM RENNIE, LATE OF THE 90TH REGIMENT, died at Forres on the 29th August. He was a native of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire. His military career was a most distinguished one, having risen from the ranks to the command of his regiment. He served in a number of campaigns, and during the Indian Mutiny was awarded the Victoria Cross for "conspicuous gallantry."

THE CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY have decided to present Mr. Neil Maclaine, Rutland Crescent, with a Testimonial in acknowledgment of his valuable services to the Society. Mr. Maclaine is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, and a most active member.



MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot.

The MacGillivrays.

Of old the Clan Chattan were reckoned under two classes, the first—nine in number—sprung of the Chief's own house, and the second—seven in number—those who had incorporated or attached themselves, though of other names than that of Mackintosh, thus making sixteen in all. Amongst the latter class the MacGillivrays stood the first and oldest, for according to the Croy MS. history, compiled by the Rev. Andrew Macphail, who it is understood died minister of Boleskine, 1608, it is said that about the year 1268 "Gillivray, the progenitor of the Clan vic Gillivray, took protection and dependence for himself and posterity of this Farquhard Mackintosh (5th of Mackintosh, who was killed in 1274, aged 36)."

Sir Eneas Mackintosh in his manuscript, privately printed in 1892 by the present Chief, and 28th of Mackintosh, gives the date as 1271.

The origin of the name may be looked for in the fourth or last part of MacGillivray, for invariably in Gaelic, and in my younger days, elderly people of good position put the weight on this last portion, and not as is now invariably done in English, on the second.

Betwixt this first, and Duncan (whom I place as 1st of Dunmaglass) who lived about 1500, is a long step, and it is not the purpose of these papers to do other as a rule, than deal with facts.

It may be taken for granted that the MacGillivrays came from the west, and have been settled at Dunmaglass, in the braes of Strathnairn, and along the valley of Nairn, long before we know their authentic history. In the year 1791, one, Farquhar M'Gillivour, aged 82, living on the banks of the river Nairn, was examined in court, and in answer to a query what his real name was, said he was called Farquhar M'Gillivour in every part of the country, and that the M'Gillivours were followers of the MacGillivrays, having come at the same time from the Western Islands. The descent of the Dunmaglass family was reckoned very good in the Highlands; and the late John Lachlan the 10th, who was exceedingly proud, and in his latter days a very reserved man, used in his cups to declare "he was descended of Kings."

Dunmaglass, at least one half of it, belonged to the old Thanes of Kalder, and is first mentioned in the service of

Donald as heir to his father, Andrew, in the lands in the year 1414. The other half belonged to a family named Menzies in Aberdeenshire, who in 1419 agreed to sell them to the above Donald Kalder, who in 1421 gets a disposition of them, described as lying within the barony of Kerdale. This was one of the extensive baronies belonging to the old estates and Earldom of Moray, but the estate having been broken up, the barony has been long in disnetude. The estate of Dunmaglass, now in one, was of considerable valne, being rated as a four pound land of old extent, equivalent to two freeholds.

There is evidence of a Farquhar-vic-Conchie styled of Dunmaglass in the year 1547. I purpose beginning with his father.

I.—Duncan MacGillivray, born probably about 1500—his son.

II.—Farquhar, found in 1547—his son.

MACGILLIVRAY.
From R. R. M'Ian's "Clans of the Scottish Highlands."

III.—Allister More, designated as "Allister-vic-Farquhar-vic-Conchie of Dunmaglass," is found on 28th May, 1578, having some connection with a William-vic- Farquhar, and Maggie Kar, spouse of Provost William Cuthbert of Inverness.

By 1609, when the great bond of union among the Clan Chattan was signed, Allister was dead and his son Farquhar a minor, for those who signed for the Clan-vic-Gillivray were Malcolm-vic-Bean in Dalcrombie, Ewen-vic-Ewen in Aberchalder, and Duncan-vic-Farquhar in Dunmaglass. It would also seem that the clan was at this time pretty numerous and influential, and the leader Malcolm, son of Bean MacGillivray in Dalcrombie. In 1593

mention is made of Duncan MacGillivray in Dunmaglass.

IV.—Farquhar. By the year 1620, and probably at a much earlier period, Dunmaglass had been wadsetted by the family of Calder to the MacGillivrays for 1000 merks. In that year Calder was much pinched, and Dunmaglass was to be raised other 2000 merks, or sold for 5000 merks.

The first alternative was adopted, 2000 merks being eked in 1622, but the pecuniary pressure still continuing, the estate was feued to Dunmaglass.

It may here be noted, though lying in the centre almost of Inverness-shire, these lands were by an arbitrary exercise of power by the Scottish Parliament, annexed, at Calder's instance, to the County of Nairn.

By feu contract dated at Inverness, 4th April, 1626, John Campbell, Fiar of Calder, with consent of Sir John Campbell, life renter of Calder, his father, feued to Farquhard Mack-Allister of Downmaglasch his heirs male and assignees whomsoever—"All and singular the lands and towns of Downmaglasch, extending to a four pound land of old extent, with the mill, multures, mill lands, and sequels of the same, together with houses, biggings, tofts, crofts, woods, fishings, sheallings, grazings, parts, pendicles and pertinents thereof, lying within the Barony of Calder and Sheriffdom of Nairn." The feu duty is £16 Scots, with obligation when required to appear and accompany at his own expense the Lairds of Calder in their progress and journey between Calder and Innerlochie or Rannoch; to assemble in all lawful conventions, armings, and Royal combats; to attend three head baron courts to be held in the Castle of Calder. This destination to heirs male was kept up, and under it Neil, the 12th laird, succeeded to Dunmaglass.

Dunmaglass, the earliest possession of the family, is a fine estate of some 17,000 acres, with a great mass of table-land on the summit, from whence the waters run eastward to the Findhorn, and westward to the Farigaig. The old mansion house was built towards the close of the seventeenth century, picturesquely situated on a level ground, the western sides dropping rapidly to the river, but since the sale of the property has been wantonly destroyed.

Farquhar-vic-Allister also acquired the half of the lands of Culclachie from the Earl of Moray, and was infeft 20th December, 1631. He had one sister, Catherine, married to William Mackintosh in Elrig, who is infeft therein 28th September, 1638. I have not observed to whom Farquhar was himself married, but he had a numerous issue, Alexander, Donald, William, Bean, Lachlan, and at least one daughter, Catherine, first married as his second wife to William Mackintosh of Aberarder, in 1653, and afterwards, in 1663, to Martin MacGillivray of Aberchalder. Farquhar's eldest son, Alexander, married Agnes Mackintosh, second daughter of William Mackintosh of Kellachie. Farquhar settled on the young couple by charter, dated Inverness, 27th June, 1643, the two western ploughs of Dunmaglass.

The Forbeses of Culloden did not find Allister a good neighbour at Culclachie, for by bond registered 24th June, 1654, Kellachie binds himself as cautioner in a law burrows that Allister will keep the peace towards Duncan Forbes of Culloden, John, fiar thereof, and their tenants.

Allister died young, and his widow married in 1657 William Forbes of Skellater.

Farquhar's second son, Donald, commonly called "the Tutor of Dunmaglass," married Marie Mackintosh, and was founder of the Dalcrombie and Letterchullin family, and his descendant in the fifth degree, Neil, ultimately succeeded to Dunmaglass. The MacGillivrays of Dalcrombie long held a good position in Inverness-shire, the last owner, Farquhar, having been at Culloden, but fortunately escaped. All the MacGillivrays were staunch Episcopalians, and Bishop Forbes frequently mentions his warm reception and hospitable treatment when on his periodical visits. His relict, Marie, married in 1677 Alexander Mackintosh of Easter Urquhill.

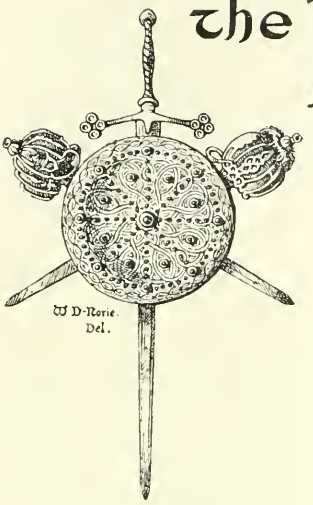
William, the third son of Farquhar, married Mary Macbean and settled in Lairgs, and was great grandfather of the Rev. Lachlan MacGillivray, who was the unsuccessful competitor for the Dunmaglass estates, destined to heirs male, 40 years ago. In 1644 there were three MacGillivrays heritors in Daviot and Dunlichity, viz:—Allister-vic-Farquhar, Malcolm-vic-Bean, and Duncan MacGillivray, and in the time of this Farquhar the MacGillivrays were perhaps at the height of their power, he himself having a deal of property, his sons, Donald and William, establishing a good footing for themselves, and his kinsman at Easter Aberchalder representing the old branch of the house. Not much is known of his sons, Bean and Lachlan, further than that Bean left a son, John, and a reputation not yet forgotten of, being a good fighting man, badly wounded and mutilated in one of the numerous Clan Chattan expeditions to Lochaber. Farquhar generally signed not MacGillivray but "Mackallister," of which he seemed proud.

(To be continued).

The Highland Sword.

by W. Drummond-Norie

Illustrated by the Author.



(*Continued from page* 239).

AN interesting relic of Bannockburn is the formidable sword now in the possession of Sir Robert Menzies, which is said to have been used on that glorious field by the then chief of Clan Menzies. The length of blade is fifty inches and its width at the hilt nearly two inches, the total length including handle is five feet eight inches Only half of the quillon remains, the other portion having been broken off during the fight. The writer had an opportunity recently, by the courtesy of Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., of inspecting this historic claymore and of making the sketch (fig 9) which is here shown.

Lindsay of Pitscottie writing in 1573 and John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in 1578 both allude to the sword used by the Highlanders of their time, the latter says "They used also a two-edged sword which, with the foot soldiers was pretty long, and short for the horse; both had it broad and with an edge so exceeding sharp that at one blow it would easily cut a man in two."

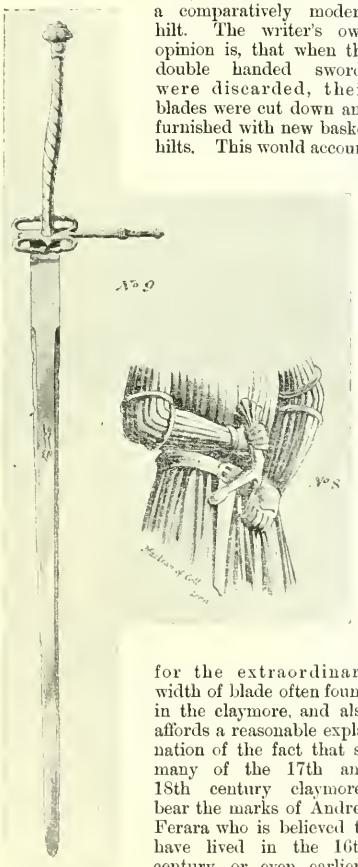
In 1594 O'Clery, an Irishman, describes the Highland allies of Red Hugh O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnel, as being armed with "horn hafted swords, large and military, over their shoulders. A man when he had to strike with them had to apply both his hands to the haft."

During the wars of Montrose we still find the Highlanders fighting with their ancient *claidheamh mòr* and their great leader himself is said to have been armed with this weapon. There is a fine portrait of Montrose in Sobieski Stuart's "Costumes of the Clans" (whether authentic or not, the writer is unable to say), in which he is represented in Highland dress with trews and feather bonnet; and holding a magnificent double handed sword in embossed leather scabbard. This sword will be shown in fig 9a.

As late as the year 1678 Lieutenant Colonel Cleland of the Earl of Angus's regiment, in a satirical poem descriptive of the Highland host expedition, says his adversaries carried "a long two handed sword, as good's the country can afford." This was in all probability the last military gathering of Highlanders at which the great ancestral Celtic weapon was universally employed, for at the Battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, a new sword had found its way into the Highlands, and in a short time not only displaced the *claidheamh mòr*, but usurped its name, and became from that period the weapon *par excellence* of the Highland race.

Dr. Anderson says, "The origin of the basket-hilted sword in the Highlands is unknown and probably did not come into use much before the end of the 17th century, although used in Italy before that period by the *schiavoni*, or guards of the Doges of Venice." Substantially, this statement is probably correct, for previous to Killiecrankie, the writer, after much research, has been unable to trace any authentic reference to the basket-hilted sword, now commonly known as the claymore. There is a portrait of doubtful authenticity in the "Costumes of the Clans" supposed to be of the "Bonnie" Earl of Moray, *tempus* Charles II. (1648-1685), in which the

hilt of what is apparently a basket-hilted claymore is seen among the folds of the plaid; and it is also true that there are claymores in existence with stamped blades of earlier date, but it will usually be found on close examination, that where such is the case, the old blade, probably because of its superior quality of steel, has been inserted into a comparatively modern hilt. The writer's own opinion is, that when the double handed swords were discarded, their blades were cut down and furnished with new basket hilts. This would account



for the extraordinary width of blade often found in the claymore, and also affords a reasonable explanation of the fact that so many of the 17th and 18th century claymores bear the marks of Andrea Ferara who is believed to have lived in the 16th century, or even earlier; for a tradition exists that this celebrated sword-smith was induced to come to Scotland by James IV. (1488-1513), and that having set up a forge in a cave in the Highlands he commenced the manufacture of his famous blades for the Highland chiefs and Lowland noblemen. He is said to have killed one of his sons who had been bribed to betray the secret process by which the splendid temper of the steel was produced.

(To be continued.)

REV. D. G. MEARNS, B.D., OF DISBLAIR.

REV. DUNCAN GEORGE MEARNS, minister of Oyne, proprietor of Disblair and South Kinmundy, is one of the best known and most highly esteemed men of the Garioch, and one in whom are united and inherited excellences of a long line of gifted and distinguished ancestors.

The son of the Rev. William Mearns, D.D., who was at one time minister of Glenrinnes, and afterwards of Kinneff, the subject of our sketch was born in this prettily situated Kincardineshire parish on January 11th, 1846, while the echoes of the Disruption were yet ringing through Scotland. He can trace his ancestry, if not exactly to the retinue of the Conqueror, yet far back into the misty fifteenth century to the knightly scions of the house of Dyss, who also held important office in the Church of Scotland in Aberdeen and its neighbourhood. His grandfather was the Rev. Duncan Mearns, D.D, of Disblair, a son of Anne, sister of the well-known and revered Rev. Dr. George Morison of Elsick and Disblair, himself a son of a worthy Lord Provost of

Aberdeen, and a man who, while minister of Banchory-Devenick, near the city, laid the neighbourhood under a lasting debt of gratitude by his erection of the Suspension Bridge over the Dee, so familiarly known to Aberdonians under the expressive title of "The Shakkin' Briggie." His elder brother, Thomas Morison, formerly a surgeon in the army, discovered the virtues of the now far-famed Strathpeffer Well, and their father was that Provost James Morison, who, in 1745, being a staunch Hanoverian, sternly refusing to drink the "Pretender's" health at the market cross, had the "liquor thrust down his breast," hence forming the title of "Provost positive."

By this family Duncan George Mearns is connected with many families of local note—from the doughty Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar on the one side, to the Dingwall Fordyce family on the other, and between these comes the Laird of Kemnay, who is descended from Agnes, a sister of 'Anne, the great-grandmother of the present proprietor of Disblair, and also another collatoral branch connects him with Miss Rose, the proprietrix of Mullaghmore, in the County of Monaghan, Ireland.

But Mr. Mearns is richer still in abundance of inherited merit. He is, as already indicated, in the direct line of two Lord Provosts of Aberdeen, and in these days of great social movements the civic element in character is a factor which is not to be despised. Then he has in his recent ancestral relatives the scholarly element, for his grandfather was a Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen, in the early years of the century; and in the matter of Church connections he is in an unbroken line of distinguished ministers of the Church of Scotland. Not only so, but his grandfather, the Professor, had conferred upon him the high dignity of Moderator of the Church in 1821, and, as Dr. Walker tells us in his "Disblair," he was "a foremost and most trusted leader of the so-called moderate party in the Church."

As the repository of so much inherited excellence, Mr. Mearns has therefore the necessary traits towards distinction in many walks of life. And these, as everyone in the Garioch knows, he cultivates assiduously. He followed his forbears in becoming a student of Aberdeen University and graduated M.A., and afterwards took his B.D. degree in the Divinity Hall of the University of Edinburgh. In 1874 he was ordained to the parish of Oyne, where his ancestor, Dr. Morison, had been minister before him, and where he not only "ministers in holy things" but acts the part of a true friend and wise counsellor to his people. Keenly interested in antiquarian affairs, Mr. Mearns is Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and he cultivates, locally, his taste for the more literary side of antiquarian study as a member of the New Spalding Club in Aberdeen. It is interesting to note that he inherited one of the two remaining flags of the Covenant carried at Bothwell Brig and Drumclog by ancestors of the name of Williamson on his mother's side of the family.

Mr. Mearns is furthermore very largely interested in bracing out-door life, as becometh a landed proprietor. He is versed in agricultural affairs; and he may be seen almost any day seeking the characteristic British enjoyment armed with the rod or gun, in the handling of which he is known to be an expert. His geniality of disposition, kindly sympathies, and keen intellect, lead him to be cherished by all who know Mr. Mearns, as either a delightful companion or a welcome guest. In all Highland matters Mr. Mearns takes a keen interest, and there is no more loyal and honoured member on the roll of the Aberdeen Highland Association.

Mr. Mearns, in 1875, married Mary Margaret Agnes Madeline Grant, daughter of Hector Grant, Royal Indian Navy, a very estimable and accomplished lady. They have five of a family, the eldest being William Morison, Lieut., 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry. To the regret of many in the Garioch Mr. Mearns is about to resign his parish and take up his future residence at Disblair, where he will be heartily welcomed.

Aberdeen. HUGH MACDONALD.

LONG AGO.

In the meadowland of youth,
Where the days are sweet and slow,
There, we dreamed a dream of truth—
Long ago!
And the daisies growing there,
Were not purer than our pray'r.

Ah, our hearts had not grown old—
In that dream we used to know—
And the world was not so cold—
Long ago!
Nothing spoke to us of night
In that world of love and light.

* * * *

In that meadowland of youth,
Only echoes—weird and low,
There we left our dream of truth—
Long ago!
And the weary world goes by,
And we only live—to sigh.

Wimille-Wimereux, Pas de Calais. JANIE MACPHERSON.

REV. DUNCAN GEORGE MEARNS, B.D.

ONLY A LOUT.

A True Tale of Sutherlandshire Life.

By Robina Findlater.

THE Reay country in the beginning of this century had an atmosphere of life from without that mingled well with the primitive habits of the natives, many of the men having been soldiers, and the gentlemen retired officers, while the poetic influence of their bard, Rob Donn, was still felt among them. But over and above all a cultivated and godly ministry drew out the inner and higher life of this mixed population. For they were not all pure Celts, some being descended from Norsemen who many generations before had come on plundering expeditions. They settled and married among the people, some of whom still inherit the daring and impetuous instincts of their progenitors. Though shut out from the world there was to be met with in all a depth of nature, as well as vivacity, that amounted to educated feeling.

Stuart Mill says that only among the most educated English can be found that education of the intellect through the emotions which we find even among the poor in continental nations. Especially does this apply to the northern Highlander. The mixing also of all classes in a friendly way, especially at weddings and feasts, gave a tone of refinement to the community, as well as the feeling that many of them had, of being descended from past chiefs, the consciousness of which they had not lost through many generations, though in many cases they had fallen out of their worldly means and seemed little better than cotters to those who knew them not. But these people felt intensely that "a man's life consisteth not in the multitude of his possessions," consequently their life was vital and interesting.

It was in one of these northern parishes that Major Forest, after his retirement from the army, held a farm. "Who is that?" asked the said Major of one of his servants, as he shaded his eyes with his hands. "Who is she of the silver feet? They actually gleam on the shining sands as she runs." The Major was an elderly man and a little deaf, or one of his farm-servants would not have murmured loud enough for others to hear—"They would not be shining feet in your eyes, my good sir, if you knew where they were going—but black as night."

Major Forest thus looked across the ferry at Tongue, not knowing that his own daughter had taken a little boat as far as the sea would float her, and leaving it at a certain point had put off her shoes and stockings, and with shawl covering her head hurried along the sands, love quickening her steps on the one side, and the advancing tide on the other. Who her lover was will be seen in the following story.

"I never had such a good conscientious servant as Harry MacLay," said Mr. Mackay, the parish clergyman, to his wife. "He's worth his weight in gold, though he looks such a lout."

"And that he is," replied Mrs. Mackay. She was a smart travelled woman, keen and worldly, but with an appreciation of excellence that induced her, a wealthy widow, to cast in her lot with this large hearted and enlightened man, once an army chaplain, now the settled clergyman of this sequestered parish.

"Harry is also a handy man," Mrs. Mackay went on to say. "I must send him up to the sheiling to repair the huts after these storms."

"Look out for squalls then, my dear," and directing his gaze across the ferry, where they so often occurred, a look came over the good man's face that might have made Mrs. Mackay question him if she had not been too intent on the practical ordering of her affairs to notice it, and with key-basket in hand she left her husband to his own cogitations. These were to this effect:—

"Lena Forest is the prettiest and most refined girl in all the country side. There are four men in her own sphere who would wed her to-morrow, and she is going to throw herself away on my ploughman. Such an idea never first entered into that great unselfish head and heart, so unassuming too as he is. I must not talk it over with my wife till I am certain of the truth of the report. This affair must have begun with Miss Lena herself, one of those unaccountable prepossessions that occur in life from time to time. I remember the beautiful daughter of our Colonel who eloped with a private in her father's regiment, but then he was of rare good looks. Now this Harry, though good and true, is not even good looking, and carries himself most awkwardly. The girl is daft, poor thing, and has lost her mother. I must go at once to her father," and buttoning up his coat the very Rev. gentleman was soon sitting in the return ferry boat on his way to Major Forest's house on this side of the Kyle.

Meanwhile Lena Forest, clearing the sands on the other side, put on her shoes and stockings and ascended a slope where, under the shade of a great boulder, stood a very tall working man. As she advanced his honest blue eyes brightened, though he made no movement to meet her. When, however, she stood beside him he threw his plaid over her. "Lena," said he, "I have been thinking this over; I am no match for you. You know nothing of poverty and hard work. Often as I have looked in church on you and

your sisters, in all your refined beauty, I have thought of the Angels in Heaven." "But Harry," said the girl, "you are my choice and by you I will abide." "I am a selfish brute to listen to you," he answered, "though at any moment I would die for you, but there never was anything very attractive about me even to girls in my own rank, and if you had not been gracious enough to stoop down to my low estate I should as soon have thought of the moon being mine as of you." "It is for no lack of lovers," said Lena, "that I have chosen, but they all directly or indirectly (they or their fathers) have helped to desolate the country. I shall never forget when visiting my aunt before I went to school how she became insane when her husband got possession of his part of the glen, especially how she would cry out, addressing the big churn when she heard it going, 'Churn! churn!' she would say, 'you big brutal churn, you may churn well since many another you have silenced;' and now, Harry, that her husband has left, lost all, and is a poor man, she is quite happy 'clothed and in her right mind.' This shows me that to unite with anyone who has anything to do with the depopulation of the Strath would bring a curse down upon my head. I would rather sew or darn, or even carry the creel, than share their ill-gotten and selfish gain!"

"And you can play the piano, embroider, and read fine books at a glance, which Harry Maclay's wife need by right know nothing of," he said depreciatingly.

"I think there is no one who can do common things so well as a lady, and I would black your shoes sooner than play the lady in any of their big houses," the maid answered with spirit.

"And that you shall never do while there is strength in these arms. But look here, my love, do not tempt me too far, for I am not a stock or a stone, nor am I without disinterested feelings either—this, thank God, the poorest of us can have, our very language instructs us. The Lowland Scot may look down on the Highlander, but how rude are their ways of thinking in comparison, and their manners too how rough. Now I have none of the learning of the schools, and can only spell out my precious bible, nor am I of gentle birth like you, my loved one, but I have the blood of saints in my veins, men who have lived with God and been directly instructed from on high Heroes and martyrs they would have been if called upon. Well, their first lessons to me were that I should be unselfish and renounce all for the highest, and oh! my beautiful girl, my love of loves, if I say to you, 'depart to your kind,' what saint or martyr ever did anything so difficult? I once heard one of your fine gentlemen call me a 'lout,' but who could continue to be so with such an honoured love within his grasp," and the awkward figure rose up in majesty, while tears choked his utterance.

Lena was moved by his eloquence into passionate admiration, but only replied, "I have made my choice, I will not forsake you, you are worth a ship's load of those smooth tongued traitors."

It is characteristic of the northern Highlanders, with their habitual self-control, that they can talk in a refined manner upon the most heart-burning themes, in their own beautiful and pictorial language, without any outward demonstration of feeling; and a young girl, while teasing her wool, may give a promise of marriage to her lover without so much as a kiss passing between them. But as they talk "the fire burns," and they are often led at such times to a height of feeling that can only be born of this quietly concentrated emotion. Thus it happened that full as these two hearts were of passionate emotion not a single caress passed between them, as they passed up the hillside to one of the little bothies belonging to the sheiling. As they entered the little chamber Harry spread his plaid over a large bundle of heather that lay in a corner, and placed the young lady there. "I will kindle a fire to keep away the midges, while you rest a while. My mistress gave me heaps of bread and cheese and we will soon get warm milk from the cows, and now we will be happy. I wonder why God has showered such a wealth of joy on me"—and the young man ministered unto the tired maiden. It was nine o'clock on that June evening, and the sun was still high up in the heavens in those northern regions, when about a dozen young maidens with a matron or two were milking their cows, and singing as they milked. They were all dressed in dark blue home-spun full petticoats, with loose white calico bodices gathered at the waist by the band of their checked aprons. These bodices are doubtless the progenitors of the indispensable modern blouse, and a working woman looked better in this costume than in any modern finery.

Harry came out of the hut and beckoned to a bright looking matron. "Isabel," said he, "you are just going to lie down to-night at Miss Forest's feet, after you have given her some warm milk."

"You may depend on me, as sure as the sun is in the heavens," was the cheerful reply.

No further questions were asked, but a wave of thrilling emotion passed over the little community; the very air was electric with it. They were all in sympathy with the runaways, but their Highland sense of propriety made them silent, though doubtful of the issues. The scene was altogether idyllic. There was scarcely

half-an-hour of darkness, and possibly not half-an-hour's sleep among the maidens, each one's thoughts of her own lover quickening into waking dreams.

Harry sat by the fire where he ever and anon listened, expecting as he did the approach of horsemen.

(To be continued.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

SIR—I think members of the Clan Macrae must have been somewhat surprised to read Captain Macrae's letter, which appeared in your May number, and in which he practically maintains that the clan was only a small sept attached to the Clan Mackenzie, too unimportant to have a Chief of its own, and that if it had a Chief he was apparently to be found in Captain Macrae's family. These are such entirely new views that they cannot be accepted without some substantial proof. No such proof is produced, and I think it would not be difficult to show good grounds for holding that the old and generally accepted account is correct. My main difficulty is that I can only indicate a few of these grounds, as were I to go fully into the question I should require too much of your valuable space. The evidence on these matters is of two kinds, written and traditional. There is the old MS. history of the clan, originally written by the Rev. John M'Ra, minister of Dingwall, who died in 1704, transcribed by Farquhar Macrae of Inverinate, my great-grandfather, in 1786, and continued by him. This lies before me as I write. There are also references in various works to the clan. Of traditional evidence there is a considerable collection in MS. writings of my grandfather and father, both of whom were keenly interested in all that affected the clan and family. I have also had the advantage of seeing and speaking with many persons deeply versed in Highland lore, and from them heard many details, as well as a general confirmation of the received opinion. Such authorities are now very few, but as I am a good deal older than Captain Macrae, and have lived all my life in Scotland and much in the Highlands, I think I have some advantages in collecting the facts of the clan history. Shortly then, the result is that both written and traditional history clearly point to the Macraes having been a great and powerful clan in old times, holding extensive lands, and of distinguished origin. An extract made by my father from "The Macfarlane Collection," in the Advocates' Library, states that the Macrae clan possessed extensive lands (the names of which are given) in East Inverness-shire and in Urquhart, besides the well-known country of the Macraes in Wester Ross. There is a tradition which I have often heard, and which is repeated in the old MS. history, that some of the Chiefs are buried in Iona, an honour which was only awarded to influential persons at the time, hence it is scarcely possible that the clan could have been the obscure followers of Seaforth which Captain Macrae seems to suggest. Indeed all the information we have points to the clan having possessed in ancient times considerable power and importance, although when the earliest detailed history commences it had begun to be overshadowed by the growing greatness of the Seaforth family. I need not remind you, Sir, that Highland clans did not remain stationary, but varied much in power and influence at different times. I could easily give examples, but I will only point out that it is in the highest degree improbable that the unanimous belief in the country that the clan was distinct and independent, having a Chief of its own, should now be found incorrect. Amongst the many persons versed in Highland tradition to whom I have spoken, I have never once heard Captain Macrae's views even suggested. All were agreed that the clan had always enjoyed a separate existence and a Chief of its own, and that that Chief was a Macrae of Inverinate. I have writings of my grandfather, who was an enthusiastic and well informed Highlander, telling of the loyalty and devotion shown by the clan to his predecessors and himself as Chiefs. He uses the expression frequently. And even in my father's time I have seen many such acts by members of the clan. I shall never forget the warm reception, which, as a boy, I saw accorded to my father by the people of Loch Duich, when he visited the home of his fathers in his yacht. Certainly for the last century and more the clan never seem to have had any doubt as to who was their Chief. Indeed if it had a Chief at all it could hardly have been any other than an Inverinate, as they possessed a great part, and probably at one time, the greater part, of the lands where the clan lived, around Loch Duich. The Macraes of Conchra, a gallant race, were descended from a second son of Farquhar Macra of Inverinate, which at once explains why they did not succeed to the principal estate. Had they been the senior branch, as Captain Macrae hints, the difficulty is inexplicable. But on this point I must not trespass further on your space, as perhaps the first part of my argument is that in which the members of the clan are chiefly interested, viz :—to maintain the right of the clan to a separate and independent existence. That accepted, I think the rest follows. I will only add that there is an interesting fund in Aberdeen known as the Macra Mortification, founded by a Macra in 1763, leaving what in those days was a substantial sum of money to found two bursaries for lads of the name of Macra, and in certain circumstances which occurred to pay the legal interest of part of the funds to the heir male of Alexander Macra of Inverinate. The object of this bequest was apparently to secure that the male line of that family should always be recognised, and that their claims to the Chiefship should not be allowed to drop out of sight. This interest is paid to my brother, Mr. Colin G. Macrae, and it has always been regarded as establishing in a quasi-legal way the person who is the Chief of the clan, as it certainly decides who is the heir male lineally descended from Alexander MacRa of Inverinate. Captain Macrae's argument from the arrangements at the Battle of Sheriffmuir does not seem to me of much weight. When the clan reached the general rendezvous it is most probable that it, with others, would be organised in regiments under officers experienced in regular warfare, rather than their own Chief, who often must have had little knowledge of the methods of war as carried on in that

age, and which had been so perfected by Marlborough and others. My grandfather had many stories of the battle to tell, and I have seen and spoken to a lady who in her turn had seen and spoken to one of the Macraes who fought at it. I always understood that the clan marched from Kintail under its own Chief, a Macra of Inverinate. I have had letters from distant parts of the world, as well as near, asking me to write in reply to Captain Macrae's letter, amongst them a letter from one specially well informed as to the clan, which is quite distinct and explicit as to the Conchra family being descended from a second son.

Clunes, August, 1896. HORATIO R. MACRAE.

VISIONLAND.

Time takes not all good things away;
He ever leaves within our reach
The sorceries of Visionland,
Where we may touch "a vanished hand,"
And hear the music of the speech
That witched us in a bygone day,
So that it clings to us for aye.
An old-time song gleams through our sleep,
And haunts us on the lonely shore—
A song which moves us to the core
So that we bend our heads and weep,
And with beseeching hands implore
To see the singer's hidden face,
In the sweet hope we there may trace
The lineaments we loved of yore.

Skye. MAGGIE BOGLE.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

From the Gaelic of Allister Macdonald, in "*Coinneach 'us Coille*" (page 69).

The white snow was piling its wreaths in the glen,
The chill wind was sweeping the brow of the ben;
And as sunset o'ershadowed majestic Glencoe
The force of the tempest more dreadful did grow.

In their homes full of gladness suspecting no harm
The glen-folk made merry in spite of the storm;
Tho' the red-coated soldier was there as a guest,
The wild night was passing with chorus and jest.

With pledges of friendliness, feasting, and mirth,
None dreamt of a traitor existing on earth;
Each heart was rejoicing like birds when the sheen
Of the summer sun dances where May buds are green.

But tears ere the dawning from eyelids were shed,
That had sunk into slumber unclouded by dread,
Their bravest were butchered and innocent blood
Was dyeing with crimson the snow-covered sod.

The father and mother one death-bed did hold,
The sister and brother lay lifeless and cold,
The babe and the grandsire were victims of wrath,
And the glen was resounding with dirges of death.

Clan Iain were scattered, no mercy for them,
We blush at the story of wrong and of shame;
And as long as the mountains look down on Glencoe,
We'll remember that night of dark carnage and woe.

Polmont. ALEXANDER STEWART.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF FLORA MACDONALD, BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A. INVERNESS: A. & W. MACKENZIE.—No more reliable or interesting account of the life of this famous Highland heroine has ever been written than that which has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Mackenzie. The work is now in its third edition, and has been made further attractive by the addition of a life of the author, and an appendix giving the descendants of the heroine. Many incidents in her life which were only referred to, or altogether omitted, in former works, are here described in detail; while a fine process engraving of Flora Macdonald, from Allan Ramsay's well-known painting, adds an enhanced value to the volume. Messrs. Mackenzie have produced the work in first-class style, the printing being excellent and the binding tasteful and artistic. We have no doubt the edition will soon be exhausted.

THE '45, FROM THE RAISING OF PRINCE CHARLIE'S STANDARD AT GLENFINNAN TO THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN (WITH PLAN), BY MAJOR GENERAL A. B. TULLOCH, C.B. INVERNESS: MELVIN BROTHERS.—This is a most interesting contribution to the literature of the '45. The gallant author treats of the rising from a military point of view, and comments upon the able generalship of the Highland leaders, who led their men within six marches of London in the teeth of two opposing armies, each double their strength. We heartily recommend the little work to our readers.

"THE SCOTTISH TROUBADOUR VOCAL WALTZES, ON ENGLISH AND GAELIC AIRS," have just been arranged and published by Mr. J. Coutts, 80 Great Western Road, Glasgow. The melodies are tuneful and lively, and are eminently suited for the purpose intended. They were rendered at several Highland gatherings last year, and were received with enthusiasm. The price is only 1/6.

A WREATH made up of Scottish thistles, purple and white heather, and laurel, was placed by Mr. Theodore Napier of Edinburgh on the statue of Sir William Wallace in Stirling on Saturday, the 22nd ult., that day being the anniversary of the Scottish hero's death.

We hope the proposal to celebrate Bannockburn Day as a National Holiday has not fallen through. Surely Scotsmen have better reason to treat themselves to a holiday in honour of the independence of their country, than in celebrating a royal marriage, or letting off fireworks over the visit of a dusky prince.

MESSRS. CAMPBELL & CO., THE WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS, 116 TRONGATE, GLASGOW, are making extensive preparations for the winter season, which they expect will be a record one. Their famous melodeons are known in every part of the world. As makers of Highland bagpipes and requisites they have made an excellent reputation, and we now learn that this branch of their great business is being extended in view of the rapid increase of their trade. They supply bagpipes at all prices, all of the best workmanship.

COLIN G. MACRAE

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 2. Vol. V.] NOVEMBER, 1896. [Price Threepence.

COLIN G. MACRAE, W.S., EDINBURGH.

THE subject of this sketch, although now resident in Edinburgh, is a devoted Highlander, and is generally acknowledged as the Chief of the Clan. His father, the late John Anthony Macrae, LL.D., of Well bank, Forfarshire, was son of Colin Macrae of Inverinate, whose family owned for more than three hundred years that beautiful estate on the shores of Loch Duich, in Kintail.

Mr. Macrae's mother was Miss Joanna Maclean, a lineal descendant on her mother's side of the Urquharts of Cromarty, and her father's marble monument forms a conspicuous object in the Churchyard of Alness, Ross shire.

Mr. Macrae was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, taking high prizes there, and at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated with honours. When at College he was for two years President of its Conservative Club, and took a prominent part in the Rectorial elections of that University. In 1871 Mr. Macrae passed as a W.S., and has since been actively engaged in business, possessing the confidence of a large and influential number of clients. He took a leading part in the initiation of the West Highland Railway for which he acted as Solicitor, a railway which has already proved of much value to the West Highlands, and has also promoted in Parliament the extension of branches of that line, first to Mallaig and more recently to Ballachulish. He is Justice of the Peace for the County of Forfar, where he owns the estate of Wellbank, and also for the County of the City of Edinburgh.

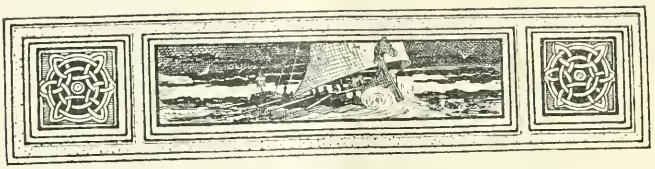
Mr. Macrae is an attached member and elder of the Church of Scotland, and from his earliest days took the greatest interest in helping forward every good object in connection with it. For many years he conducted a large Bible class of young men in St. Stephen's Parish, Edinburgh, usually numbering over a hundred, and including a considerable number of young men from the Highlands, several of whom are now in the ministry. His interest in his boys did not cease when they left his class, but continues to follow them in their after life. For ten years he acted as Secretary to the Highland Committee of the General Assembly under Principal Tulloch, and was largely instrumental in placing the work of this committee on its present satisfactory footing. That committee is well-known throughout the Highlands for its admirable work in promoting the highest interest of the people, and many churches and manses long in a discreditable state owe their repair and restoration to its efforts. Since 1877 Mr. Macrae has almost continually sat in the General Assembly, having represented the Presbytery of Islay for twelve years.

In the education of his fellow countrymen Mr. Macrae has always taken a very special interest, having been a member of a School Board in nearly every year since the passing of the Education Act. In 1885 he was elected a member of the School Board of Edinburgh, and in every election since has retained his seat by large majorities. On the death of the late Professor Duff in 1885 Mr. Macrae was appointed chairman of the Board, and has held that important office ever since.

Mr. Macrae married Flora Maitland Colquhoun, daughter of the accomplished author of "The Moor and the Loch," second son of Sir James Colquhoun of Colquhoun and Luss, and by his marriage has a son, John Anthony Macrae, and one daughter.

F. Mary Colquhoun.

Gaelic Society of London. The Eighth Annual Scottish Concert takes place in the Queen's Hall, Portland Place, W., on 26th October. A most attractive programme has been arranged, and we trust that our many readers in the Metropolis will attend. The proceeds are devoted to providing prizes for the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland schools—a most worthy object.



MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot.

The MacGillivrays.—*Continued.*

FARQUHAR appears also to have got in the year 1654 assignation of a heritable tack of the two plough lands of Wester Lairgs and Easter Gask, in Strathnairn, by James, Earl of Moray, to Hector Mackintosh in 1632, with the usual obligation from the Earl to grant a feu charter when he could; but in consequence of the quarrels and ill feeling betwixt the Morays and the Cawdors the over superiors holding of the Crown, it was not until after the Battle of Culloden and the passing of the Jurisdictions Acts that the Moray Strathnairn heritable tacksmen got their holdings converted into feu, without Lord Moray incurring the danger of recognition.

Farquhar and his two sons, Dalcrombie and Lairgs, sign the Clan Chattan Bond of 1664, which, as an important historic document, is now given. It is signed by twenty eight gentlemen, Heads of Families, including nine Macphersons, five Mackintoshes, four Farquharsons, three MacGillivrays, two MacBeans, two Shaws, one Macqueen, and two others by initials.

"Wee under subscryt, Gentlemen of the name of Clan Chattan, in obedience to His Majesty's authority, and Letters of concurrence granted by the Lords of His Majesty's Privie Council in favour of Lauchlan Mackintoshie of Torcastle, our Chieffe, against Evan Cameron of Lochyield, and certain others of the name of Clan Cameron, and for the love and favour we beare to the said Lauchlan, do hereby faithfully promitt and engage ourselves everie one of us for himself, and those under his power, in case the prementional Evan Cameron and those of his kin, now rebells, do not agree with the said Lauchlan anent their present differs and controveries before the third day of February next ensuing, that then and in that case, we shall immediately thereafter upon the said Lauchlan his call, rise with, fortify, concurr and assist the said Lauchlan in the prosecution of the commission granted against the said Evan to the uttermost of our power, with all those of our respective friends, followers, and defenders, whom we may stopp or lett, or who will anyway be counselled and advised by us to that effect. Now thereto we faithfully engage ourselves upon our reputation and credite and the faith and truth in our bodies by these subscribed at Kincairne the nineteent day of November and year of God, Sixteen Hundred, Sextie and Four Years."

Farquhar died about 1678. His eldest son, Allister, died young, and by law the active management of affairs fell to the uncle, Donald (though the grandfather was alive), so well known as the Tutor, a man of considerable talent and business capacity. The date of Alexander's death is uncertain, but before 1658, and besides his son and successor, he had, at least, one daughter, Margaret, who married, in 1670, William Fraser, apparent of Meikle Garth.

VI.—Farquhar, only son of Allister, is first noticed in March, 1658, when he gets a precept on the half of Culclachie from Alexander, Earl of Moray, as heir to his father, Alexander, sometime fiar of Dunmaglass. On his marriage in 1681 with Emilia Stewart of Newtoune, he settles a jointure on her, furth of Wester Lairgs, Easter Gask, and Easter Culclachie. By this lady, who seems to have been shrewd and sensible (her letters to Inverness merchants sometimes from Dunmaglass, sometimes from Gask, always stipulate "a good penny worth"). Dunmaglass had a numerous family. Farquhar, who succeeded, Captain William, Donald, Janet, Magdalene, and Anna, all married. This Dunmaglass sold the half of Culclachie, and died early in 1714, his widow surviving until about 1730.

In 1685 Farquhar is named a Commissioner of Supply by Act of Parliament, and the district continued so disturbed after the Revolution, that in 1691 Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor recommended a hundred soldiers to be stationed for a time at Dunmaglass as ane convenient centre. It was in time of this Farquhar, styled "Fiadhaich," as he was of haughty and turbulent disposition, that the question of marches at Lairgs with The Mackintosh arose, when a witness who swore falsely for Dunmaglass, and convicted of perjury on the spot, was buried alive, the place of burial being still pointed out.

Captain William, the second son, married Janet Mackintosh, daughter of Angus Mac-

kintosh of Kellachie, contract dated 9th February, 1714, and had a son, Lachlan of Georgia, commonly called Lachlan "liath," afterwards noticed, also a daughter, Jean "Roy," whose descendants succeeded to Faillie, Inverernie, and Wester Gask. David, or Donald, married Miss MacGillivray of Mid Leys, and was father of Alexander MacGillivray of Ballantruan, whose male issue are extinct. Of Farquhar's three daughters, Janet became Mrs. Donald MacGillivray of Dalcrombie, killed near Leys the afternoon of the 16th April, 1746. Magdalen, afterwards Mrs. Mackintosh of Holm, and Anne, Mrs. Fraser of Farraline.

Of this Captain William Baan, who died in 1734, the following anecdote is recorded by the late Mr. Simon F. Mackintosh of Farr, in the year 1835, in his valuable collections.

A Fairy Tale—The Captain Baan.

"About the beginning of the 18th century the wife of one of the tenants in Druim-a-ghadha, upon the estate of Dunmaglass, had been carried away by the fairies, and was said to have been taken by them into a small hillock in that neighbourhood, called "Tomnashangan," or the Ants' Hill, and had been absent from her family for nearly a year. No person

THE STONE OF THE SWORDS ON WHICH THE MACGILLIVRAYS SHARPENED THEIR SWORDS ON THEIR WAY TO CULLODEN.

however, could tell exactly where she was, although their suspicions fell upon the fairies, and that she must be with them in the hill now mentioned. Several attempts were made to discover her, and none were bold enough to encounter the residence of the fairies. At last Captain William MacGillivray, alias the Captain Baan (*i.e.* "White"), son of Farquhar Mac Gillivray of Dunmaglass, who was resident at the spot, at length volunteered his services to endeavour to get the woman released from her long captivity in the "Fairy Hill," if it was possible that she could be there. The Captain being informed that John Dubh (M'Chuile) M'Queen of Pollochaik was familiar and on good terms with the fairies, and that he had wax candles in which there was a particular virtue, he despatched a messenger to the far-famed Pollochaik for one of his candles, in order to assist him in discovering the lost female. The candle was given by Pollochaik to the messenger, who got particular instructions never to look behind him until he reached home, otherwise something might happen to him, and he would lose the candle. This person heard so much noise like that of horses

and carriages, accompanied with music and loud cries of 'catch him, catch him' at Craigannain, near Moyhall, that he was so frightened that he could not help looking behind him, and although he saw nothing he lost his candle, then he made the best of his way home. A second courier was despatched, who received another candle and the same injunctions. In coming through the same place as the former he withstood all the noise he heard there, but at a place near Farr, it was ten times worse, and not being able to withstand taking a peep over his shoulder, he lost the object of his message. In this predicament, it became necessary to send a third bearer to Pollochaik for another candle, which he also got, but on coming to the river Findhorn it was so large that he could not cross, so that he was obliged to go back to the laird of Pollochaik for his advice, who, upon coming down to the bank of the river, desired the man to throw a stone upon the opposite side of the river, and no sooner was this done than much to his astonishment he found himself also there. He then proceeded upon his journey, and having taken a different route across the hills, even here he occasionally heard considerable noise, but he had courage never to look behind him, and accordingly he put the virtued candle into the hands of the Captain Baan.

The Captain being now possessed of Pollochaik's wax candle, he one evening approached the hillock, and having discovered where the entry was, he entered the passage to the fairy habitation, and passing a press in the entrance, it is said that the candle immediately lighted of its own accord, and he discovered that the good lady, the object of his mission, was busily engaged in a reel, and the whole party singing and dancing, and dressed in neat green jackets, bedgowns, etc. The Captain took her out of the reel, and upon obtaining the open air he told her how unhappy her husband and friends were at the length of time she had been absent from them, but the woman had been so enchanted and enraptured with the society she had been in that she seemed to think she had been only absent one night, instead of a year, from her own house. When the Captain brought her off with him the fairies were so enraged that they said 'they would keep him in view.' The woman was brought to her disconsolate husband, and the candle was faithfully preserved in the family for successive generations in order to keep off all fairies, witches, brownies, and water kelpies in all time to come.

Some time afterwards as the Captain was riding home at night by the west end of Loch Duntelchaig he was attacked and severely beaten by some people he could not recognise. He got home to his own house, but never recovered, and it is said that the mare he rode was worse to him than even those that attacked him, so he ordered her to be shot the following day. He was grand-uncle to the present John Lachlan MacGillivray of Dunmaglass.

The third and successful bearer of the candle was Archibald MacGillivray in alias "Gillespick Luath," *i.e.* swift or fast Archibald. He was grand uncle to Archibald MacGillivray, now tenant in Dunmaglass. Pollochaik said to him that he would have preferred the Captain to have sent for his fold of cattle, than for the candle.

The candle was in possession of some of her descendants about thirty years ago, but was afterwards taken away by some idle boys.

The woman lived to such an old age that some of the people still in life remember quite well having seen her shearing the corn upon her knees, in consequence of her having lost the use of her lower limbs.

VII.—Farquhar, eldest son of the above Farquhar, succeeded in 1714, and entered into marriage articles with Elizabeth Mackintosh, daughter of William Mackintosh of Aberarder, upon 8th September, 1716, but the contract is not dated till 8th May, 1717, the lady not being infeft in Dunmaglass, Lairgs, and Gask, until 29th July, 1730, after her mother-in-law's death.

The MacGillivrays took an active part in the rising of 1715. The laird and his brother, William, being Captain and Lieutenant respectively in the Clan Chattan regiment, while there was another Farquhar MacGillivray, also Lieutenant. The two former, at least, got off, but one John MacGillivray, apparently of good standing, was tried and convicted on 25th January, and executed at Wigan, 10th February, 1716. This Farquhar was a leading man under Lachlan and William Mackintosh, Chiefs of Clan Chattan, and did much to bring about the agreement with the Macphersons in the year 1724. He received from Lachlan Mackintosh a feu of the Davoch of Bochruben in Dores, which he parted with to Fraser of Bochruben, the *dominium utile* ultimately falling into the hands of William Fraser of Balnain, whose posterity still retain it. He was an excellent man of business, but interfering too much with other people's affairs, his own became involved. He died in 1740, but his wife, Elizabeth Mackintosh, is found as late as 1769. He had several children—Alexander, who succeeded; William, who succeeded his brother; John, Farquhar, and Donald, also Anne, Catherine, and Elizabeth. With the exception of William none left issue.

(To be continued.)

JEAN MACFARLAN SCOTT.

MISS JEAN MACFARLAN SCOTT.

IN the olden time the Scotts of the English border were a clan whose deeds had much in common with those of the MacFarlanes on the Lowland Scottish border. The Scotts made forays upon the English, while the MacFarlanes had their "creachs" in the Lowlands of Scotland.

With the best blood of two clans running in her veins Miss Jean MacFarlan Scott of Sunderland, and Farmfield, Ayrshire, deserves honourable notice. Claiming, as she does, to be descended from "Chief William," the last of the MacFarlanes who held the ancestral estates of Arrochar, Miss MacFarlan Scott is no counterfeit or imitation clanswoman. One cannot meet her and remain in suspense or uncertainty as to her being a true clanswoman jealous for the honour of *Siol nam Parlanach*. This lady of the clan is not a voice merely, for the lively force of her mind, united with good sound sense and business capacity (of which more anon), impel her to action. Take an illustration! The inscription slab in Greyfriars, Edinburgh, to the memory of Miss MacFarlane of that ilk, fell out of its place and was lying unheeded for years, when a private soldier named MacFarlan tried to fix it up again, but failed. The subject of our notice on learning of the circumstance, had the work done at her own cost and under her own eye. In her search for folklore of her clan Miss MacFarlan Scott has been untiring. She has spent days in the Register House, Edinburgh, in Glasgow, and in Luss, Arrochar, Dumbarton, and numerous other places, in pursuit of her favourite hobby, and has been in correspondence with MacFarlanes the world over, inclusive of her friend, Mrs. MacFarlane Little, of Staten Island, historian of the clan, W. W. MacFarland of New York (one of the leaders of the American Bar, to whom Mrs. Little has assigned the chiefship), and Colonel MacFarlan of Ballencleroch, on whom Mr. John Cameron, in his "Parish of Campsie," devolves the chiefship, and whose ancestor, as given by Mrs. Little, was George MacFarlan of Merkinch, younger son of Andrew, laird of MacFarlan in the reign of King James V. Miss MacFarlan Scott has also entertained and interviewed several of the Dublin MacFarlanes, described by Dr. Maclauchlan as principal cadets of the clan. She is given to hospitality, and is just now trying to gather into an association the clan people of Sunderland district.

But no notice of Miss MacFarlan Scott would be complete without making pointed reference to the marked business ability which she possesses, and which she has turned to good account. When her father, who carried on business in Sunderland, died about twelve years ago, she was thrown upon her own resources, and she has lived to negative two erroneous but common impressions, (1) that a woman cannot have business aptitude of a high order, and (2) that the Celtic craving for folklore, pedigree and the like is inconsistent with success in the matter of fact battle of life. The high class character of the firm of Scott & Co, Lorne House, Sunderland, is well known. It is not so widely known that its fame and success have been secured by the ability and untiring energy of this gifted lady. In the conduct of the business of "Lorne House," its owner has been accustomed to make almost monthly journeys to London and other haunts of fashion, as well as to visit periodically the more important manufacturing centres. Miss MacFarlan Scott, as it were, steals away from the active business of her warehouse and the duties of her counting house for a day or two now and again to rest mind and body, which she sometimes does by journeying to Lochsloy, or by climbing the neighbouring hills (for a sprig of cloudberry) with such agility that she has been described as one of the most accomplished of lady mountaineers. May prosperity continue to attend her!

Dumbarton. ROBERT MACFARLAN.

LEWIS AND HARRIS ASSOCIATION.—Sir Lewis Maclver, M.P., is to preside at the Annual Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms on 13th November.

THE MACDONALD SOCIETY hold their Annual Gathering in the Queen's Rooms on 25th November, Mr. J R M Macdonald, of Largie, in the chair.

THE GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY ASSOCIATION had their opening meeting on 8th October, and the Annual Reports showed the Association was in a flourishing condition. The membership is 127, and the funds £160 Mr John Mackenzie, Secretary, to whose exertions the present success of the Association is mainly due, was presented with a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his marriage.

THE HAWKE'S BAY (NEW ZEALAND) HIGHLAND SOCIETY is making splendid progress. The attendance at the recent monthly meeting proved too large for the size of the hall. After the usual routine business was transacted, the evening was devoted to singing, dancing, etc. Mr W. Fraser, late Secretary, was presented with a handsome gold albert and pendant, in token of his valuable services to the society, which he suitably acknowledged. Mr J. Murray Graham, the energetic Secretary, deserves to be congratulated on the success of the Society.

FLORA MACDONALD.

AN ANNIVERSARY SKETCH OF THE JACOBITE HEROINE.

BY J. HAMILTON MITCHELL.

Flora mcdonald

"Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye."

FEW great causes have ever had attached to them men and women of so remarkable valour and fidelity as the cause of the exiled Royal House of Stuart. The steadfast devotion of the Jacobites in peril and privation, as in glory and prosperity, forms one of the most brilliant chapters in the annals of our country. It most surely commands our admiration though possibly it may not gain our sympathy. There is admittedly something noble and exalted in the character of a people who willingly risked proscription, exile, and even the scaffold for what they believed to be the cause of right. Many individual instances of this self-denying heroism could be singled out as worthy of special notice, and would form material for an interesting article; but perhaps in no single case does it reveal itself in a better or more advantageous light than in the life of the gentle heroine of the "Forty Five."

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

For a century and a half now the name of Flora Macdonald has been a loved and familiar one to the Scottish people. This illustrious lady was the daughter of Ronald Macdonald, yr. of Milton, in South Uist, a cadet of the family of Clanranald. She was born in 1722, her mother being Marion, daughter of the Rev. Angus Macdonald, for some time minister of the parish of Gigha, but afterwards translated to the pastorate of South Uist. This clergyman was noted in the county for his extraordinary muscular strength, and was popularly styled "the strong minister." His wife, a talented and accomplished lady, was one of the Macdonalds of Largie, in Kintyre. It will thus be seen that our heroine was no mere "peasant girl," as some writer has ludicrously described her, but was in fact closely connected with two of the best families of her name.

When Flora was but two years old her father died; and in 1728 her mother again married, her second husband being Hugh Macdonald, of Armidale, Skye. On Mrs. Macdonald's removal to her new home across the Minch the little girl was left in charge of her brother, Angus, at Milton. Even at that early age she exhibited some of those remarkable traits of character which in after years so distinguished her. She reluctantly parted with her mother, but was firm in her determination not to leave the island of her birth. To her, Skye as yet was unknown, and possessed no attractions. She therefore remained in her own sequestred little home, where she grew up an interesting and contemplative child. She especially loved to play by the sea shore, and was often known to wander along the beach wrapt in thought and gazing out intently at the mighty stretch of the Atlantic which lay before her. At night she would lie awake for hours listening delightedly to the howling of the wind and the noise of the waves as they dashed themselves on the shore beneath.—

"... night and day, thy ceaseless song to me
Makes melody, and music wild and free;
And I rejoice to drink thy breath, for ye
Do bring the sound and savour of the sea."

It is not perhaps wonderful that Flora Macdonald in this way grew up unusually quiet and meditative.

HER SURROUNDINGS

were such as to rouse feelings of admiration in the minds of all who were in any way sensible of the beauties and wonders of creation. On the west the Atlantic tumbled in its angry waves as if threatening destruction far and near; in the dim horizon St. Kilda reared its

head above the roaring tide like some ghastly spectre battling with the elements; in the east again lay the broad and desolate expanse of the Minch; while farther distant still, and with their summits lost in the mists, could be descried the wild and rugged outlines of the Cuchullins. Such a sight of nature in all its pristine grandeur and varied manifestations was well calculated to impress the most dispassionate mind, far less Flora Macdonald whose nature was thoroughly Celtic—ardent, artistic, and impressional—and whose heart beat in harmony with all her surroundings:—

"Oh happy country, myriad voiced and dear,
I have no heart, no eyes except for you;
Yours are the only voices I will hear,
Yours is the only bidding I will do:
You bid me be at peace, and let alone
That loud, rough world where peace is never known."

Like other children the future heroine occasionally indulged in the games of childhood, though indeed fun and frolic were never much to her taste. Brought up without brothers or sisters and accustomed to mix only in the conversation and society of her seniors she cared but little for the company of those of her own age. Her sound common sense and simple goodness always brought her many friends. With Lady Clanranald in particular she was a special favourite, and frequently visited her at her home in Nunton,* Benbecula. Mixing also among the crofter folk of the neighbourhood and the bards and seannachies of the Isles she acquired a sound knowledge of their folklore. She could, we are told, even at this early period of her life recite Ossian with fluency and feeling, and sing the old Celtic songs with great spirit and pathos as the occasion required.

The Heroine at School.

For the first few years of her life Flora obtained the ordinary schooling common to the daughter of a Highland gentleman of the period; but at the age of thirteen she was taken into the family of Lady Clanranald and placed under the tuition of a governess By this means her accomplishments were greatly increased and her general education considerably improved. She proved a smart and industrious pupil and made uncommon progress in all branches of her training. Her aptitude for the acquisition of musical instruction was very marked, and on the spinet she was an astounding performer, executing reels and dances with all the spirit and variations of the pipes.

While on a visit to Skye on one occasion Flora had the good fortune to attract the attention of Lady Margaret Macdonald, wife of Sir Alexander of the Isles. This lady, a daughter of the house of Eglinton, was at the time resident at Monkstadt, and at once took a kindly interest in her young acquaintance. The result was that a close and lasting friendship sprang up between the two, and in 1739 Miss Macdonald, then in her seventeenth year, came as a guest to Monkstadt, where she remained for the following eight months. It was during her stay there that she became acquainted with the Kingsburgh family, into which she afterwards married.

In Edinburgh.

After occasional visits to her friends in Uist Miss Macdonald, at the express wish of Lady Margaret, went to Edinburgh to complete her education. There she was placed under the charge of a Miss Henderson who kept a seminary for young ladies in the High Street, then the centre of fashion and splendour. She remained in the capital for the next three years, residing during the winter months in the town house of her friend and protectress, Lady Macdonald, where she had ample opportunity for mingling with the best society of the day. She twice visited the Countess of Eglinton in her Ayrshire home, and became acquainted with many others of noble rank. Her conduct during these years was indeed such as to win for her the esteem and admiration of all who enjoyed her friendship. The same calm and submissive temperament of mind, the same gentle deportment of figure were ever manifest, and whatever came the way, be it joy or sorrow her mind remained unruffled and unchanged. On all occasions she was a cheerful and entertaining companion.

It was while she was thus charming the best of Edinburgh society by her amiable presence and winning manners that Flora Macdonald was suddenly called back to the north. Rumours now became prevalent of another effort being made to restore the exiled Stuarts, and Sir Alexander Macdonald was thereby induced to return to his family seat in Skye in order, if possible, to suppress the rebellion at its outset. Miss Macdonald accompanied the family home, and after a brief stay at Monkstadt proceeded to her brother's farm in Uist. It was now the month of June in the memorable year of 1745.

* With one exception all the biographers of Flora Macdonald have located the Clanranalds in Ormiclade at this period. The family removed to Nunton after the *Fifteen*, when Allan, the chief, was slain at Sheriffmuir, and Ormiclade house burnt down.

(To be continued).

LINES TO LOCH NESS.

Mirror of grey rock and heather,
Sombre pine, and silver rill;
Deeply set amid the mountains,
In my heart set deeper still.

New to me were earth and ocean,
Emerald field and azure sky,
When I first beheld thy waters
With a child's delighted eye.

When the shining wave-washed pebbles,
Scattered o'er thy silver sands,
Were to me of equal value
To the gems of other lands.

O the joys when thou didst later
Unto me thy charms unfold,
Radiant beauty, youth eternal,
Mid the mountains stern and old.

When I saw thy tranquil waters
Sparkling like a field of gems,
And the lights and shadows gliding
O'er the wild surrounding bens,

And I listened to the songsters
Of the woods upon thy side,
Blend their tuneful morning carols
With the music of thy tide,

Till my inmost being echoed
Every note of the sweet tune,
And I felt the feathered songsters,
Thou fair lake, and I were one,

When I saw the shadows gather
On Mealfourvonie's grey crest,
And the setting sun his glory
Shed upon thy jewel'd breast.

Till thy far extending waters
Seemed a shining crystal way,
From the land of cloud and shadow
To the realms of Endless Day.

Since, on other shores I've wandered
Till my locks are turning grey,
And the loved ones of my childhood
One by one have passed away.

But I often look in fancy
On thy sky-reflecting tide,
And the fragrant pines and birches
Waving gently on thy side.

And in dreams I gather pebbles
On thy wave-washed silver strand,
And the guardian of my childhood
Again takes me by the hand.

And we wander, and we wander,
Hand in hand along thy shores,
Till we part where sleep my fathers
In the old churchyard of Dores.

Hatfield, Herts. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Solemnly, solemnly, solemnly,
With measured steps and slow,
The clansmen tread their native heath,
Hearts mourning as they go.

Solemnly, solemnly, solemnly,
The pibroch's wailing strain
Falls plaintive on each mountain rock,
And echoes back again.

Solemnly, solemnly, solemnly,
They wind o'er plain and hill,
Bound for the little sleeping place,
Where death must have his fill.

Solemnly, solemnly, solemnly,
Along they bear his prey,
Each footstep weighted as with lead,
On that sad, joyless day.

Solemnly, solemnly, solemnly,
The plaided clansmen go,
The bird for them refrains his scream,
O'er silent Beal-nam-bo.

No vain lament the bearers made,
Around the mountain grave,
They trusted in the Saviour's grace,
Who came men's souls to save.

Only the bagpipe's sounding swell,
Bore our last parting strain,
Bidding for them our fond adieu,
Then homeward trod again.

St. Kilda, Victoria. J. H. M.

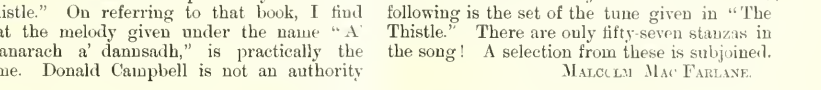
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

IN reading over the music section of Donald Campbell's "Treatise of the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans," it struck me that the air given to "Fàilte na mòr-thir" was familiar to my ear. On consideration it occurred to me that I had noticed it previously in "The Thistle." On referring to that book, I find that the melody given under the name "A' bhanarach a' damnsadh," is practically the same. Donald Campbell is not an authority on whom to place much reliance. But in this instance the fitness of the music to the words is corroboration of his being right in associating the melody with the song. The song is in the style of a labour song, and is the composition of Alexander MacDonald, best known to Highlanders as *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. The following is the set of the tune given in "The Thistle." There are only fifty-seven stanzas in the song! A selection from these is subjoined.

MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.

FÀILTE NA MÒR-THIR.

KEY F. *Light and Graceful.*



Grian-thir bhòidheach 's uaine còta,
'S froidhneadh ròs ri 'h-alltaibh.

Le biadh 's le dibh ag cur thairis—
Cha téid earrach teann oirr'.

'S fàinneach, lurach, slios a tulaich,
'S duilleach 'm mullach chrann innt'.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
Ruith romh 'baile-geambraidh.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach, glacach,
Bruachan tacrach Ailleart.

'S àluinn a beinnean 's a sraithean,
'S éibhinn dath a gleannta.

'S cùbhraidh suibhean, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a' bhruthainn ainnteas.

Luisain chùbhraidh mach a' brùchdadh,
'S cuid diubh cùl-ghorm, baindearg.

'S mìosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buailidh 's t-samhradh.

'S òmhnach, uachdrach, blàthach, cnuacach,
Lòn nam buachaill' annta.

'S ìmeach, gruthach, meògach, sruthach,
'N imrich shubhach shamhraidh.

'S mithich dhòmhsa dol do 'n Mhòrthir
Anns an òg-mhìos Bhealltuinn.

An English translation of this Song will be found in Pattison's "GAELIC BARDS," page 34.

EDINBURGH SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.—At the October monthly meeting of this Association Captain W. Morrison delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture on Rob Donn, the Reay country bard. The lecturer gave a graphic description of the poet, tracing his wanderings in various parts of Sutherland—in the army, and supplementing much that has been written already by anecdotes and historical incidents handed down in his own family. The gallant Captain, although he left his native Highlands thirty-five years ago, could recite Rob Donn's poems as well as if he only left Durness yesterday.

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The usual autumn meeting of Council of the Clan Gregor Society was held on Tuesday in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, and was well attended by Directors from the surrounding district. Mr. Atholl MacGregor, President, occupied the chair. The ordinary routine business was transacted, and a sum of £65 was allotted as bursaries to young male and female students belonging to the Clan, besides various grants made to necessitious and deserving members of the Clan. The reports shewed the Society to be still prosperous in all its branches.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

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OF INTEREST TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish to remind those subscribers who have not already remitted, that subscriptions for Volume V. are now overdue; and we would esteem it a favour if they would give this matter their immediate attention. The annual subscriptions (4/- post free) should be forwarded at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

WILL contain plate portraits of Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow (held over from present issue); Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel J. MacRae, Gaya, India (a native of Ross shire); and the Hon. J. G. W. Fraser, late Chairman of the Volksraad, Bloemfontein, Orange Free States (a native of Inverness-shire); with biographical sketches. In addition to these we intend giving portraits and sketches of the late Mr. George H. Mackay, Accountant, Savings Bank, Glasgow, and Pipe-Major J. Macdougall Gillies, the best living exponent of *piobaireachd*.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME IV.—As we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies of this volume, some of the parts being already out of print, those who desire copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 10/- post free, and copies can be had from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

The work on SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY, upon which we have been engaged for so long a period, is now almost ready. It will extend to nearly 400 pages, instead of 320 as already mentioned. The large paper edition is already practically subscribed for, and the 5/- copies are pretty well taken up.

HISTORY OF THE MUNROS.—Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the learned clan historian, is at presen engaged upon a history of the ancient Clan Munro, which will be one of the largest and most exhaustive of his well known series. The MSS. collections of General Stewart Allan, the late Alexander Ross, and the Rev. Dr. Aird of Creich, have come into the author's possession. Genealogies of the leading families of the elan will also be given. The volume, handsomely bound, will be published at 21/-, and the large paper copies at 31/6. As a list of subscribers is to be printed in the work, those desiring copies should communicate at once with the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE CLAN DONALD HISTORY (Volume I.) is now published. It is a large and handsomely got up volume, with many plates and other illustrations. Copies can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*. Volume I., 21/9 post free, or for the three volumes, as published, £2 10s.

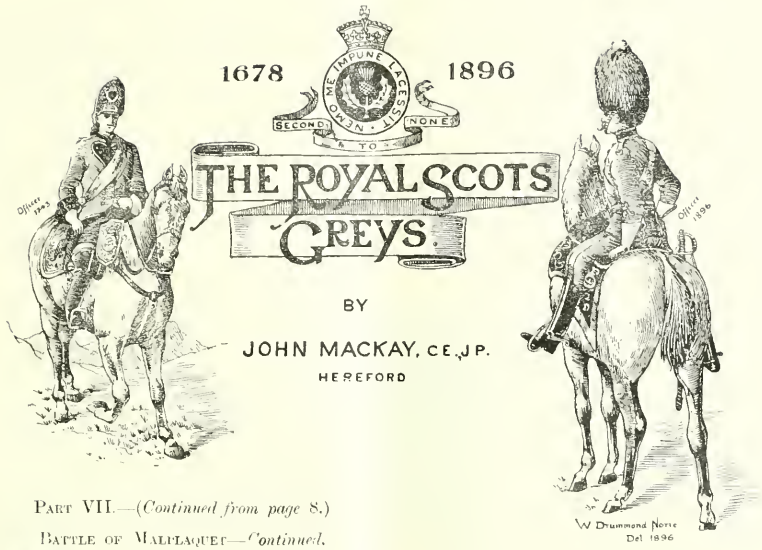
MR. JAMES HAMILTON MITCHELL, Edinburgh, and formerly of Campbeltown, has been admitted a law agent by the Lords of Council and Session.

THE CLAN MACLEAN held their Annual Social Gathering in the City Hall, on 16th October, which was completely filled with an enthusiastic attendance. Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., Chief of the Clan, presided, and was supported by Messrs. Walter Maclean, President, Rev. Dr. John Maclean, Professor Magnus Maclean, M.A., Major Alexander W. A. Maclean (of the Coll branch), Allan M. Maclean, yr. of Dochgarroch, Convener John Maclean, Laehlan Maclean, Daniel Maclean, Secretary, and many others. The Chief, in a most eloquent address, referred to the excellent progress made by the Association, to its charitable and educational work, and to the honours which had been conferred upon Macleans during the past year, Professor J. P. Maclean of Ohio, the clan historian, being specially referred to as a candidate for Congress. Ex-Provost Maclean, Govan, also addressed the meeting, in Gaelic. Mr. Neil Maclaine, who has done so much to make the Clan Association a success, was presented by the Chief and Lady Maclean, in the name of the members, with a valuable gold medal, suitably inscribed, in acknowledgment of his services.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY has just completed the most successful session since its inauguration. There has been a large accession of life and ordinary members, and the funds of the Society amount to £1000. The Social Gathering falls to be held in Glasgow this winter, and it is expected Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan, will preside. Everything points to the new session being even more successful than last.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN have arranged to hold the Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms, on 17th November, the Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., LL.D., the distinguished Chief of the Society, in the chair. This is usually one of the most enjoyable reunions of the year.

THE CLAN CHATTAN hold their Inaugural Gathering in the Queen's Rooms on 28th October, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson presiding.



PART VII.—(*Continued from page* 8.)

BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET—*Continued.*

MARLBOROUGH, as was usual with him, rode along the front of his line, and with an air of more than usual cheerfulness, told his troops "to be steady," "to go on and keep up their fire." He possessed the entire confidence of his men. When in any strait they made themselves easy about it. "Well, old Corporal John (Marlborough) will come to our aid."

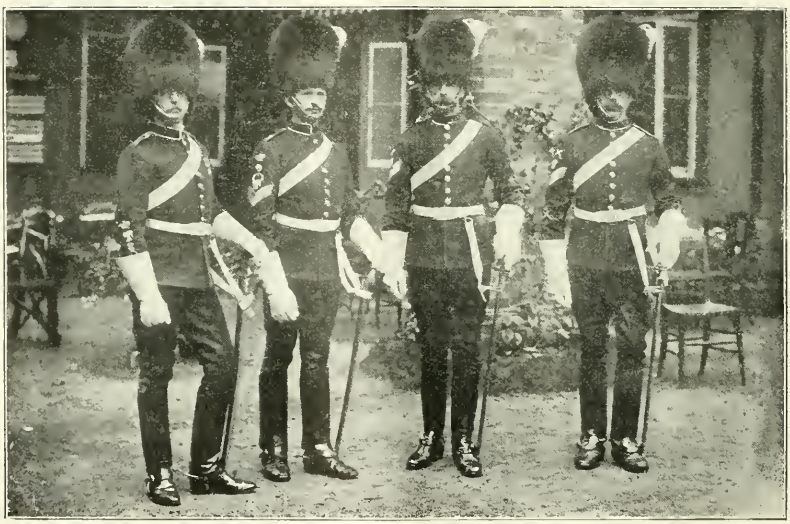
Marlborough had carefully reconnoitred the enemy's lines and saw that neither the right nor the centre of that most formidable position could be assailed with effect, therefore, he resolved to turn it. At the same time forty battalions from the British army were to attack the left flank of the wood of Taisniers, and force it at all hazards. To support them forty pieces of cannon were to open fire upon the wood, while strong working parties covered them by breast-works. Simultaneously with the above, a double attack was to be made upon the field works which Villars had constructed in the wood of Taisniers. One brigade was to pass by the Saart road round a morass on the left, while Count Lottum's division assaulted the other flank. Finally the right and centre of the French were to be *menaced*, the former by three infantry corps under the Prince of Orange, and Generals Welderen and Dohna, who were *not* to engage seriously without special orders, the latter by cavalry. General Withers with his division on the way from Tournay received orders not to join the camp, but to pass through the wood of Blangies on the French right and so gain the rear of the enemy, and take them in reverse at the farm of La Folie, on their extreme left. Amid all these preparations the night of the 10th passed away.

At three in the morning of the 11th divine service was with great solemnity performed in the allied camp in open squares of divisions, and the moment it was over the rumble of the artillery wheels announced that the cannons were in motion; save this, all was silence. The allies broke into order of march for the various points of attack. All was done in profound silence and perfect order. Scarce a word was heard, or spoken, by officers or men beyond the few sentences necessary for directing the movements. As day stole over the undulating landscape a dense white mist continued for a time to mask the movements of one army from the other.

For some time the light morning breeze wafted towards the enemy the measured tramping of the dense masses of infantry, the clang of hoofs, the rattle of cavalry accoutrements, scabbards, and chain bridles, the lumbering sound of artillery wheels, till the mist as it ascended into mid-air, like a vast

curtain, suddenly revealed to the French the dispositions Marlborough had made. Then a cannon shot from Villars' grand battery on the ridge announced the commencement of the great Battle of Malplaquet, the most sanguinary in the whole war, and the best fought by the French, though ultimately defeated.

Marlborough, though commanding in chief, chivalrously assigned to Prince Eugene to command on the right, he himself taking the left. The attack began by Marlborough against the right and centre of the French position in two great columns, the first under the Prince of Orange, the other under General Count Lottum Suddenly, *according to orders*, the Dutch battalions, commanded by the Prince of Orange, halted beyond the reach of grape shot, while that of Lottum moved on, regardless of the fire from the French guns, to the rear of the allied principal battery, and wheeling to the right formed in three lines. This division of twenty-two battalions comprising two battalions of the Foot Guards, the Royal Scots and the regiment of Argyll, moved upon the centre. Schulemberg also advanced with forty battalions ranged in three lines, menaced the French right, while the Earl of Orkney with fifteen battalions prepared to occupy the



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

space vacant on Lottum's left. Thus in ten minutes the columns of attack were all in motion, and pressing on with colours flying and bayonets fixed under a terrible fire of round shot and grape. After a short pause in the cannonade, the signal for the onset was given at nine, by a general volley from the allied central battery. Schulemberg instantly advanced along the edge of the wood of Saart direct upon the enemy's left centre. The division was met by a furious fire of grape; still it marched on till within pistol shot range of the French, whose first volley produced dreadful results The French feeling themselves perfectly secure within their entrenchments levelled their muskets over the breastworks, taking cool and deliberate aim. The division recoiled before this storm of lead, and with hoarse wild cries of rage and defiance the Austrians retreated two hundred yards. Their order was hardly perfectly restored during the day, but their confidence, however, returned, and extending their files through the wood, so as to outflank the intrenchments and carry round a morass which Villars had thought to be impassable, they fell in with Withers brigade from Tournay, which had hitherto penetrated through the woods unseen. The whole line

then advanced again under a ceaseless fire of musketry, promptly and steadily responded to, and the slaughter on both sides was terrible.

Eugene now came to the aid of his countrymen. He and Schulemberg filled up the intervals and extended their flanks with part of the second line, then again advancing dislodged the brigades of "La Reine" and "Charost," but failed to force those of "Picardy" and "La Marine," notwithstanding every exertion.

Meanwhile, Marlborough riding towards the centre, led on in person the troops of Lottum. At some distance volleys of musketry from the "Brigade-du-Roi" greeted them, but without wavering, they passed some enclosures, descended the hollow bank of a rivulet, and waded through a swamp under a very galling fire. Reaching the foot of the intrenchment, though somewhat disordered by the difficulty of the approach and the loss sustained, they made the most furious efforts to ascend the breast-works, but they were repulsed by the French, encouraged by the presence of their Marshal, Villars, himself. Lottum quickly reformed and returned to the attack. Two battalions of the Foot Guards leading, the Royal Scots seconded the Guards, while Argyll's regiment and several others prolonged the attack to the left. These gallant troops rushing forward with the native resolution and energy of true Britons forced the intrenchments in the most gallant style, and the French fell back fighting into the wood. Marlborough observing the repulse sustained by Lottum, put himself at the head of D'Anvergue's cavalry and advanced to his assistance. At the same moment the Duke of Argyll ordered a British brigade from the second line to advance on the left of Lottum. This fresh brigade came opposite to an opening in the intrenchment, the approach to which was through a swamp, almost impassable. While entangled in this swamp a French General with twelve battalions advanced to charge them, but Villars observing Marlborough with his staff coming up at the head of the cavalry, galloped forward and stopped them at the moment when their further advance would have been fatal.

The brigades of Champagne and Picardy still maintained their ground, but pressed by Schulemberg on the one side and Lottum on the other, they found a temporary refuge behind an abatis. The Marine brigade too, after a vigorous stand, was compelled to follow their example. These brave men evinced the most heroic courage, but their efforts were in vain.

(To be continued).

WHAT I KNOW OF THE GAEL.

The monolith graven, and cairn,
Yield records that never will fail;
I've studied them deeply to learn
A knowledge profound of the Gael.

A fact that on tablets we trace is,
That the Celts had barley and kale;
The earliest found of the race is,
To Eden for plants went the Gael.

When Noah took up navigation,
And loaded the ark for a sail;
The Celts were a maritime nation,
A mercantile fleet had the Gael.

Noah cruised around with a *Zoo*'
In his ark—'tis a wonderful tale—
A craft sailing past him lay to,
Macpherson was captain, a Gael.

'Twas a startling sight on the ocean,—
The shape of the ark made him quail—
Returning from plentiful Goshen,
"Been shoo'ry a wee," said the Gael.

Macpherson gave Noah his course,
And promised to forward his mail;
The *Zoo*' gave a yell of great force
When sailing away went the Gael.

The ark steered clear of shores barren,
And shallows—so great was her scale—
They landed on Goatfell in Arran,
A peak in the "Land of the Gael."

Noah liked Gaelic and tartan,
And dwelt on a croft in a vale;
In forays was brave as a Spartan,
And shared in the spoils with the Gael.

He also took quick to the whisky,
And fond was of good mellow ale;
At dances was social and frisky,
And fraternized well with the Gael.

He feasted on strong "Athol Brose,"—
And thereunto hangeth a tale;—
And lapsed to a state comatose,
On this luscious dish of the Gael.

Soon after he peacefully died,
Then deep was the croon and the wail;
To honour him all of them vied,—
A generous race are the Gael.

M'Crimmon, a piper, was there—
With music loud echoed the dale—
The coronachs rolled on the air,
The weird, dirge-laments of the Gael.

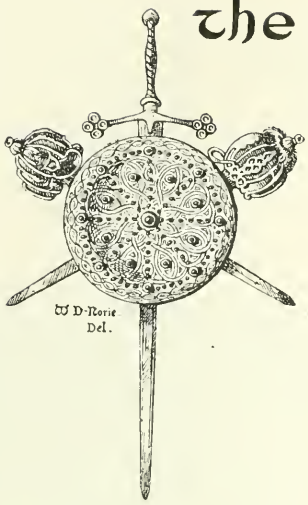
I will close this simple recital,
Having stated the case in detail;
Absolute truth is so vital,
Such verity cranks are the Gael.

New York. P. MACPHERSON.

The Highland Sword.

by W. Drummond-Norie

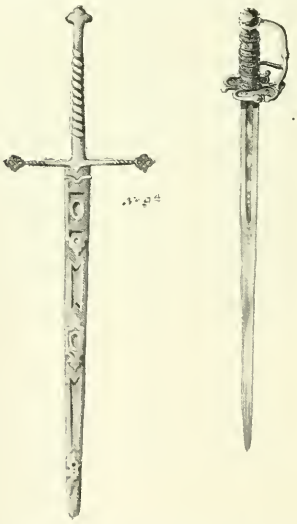
Illustrated by the Author.



(*Continued from page* 15).

ALTHOUGH the basket-hilted sword is indissolubly connected with the Highlands, the fact must not be overlooked that before it became popular there, it had been in use among the Covenanters in the Lowlands for some time, and it is possible that the experiences of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig in 1679, led Dundee to recommend its adoption by the Highland chiefs in place of the more clumsy and antiquated weapon that they had hitherto used. The typical Covenanter's sword will be shown among the historic claymores in next issue.

When first introduced into the Highlands many of the basket-hilts of the new swords appear to have been of brass, for Phillips, who acted as standard-bearer to Viscount Dundee, says in his metrical Latin poem the "Gramaid," describing the gathering of the chiefs and their clans preparatory to the Battle of Killiecrankie, that "they (referring especially to the MacDougals) all carry the brazen hilted sword." Even as late as 1745 some of these (or similar) weapons were still in use, and are mentioned in information sworn by Peter Kay, Catechist, in Loch Arkaig, Lochaber, before Lord Advocate Craigie, in which he describes the MacDonalds of Glencoe and Stewarts of Appin as being armed with gun, bayonet, and broad sword with a brass handle like a small sword, and adds "the men were not pleased with their swords, but their guns were good." Another government informer of the same period, who is apparently ashamed to sign his name to his letter, in giving an account of the march of Prince Charles' Highlanders from Perth, says, "great numbers of them are perfect hurd boys, without stockings

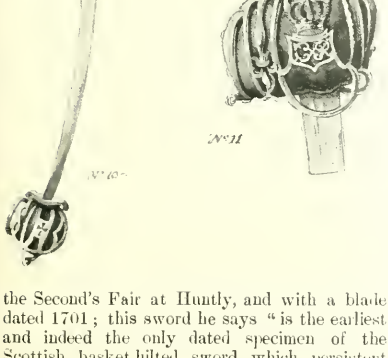


or shoes, about fourteen or sixteen years of age; they have brass-hilted swords tied about them with straw ropes."

Reverting once again to Killiecrankie, it is almost a matter of certainty that although many of the Highlanders were in possession of the

new arm, a large number fought with the more antiquated weapon. It is hardly possible to imagine that any sword but the great double-handed one* could have produced such awful wounds as those described by the author of the "Dundee Memoirs." "Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers" he writes, "were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breast; others had skulls cut off above the ears like night caps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow; pikes and small swords were cut like willows." Powerful, indeed, must have been the weapons and the arms that wielded them to have wrought such havoc in the ranks of the enemies of Scotland's rightful King. Dundee himself used a silver-hilted sword in the battle, which proved so fatal to himself, but so glorious to the cause for which he fought. After his death it was given by the relatives of *Iain Dubh nan Cath* (the name given to Dundee by his Highland friends) to Lachlan, 21st Chief of Mackintosh, and is preserved at Moy Hall. This historic weapon is shown in fig. 10; the date on the blade is 1504.

By the early part of the 18th century the basket-hilted claymore had been generally adopted by the Highland clans, varying slightly in form, and being more or less ornamented according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. One of the finest specimens of this period is described by Professor Anderson as having been given as a prize for a horse race run at Charles



the Second's Fair at Huntly, and with a blade dated 1701; this sword he says "is the earliest and indeed the only dated specimen of the Scottish basket-hilted sword which persistent search has produced." Fig. 11, which is copied from a drawing in Drummond's "Ancient Scottish Weapons," is there described by the before mentioned authority as a similar weapon to the one referred to above.† Another historic sword of about this date possessing special interest from the fact of its having belonged to the renowned Rob Roy is shown on fig 10A. It is probably the only basket-hilted claymore having a curved, or scimeter blade. This remarkable weapon was given by Rob to Campbell of Lochnell at the time of his placing himself under the protection of the Duke of Argyll, and it remained in Lochnell's family for many years, but has now disappeared. The drawing has been taken from Rob Roy's portrait in the "Costumes of the Clans" (Sobieski Stuart).

The hilts in many cases were of silver, elaborately chased,

> "'S iomadh clogaid a's targaid
> Agus *claidheau ceann-airgiod*
> Bhiodh mar coinneamh air Ealachuin"
> (Marbhrann Mhic 'ic Ailein, Period 1715).
>
> Many were the helmets and targes
> And *silver-hilted swords*
> Ranged within thy armoury.

and in some instances cairngorm stones were inserted to produce a finer effect. A splendid sword of this description is in the possession of the writer's friend, Mr. Lockhart Bogle, the eminent Highland artist and antiquarian.

* There is of course the possibility that many of these terrible wounds were caused by the Lochaber axe.

† The writer does not know how Professor Anderson accounts for the royal monogram C. R. being on a weapon of as late a date as 1701.

(To be continued)

THE CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION opened the session with a Concert on 25th October—Mr. H. G. Gillespie presided, and was supported by Messrs. D. A. S. Mackintosh, W. G. Davidson, and other clansmen. There was a large attendance, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

STRATHMORE CELTIC SOCIETY.—A Grand Concert to inaugurate the formation of this Society, was held in the Public Hall, Forfar, on 20th October. The Earl of Airlie presided, and was supported by many of the local gentry and others interested. There was a good attendance. Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, delivered a lecture on Highland music and song, examples of the various kinds of melodies being rendered by Miss Lizzie B. Mackay and Mr. Donald M. Wallace of the New York opera—a native of Arisaig, and a talented exponent of Gaelic song. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed, and the meeting closed with the usual votes of thanks. The Society has made an excellent start.

DANIEL MACLEAN, Jr., GREENOCK.

Honorary Secretary, Clan Maclean Association.

MR. DANIEL MACLEAN, Jr., the energetic Secretary of the Clan Maclean Association of Greenock, was born on 11th June, 1871. He comes of a good Highland stock, and naturally takes a deep interest in all matters relating to the land of the Gael. On leaving school he entered the office of Mr. R. S. MacMorland, merchant and shipowner, and after serving with him for three years, he became principal assistant to Mr. James Paterson, accountant and stockbroker, with whom he remained nearly eight years, receiving there his professional training. Recently, Mr. Maclean commenced business on his own account in Greenock.

When the Greenock branch of the Clan Maclean Association was formed on 17th June, 1892, Mr. Maclean was appointed treasurer. Last year he was voted as president, but declined the honour, preferring to serve his clan in the more active position of Secretary. To his exertions, and those of the late secretary, Mr. Alex. Scott Maclean, the success of this flourishing association is specially due. Mr Maclean does not conserve his sympathies for his own clan, but is interested in all Highland movements. From his infancy he has been connected with the Gaelic Parish church, and was for five years secretary and treasurer of the Bible class; president of the literary society: and was the recipient of a handsome token of esteem from his scholars. Mr. Maclean's usefulness and activity may be judged from the number of honorary positions which he at present holds: he is general secretary for the Greenock Presbytery of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild, and president of the United Athletic Branch of the Guild, and also of the Monfode Cricket Club. He is a member of the Corporation of Accountants. The Clan Maclean Association of Greenock is to be congratulated on having such an energetic secretary, and we have no doubt that under his able management it will continue to prosper, financially and numerically.

The Clan Menzies Society has published a most attractive little brochure giving particulars of its objects and work. The Society seems to be in a most flourishing state, thanks mainly to the efforts of its able Secretary, Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot. The total funds amount to £451 2s. 10d.

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

Sir,

I would feel much obliged if you would kindly afford me space in your valuable paper to reply to a letter from Mr Horatio R Macrae in your October number, on the subject of "The Chief of the Clan MacRae." There are two points at issue between Mr Macrae and myself—

I. As to the existence of a MacRae as Chief of the Clan MacRae at any time.

II. As to the direct lineal representative of Finlay dubh MacGilichrist, the (supposed) founder of the Clan.

As to the question of the Chiefship of the Clan, to sum up as shortly as possible I may say that my researches into, and study of, the subject go to show that there is no documentary evidence in existence which points to a MacRae as having been acknowledged, or recognised as Chief of the Clan MacRae; but that every historical reference to the subject points to Seaforth as having been Chief of the MacKenzies and MacRaes during the last five or six hundred years. My authorities are:—

1. Sir Walter Scott, who in writing about the Clan says—"The MacRaes are an example of what sometimes occurred in the Highlands, a Clan who had no Chief or banner of their own, but mustered under that of another tribe."

2. In Boswell's Life of Johnson it says—

"We had a considerable circle about us (in journeying through Kintail in 1773) men, women, and children—all Mc Craas, Seaforth's people."

In Croker's Boswell, page 310, it again says—

"The M'Craas, or MacRaes, were since that time (1773) brought into the King's Army by the late Lord Seaforth,"

3. My third authority is the copy of the M'Ra MS. written by the Rev. John M'Ra, minister of Dingwall, who died in 1704, and who was a member of the Inverinate family This MS. is referred to by Mr Macrae in his letter to you; but he omits to point out that the original MS. is lost, and that only copies are extant. This document may, or may not, have been accurately transcribed. In the copies I have of this MS. it is surprising that no mention is made of a MacRae as being Chief of the Clan, though the chieftainship would surely have been mentioned and claimed for the Inverinate family if it had ever existed. On the contrary the MacRaes are referred to on pages 3 and 5 as being under the patronage of the Lovat family, and fostering their children, and on page 9 reference is twice made to Seaforth as the "young Master" of Finlay dubh Macgilichrist, the reputed founder of the Clan MacRae.

The fact is that all through this MS. the MacRaes are spoken of as subordinate to Seaforth, and Seaforth is referred to as "Master."

4. In Brown's History of the Highlands, the Clan is spoken of as supplying the Body Guard, or "Leine Chrios" (steel shirt) of the High Chief of Kintail, and also as "followers of the Earls of Seaforth."

The MacRaes also had the first lift of the Chief's coffin, which was considered a great honour, and which was claimed by the Torlishich family at the funeral of the last Seaforth.

5. In Pennant's Tour, in 1772, a list is given of the Chiefs and principal gentlemen of the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which included the Shire of Ross: but

DANIEL MACLEAN, JUN.

there is no MacRae mentioned in this list, though Seaforth is given

6. In a list of the Highland Chiefs submitted by the Jacobites to Louis XIV, there is no mention of the MacRaes; but the Chief of the MacKenzies is named "with other little names about him of indifferent good men 1000."

7. In the list of Chiefs and Clans made up by President Forbes the MacRaes are not given.

8. Gregory in his "Western Highlands," describing Glengarry's raid, alludes to "the men of Kintail and Loch Alsh" as defending themselves in the absence of "their chief," MacKenzie, who had gone to Mull to form a defensive alliance with the Macleans.

9. General David Stewart of Garth in his Sketches of the Highlands speaks of the MacKenzies and their "ancient followers, the MacRaes," and mentions that the Earl of Seaforth can raise out of "his countries of Kintail, Loch Alsh, Loch Broom, etc., 1000 men." So it clearly follows that the MacRaes at that time had no other Chief but Seaforth.

With regard to a certain fund, founded in Aberdeen in 1763, and known as the McRa Mortification, I would say that there is a note on an old Family Tree in possession of my father which says that a member of the Inverinate family, Alexander McRa of Dornie, "took up the wadset money of Dornie and left his property to King's College, Aberdeen, for the use of indigent boys in male line from his great-grandfather in preference to others." This is, I presume, the same fund as mentioned by Mr. Macrae in support of the claim of his family to the Chiefship of the Clan; but what the relationship is between a fund for the relief of indigent boys, and the Chiefship of the Clan MacRae it requires Mr. Horatio R. Macrae to explain. That a fund left for the benefit of indigent boys should be used as an argument in support of the claims of any family to the Chiefship of a Clan is an absurdity, which must be apparent to your readers.

If my views are new, as stated by Mr. Macrae, they have the advantage of being shared by a good many of the oldest and weightiest authorities on the subject, whose opinions are worth accepting.

I fail to see that Mr. Macrae produces any authorities in support of his statement of the so called "old and generally accepted account," which I presume refers to the pleasing belief apparently indulged in by Mr. Macrae and his family that they are the representatives of a line of Chiefs who ruled over an independent and powerful people. Unfortunately for him this is not borne out by history, facts, or tradition, whereas it is well known that the commonly accepted tradition is that the Clan was the most warlike element amongst the followers of Seaforth, and that they greatly assisted him in strengthening and maintaining his position in the Highlands. These services have always been acknowledged by the Seaforth family.

Mr. Macrae accuses me of maintaining that the Clan was only "a small sept, attached to the Clan MacKenzie, too unimportant to have had a Chief of its own." I made no such assertions, and it is I consider unfair to draw these conclusions from my letter. I have too much regard for the credit and dignity of the Clan, to which I have the honour to belong, to attempt to depreciate its importance in any way, but I consider that endeavouring to introduce an element of Chieftainship into the Clan at this period of its history, has a tendency to subject the Clan to ridicule, amongst those who are acquainted with its history.

Mr. Macrae makes the statement that the MacRaes of Conchra are "descended from a second son of Farquhar MacRae of Inverinate, which at once explains why they did not succeed to the principal estate." I should like Mr. Macrae to prove the accuracy of this statement, which until he does, I beg to contradict emphatically. The MacRaes of Conchra are not descended from a second son of Farquhar MacRae of Inverinate; nor are they descended from the Inverinate family at all. They are descended from Mr. Farquhar MacRae, born 1580, Minister of Kintail 1618, Constable of Ellandonan Castle, and the common ancestor of the Conchra and Inverinate families This Mr. Farquhar MacRae had no connection with Inverinate beyond that he got a wadset of that place for his son, Alexander, who became the first of the family of Inverinate, that is who held the place from father to son for several generations.

You will observe Mr. Macrae himself seems a little dubious about the Clan ever having had a Chief, as he says "indeed if it had a Chief at all, it could hardly have been any other than an Inverinate, as they possessed a great part, and probably at one time the greater part of the lands where the Clan lived round Loch Duich." With regard to the latter part of this paragraph it would be difficult for Mr. Macrae or anyone else to prove that the MacRaes of Inverinate possessed an acre of land round Loch Duich, except as the tenants of the House of Seaforth, or that the family of Inverinate possessed any more land, or held it on any different terms to any of the other MacRae families living round about Loch Duich and Loch Alsh.

To sum up shortly: no further information regarding the question of a MacRae ever having been acknowledged as Chief of the Clan MacRae is furnished by Mr. Macrae's letter; whereas from the authorities I have quoted the weight of evidence goes to disprove that such a person ever existed.

With regard to the second question as to whether John MacRa, Minister of Dingwall in 1640, or Alexander McRa, first of the Inverinate family, was the direct lineal representative of Finlay dubh Macgilichrist. Mr. Macrae gives no proof one way or the other and apparently is unable to do so. At present the question is one based entirely upon tradition, and until proof to the contrary is produced the head of the Conchra family, Colin MacRae of Camden, U.S.A., claims to be the direct lineal representative of Finlay dubh Macgilichrist, the (supposed) founder of the Clan MacRae.

Newark-on-Trent,
10th October, 1896.

JOHN MACRAE.

TALES FROM MACLEODS' COUNTRY.

Taken down *verbatim* from the Gaelic of a Crofter, Donald Roy Macleod, Osc, Skye.

Here present one or two tales just as I have taken them down from an old Highlander. They are not of great importance, but are

given exactly as told. The time most favourable for the gathering of such stories has passed, and the people of Skye are no longer adepts in the art of tale-telling, and do not now cultivate their memories in such efforts. I fancy that the Long Island, or Outer Hebrides, would be a better field for the collection of such tales.

A Tale of Donald Glas, an ancestral hero of the Macleods of Drynoch.

He (Donald Glas) was a clever boy. He went to reach Duntulm Castle with a letter for the Lord of the Isles. When he delivered the letter, they put bread and milk before him, and when he saw that the bread was so poor he pared it; and when they asked where did he learn to pare his bread, he said he learned it where he had to eat it, that is in the house of Macdonald. Then a fly came and drowned itself in the milk, and he said, "O blundering creature! to drown yourself where your feet would have touched the bottom." He said that as the milk was so poor in quantity. Then the Lord of the Isles heard of this, and he came and said—"Give more milk to the lad." "*Le'r cead, ars' an gille, tha diol a' dh'aran a dh'annlann ann*" (there's enough bread to do for the milk that's here), said the lad.

The above fragment, with its antique witticisms, may belong to the time when the Macdonald chiefs occupied Duntulm Castle.

Tale of Jock of Unish.

Seoc Unish (Jock of Unish) used to be gathering men for the Highland regiments. He was going up to Drynoch with the lads. There was a boy called Donald at home. His father was away at the time. Donald, the son, had to follow Seoc as a soldier. When the father came home the mother was working crying. He asked her what was wrong? She said, "Not a little—they took away Donal." I remember a woman (she is now dead some time) and she knew the boy and his father—she told me the tale. The boy was with them. The father got a little pot and began to melt lead, and began to make bullets (peilearan). He asked her to spread the fire so that the red cinders would be there, and to make a bannock, and to cook it on the cinders for him, and he went as quick as he could, and he reached a place called Carnan Tarmaid, above Tigh Shligachan, and he saw the soldiers going to Sgousair. He could not overtake them on the road, so he took the hill by Bealloch a Sgaird, and was at the bridge at Ceann Loch Ailort, before them, and he sat on the bridge till they should pass. "What left you here, Donal?" said Seoc Unish.

"I am here from the Kyle" (Kyle Akin), said Donal.

He did not take any notice till he saw his

own son amongst them. He seized him by the coat and said, "What brings you here, Donal?"

"What but the *bochdainn*" (poverty) said Donal.

Then Seoc Unish turned back on his thin red mare, and told the boy to go on.

The father would not let the boy go. Seoc Unish said, "You will have to break the egg on your son's head." Well, they put the egg on the son's head, and the father fired, and his aim was so true that he smashed the egg with the *peilear*. "What," said Seoc Unish, would you have done if you had killed your son!" "The next bullet—I have them in my pocket—would have gone into your own heart," said Donal. Well, he got the boy away, and he must have had a good nerve to do as he did.

The William Tell story of the apple, which we are told, is taken from much older sources, and is therefore a legend only, and to be regarded as such rather than as a matter of history, has a strong resemblance to this tale, which belongs to the time of the end of last century. The explanation of the coincidence may be that the reciter had heard the tale of Tell in his youth, and had confounded the two stories, or that it was a customary thing to place eggs or apples to be fired at on the heads of relatives of culprits.

Donald's Ghost Story.

"Did you ever see a ghost, Donald, or any strange appearance that you could not make out?" I asked.

"O no! the only thing that ever put fear on me was what I saw one night coming over the hill from Portree. It is about fifteen years ago, and myself and my sister had come over as far as Glen 'ic Askull. Well, it was the mouth of night, and we saw a bright shining mass of fire, and it came near us and went past us, and my sister with the fright she grippit a hold of me and cried, 'Leave it alone, Donal! you have no business with it, and it has no business with you; leave it alone!' So I left it alone, and it went near a house that was there and then went out, and when we got home, we heard that there was a sick girl in the house. Well, she died after that. And that's the only thing I ever saw that put the fear of death on me."

General Macleod kills a "Black King."

Donald told yet another story of General Macleod of Macleod, in India, of his killing a "Black King." A "bull's head" was brought in a dish at dinner as a signal for slaughter, and the horn and sword of the "*Righ dubh*" are at Dunvegan yet.

This is evidently a jumbling of the clan traditions with an Indian story. The General distinguished himself greatly in the Indian wars. Bringing in a "bull's head" in a dish for the table was practised in Argyleshire (see Lord Lorne's Highland Tales), and also at Dunvegan Castle on the occasion of the slaughter of the Campbells by "Ian Dubh." The "horn" probably refers to the ancient Celtic drinking horn, now preserved in the castle, and the whole story is evidently founded on a Highland feudal tale, set in an eastern setting, with the General as hero.

The above tales may not be of importance in themselves, but they show how necessary it is to make such collections without delay, as everywhere the power of recollecting old things is rapidly dying out amongst the people, and with the present generation of old persons must vanish entirely away. They have the merit, in any case, of being genuine productions of the people, and not the elaborations of a certain class of Highlander who overestimates the refinement of his ancestors.

Skye. Lockhart Bogle.

ONLY A LOUT.

A True Tale of Sutherlandshire Life.

By Robina Findlater.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

THEY came at length in the early morning, Major Forest, the clergyman, Mr. Horsfield,—the factor, a man in life's prime,—and a young groom leading a horse with a side saddle, so confident was her father of his fugitive daughter's return with him. Harry stood pale and for once upright, at the door of his hut, while Major Forest advanced and called out to him, "Bring forth my daughter out here you abominable clown, or I will shoot you where you stand."

Without moving, Harry replied, "Your daughter is at liberty to do as she wills, but if she says she will prefer to stay with me, it is only over my dead body you will recover her."

Lena now came forward, pale as death, and tearful. "Oh! father, why have you come after me? It is too late now to return," and she burst into an agony of tears. "I have long ago made my choice, blame him not, he is good and true."

"Do not say so," said Mr. Horsfield, the factor, coming forward, "this is but the foolish escapade of a romantic school-girl. Come, dear, come back with your father, and I for one will forget this folly and marry you at once, for I love every hair of your dear head.

With ample means and so much love in my heart, you will not surely say me nay?"

"I have made my choice, and you of all others are the least likely to make me change my mind, for you have been instrumental in desolating the strath, and 'The cry of the poor enters into the ear of the God of Sabaoth.' Where are now all those abodes of peace and plenty and piety? Levelled to the ground, burnt down to the dust, at your instigation!"

Tears streamed down Mr. Mackay's face as he murmured, "Retributive justice. You have got your wish and scattered my poor old flock, but now you are paid out. God will not give you the desire of your eyes."

Major Forest took another view of the subject, and exclaimed wrathfully, "No hope, no hope of you, Lena, if you cannot appreciate such magnanimous devotion as this gentleman showers on you. Remain behind with your clown, and sink down to his level, but remember that not so much as one of your slippers shall you ever receive out of your father's house." Then turning to Harry, "and you, fellow, were more richly dowered with the poorest maiden in the place, for she at least would bring home a pair of blankets and a change of raiment."

"I am more richly dowered in your daughter's love than if she brought me all the wealth of the Queen of Sheba," replied Harry, as the Major rode away in great wrath. Mr. Horsfield put spurs to his horse in another direction, and Lena wept as she gazed after her father's retreating figure, and her horse with its empty side-saddle going back to the old home she was never again to enter. Perhaps at this moment she asked herself, was her love worth all this parting anguish?

Mr. Mackay alone remained a picturesque figure, with his long iron grey curls waving in the early morning breeze.

"And now let there be no more scandal," said Harry, coming forward and addressing him. "My honoured Master, make us man and wife."

By this time all the milkmaids, awed by the presence of Major Forest, gathered to the spot where Harry MacLay and Lena Forest were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. In those days ministers took the law into their own hands, and married whomsoever they willed, without delay and without any banns proclaimed.

Mr. Mackay then went up to the bride, as was the custom, and kissed her, saying "Poor Lena, you have taken your destiny into your own hand, and now mind my words, make the best of it and good may come in the end out of all this discrepancy. Stay here for some days, but your husband must return with me at once. He must see about getting ready a humble home for you. I will send him back to you, however, this evening, with materials for clothing you in your changed position, and you, my young maidens," turning to the milkmaids, "you are to help this foolish young wife to sew and knit. I will send up a couple of cotton dress pieces, some calico and merino. As you would wish God to help you, help her who has come down to your level for the sake of love. Oh, Lena, this is a strange trousseau, instead of silk and velvet, your best dress will now be a merino, your best bonnet a mutch."

"Who else," exclaimed one of the dairymaids, "but our own beloved minister would be so considerate in trifles as much as in great things. With joy we would do your will were it disagreeable, but this is a labour of hope and gladness."

Then mounting his horse Mr. Mackay went slowly on, while Harry strode on beside him, both keeping silence for a time, when the former broke out with "A great thing has happened to you this day, Harry; only God can bring order out of all this seeming confusion"

"I am asking Him," replied Harry, "to temper my joy, for it is almost more than I can bear, but the God of my fathers who has brought me thus far can enable me to bear with due humility the weight of so much honour and joy. Indeed the fear of how Lena will stand a rougher life already shadows my gladness, but God is mighty, and love is mighty, and both will conquer in the end."

"Harry," said Mr. Mackay, "you are a gentleman, if not a poet. Are you also a Christian, or do you only use the phraseology of the advanced life? Have you experienced the great change of conversion? Have you found your soul?"

"I have never known of any change in me as most professors have experienced, but I have never known the time when I did not love the Lord with all my heart."

The minister murmured to himself "I believe there are some really born regenerate, and this may be one of them. Then there are three ways of it—dyed in the wool, dyed in the thread, dyed in the web, but the first is best. Harry, you are not only a gentleman but you are unconsciously a Christian. God forgive me, your appointed guide and director, if blinded by the systems this has escaped me. I have learned much from you to-day," and the tears rolled down that grand magnanimous face. "Some good will come of this unlikely union," he continued.

(To be concluded.)

JOHN MACKAY.
Editor, *Celtic Monthly.*

MRS. JOHN MACKAY.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 3 Vol. V.] DECEMBER, 1896. [Price Threepence.

THE EDITOR.

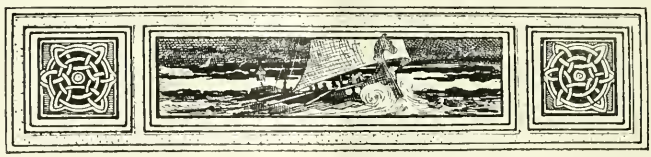
THE Editor and proprietor of the *Celtic Monthly*, Mr. John Mackay, may be aptly described as an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander, for although born in Glasgow in 1865, his father, Donald Mackay, was a native of Strathy, in the Mackay country, and his mother a native of Kintyre. It may be mentioned that his grandfather, who only died a few years ago, was an eye-witness of the Strathnaver burnings, his father being one of the evicted, and gave evidence regarding them before the Royal Commission in Sutherlandshire. Mr. Mackay was educated at Glasgow, and when fifteen years of age entered the employment of Messrs. J. Hunter & Son, Flour Merchants, where we still find him, trusted and respected by his employers. As might be expected of one brought up in a Highland domestic atmosphere, Mr. Mackay's sympathies were distinctly Celtic, and when quite young, many articles from his pen bearing on Highland matters appeared in the Highland press. Having a decided liking for natural history studies, he formed a large and valuable collection of entomological and other specimens, and in the course of his researches in the Highlands, he added more than one species to the known *fauna* of Scotland. He was Secretary for several years of the Clydesdale Naturalists Society, and contributed largely to scientific journals, chiefly on the *fauna* of the Highlands. Some ten years ago he became a member of the Glasgow Sutherlandshire Association. He took an active part in the work of the Association, and was Vice-President. Always a keen clansman, Mr. Mackay some years ago conceived the idea of organizing the clan for purposes of a charitable, educational and sentimental nature. After corresponding with that most patriotic of clansmen, Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, and others actuated with a like desire, a meeting of twelve enthusiastic clansmen was held in Glasgow, when arrangements were made to convene a public meeting to inaugurate a Clan Society. Nearly two hundred Mackays answered the "fiery cross" sent round by the subject of our sketch, and a Society was started under the most favourable auspices. Mr. Mackay was appointed Hon. Secretary, an office he has held since that date, and to his able guidance the success of that Society is largely due. Its membership is now over five hundred, while its finances amount to over

£1000. In 1890, at a banquet held in Glasgow, Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan, in the name of the Clan presented Mr. Mackay with a handsome testimonial and gold badge bearing the following inscription—"This gold chain and pendant, with a purse of sovereigns, were presented to Mr John Mackay, Kingston, Glasgow, by the Right Hon. Lord Reay, G.C.I.E, on behalf of the Clan Mackay Society, in testimony of their high appreciation of his excellent services as Honorary Secretary, 1890." It may be added that the year just closed is the most successful that the Clan Mackay Society has experienced. Nor has Mr. Mackay confined his services to one Society, we find he was one of the original members of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and has been its Treasurer for some years. He is also an active member of the Executive of the *Mòd* since its institution, and has held the office of President of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association for the past three years. He is at present Chieftain of the Govan Highland Association. Being fond of out-door exercise Mr. Mackay connected himself with the Cowal Shinty Club, and has been its President for some years, and is frequently found on the field with his *caman* in hand. A Director of the County of Sutherland Association he takes a deep interest in all matters relating to that county, where his holidays are invariably spent. In this connection it may be interesting to add that he, in conjunction with his relative the Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., of Durness, has been engaged for sometime past in the preparation of an exhaustive work on "Sutherland and the Reay Country," which will be in the subscribers' hands by Christmas.

To Highlanders at home and abroad Mr. Mackay is best known as Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*. It reflects great credit on his energy and prescience that while previous ventures of a similar nature in the Celtic field have failed, the *Celtic Monthly* has earned a popularity and a circulation which no other Highland monthly ever enjoyed.

On the 25th September last Mr. Mackay took unto himself a helpmeet—Miss Annie MacLean Sharp—an accomplished lady of Highland parentage, her father being well known in Gaelic circles some years ago—and for many years chairman of the Gaelic Concerts held in Glasgow under the auspices of the *Comunn Gaidhealach*. As might be expected the marriage party was representative of the Highlanders of Glasgow. That he may be long spared to watch over the destinies of the *Celtic Monthly*, and develop its scope and usefulness, is doubtless the fervent wish of the numerous readers of that magazine.

FIONN.



MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., SCOT.

THE MACGILLIVRAYS.—*Continued.*

VIII.—ALEXANDER, the eldest son, succeeded and was extensively engaged, like his uncle, Captain William and other members of his family, in cattle dealing, being known as "Alister Ruadh-na-Feille." The reason for his selection by Lady Mackintosh to command the Clan Chattan, in preference to Duncan Mackintosh of Castle Leathers, the natural leader failing the Chief, has been given. That he was well worthy of the honour is undoubted, and as he lived at Easter Gask the tradition that many of the men who fought at Culloden sharpened their swords on the singular Druidical standing stone or slab near Easter Gask, deserves some weight. His gallant conduct on that fatal day, and his death on the field at the well still bearing his name, is well known. It was part of the cruel system of the conquerors not to allow the bodies of the Highlanders to be carried away for interment by their friends, and consequently they were buried in trenches, the green covering of which is still to be seen. The ordinary place of sepulture of the Dunmaglass family was and is at Dunlichity, but Dunmaglass' friends feared the publicity of re-interring the remains so far distant, and buried them quietly at Petty. It is recorded in the Farr collection :—

"In the churchyard of Petty lies the Chief of MacGillivrays, who was killed at the Battle of

Culloden. After the battle, his body with 50 others was thrown into a large pit, and so far did the King's troops carry their animosity, that for six weeks they guarded the field and would not grant the poor consolation to the friends of men who had fought so well, of placing their mangled carcases in their family burying places. However, at the end of that time, the relations of Dunmaglass dug up the pit where his body had been laid, and when taken up was perfectly fresh, and the wound which was through his heart bled anew. The place they had been thrown into being a moss, is supposed to be the cause of the corpse remaining uncorrupted. The interment was private."

Alexander MacGillivray died unmarried, but Mr. Bain of Nairn in his interesting history of Nairnshire lately published, says he was engaged to Elizabeth Campbell, only child of Duncan Campbell, eldest son of Sir Archibald Campbell of Clunes, and that they met on the morning of the battle. That they did is hardly likely, though it is said that ladies appeared on the muir on horseback early in the day, but the engagement may be true.

I visited the ruined Chapel of Barevan some years ago, and found Miss Campbell's grave, and by the kindness of a good clansman, Mr. William Mackintosh, farmer at Barevan, received a copy of the inscription, which runs thus:—

MACGILLIVRAY'S WELL, AND MONUMENT ON CULLODEN FIELD.

"Under this stone are interred the remains of Duncan Campbell of Clunese, and Elizabeth, his only child, by Catherine, daughter of John Trotter of Morton Hall, Esq. He died, 23rd January, 1766, aged 75, and she, 22nd August, 1746, aged 24. D. C. E. C."

Supposing the story true, she only survived the death of her betrothed about four months. Her father, Duncan Campbell, was accessory to the rising of 1715, and had to live abroad for several years, where he married, his wife dying young at Rome. I possess some of Elizabeth's letters, written in a beautiful clear hand, of elegant diction, showing unusual cleverness and dignity in one so young. I give one of them dated 22nd September, 1743, which will be found very interesting, addressed to one of her aunts, who has pinned to the letter this memorandum—"Betty Campbell dyed the 19th August, 1746. Lady M'Intosh dyed in the year 1750." Probably the date in the inscription, 22nd August, 1746, refers to her interment. Lord Lovat refers to Elizabeth in a letter to her father—"It is only to serve you and Miss Campbell, your daughter, whose education should now be taken care of, and if she be like her mother, or your mother, she will be an honour to the family of Calder, and to the name of Campbell."

"Dr. Aunt,

As I have been in a sort of a hurry ever since I parted with you, and there was no occasion offerd for my writing you, nor had I anything to say that was of such consequence as was worth while sending a purpose, I hope you'l therefor execuse my neglecting it till now, I am just now busy paying my visits in this country, for as I have fixed the month of October for my going south, I have but little time to lose. My father and I was lately at Kilraick, where we found Lady Geddes bedfast, and was so most part of the time we stayd. I made your compliments and apology to her; we hear that she is now much better. I should be glad your visiting at Castle Downie and Moyhall happened at a time with mine, as I intend being at both place soon, for I must make the best use of my time I can. But if it was never so short I shall endeavour to see you and ask your commands, as it was not only my promise, but is my inclination. When you see Fairfield next, if he talks to you of the subject you spoke to me about when last at Budgate, which I then told you my plain and positive sentiments of (as I did himself before) that you might put a stop as soon as possible, to a thing it was to no purpose to follow, and which I thought was enough to hinder his pursuing or entertaining any thoughts of that kind, nor can I say anything plainer or stronger; without being rude or uncivil; which is what I shoud be sorry be forced to, as 'tis what I do not incline being to any gentleman; and if he do, let him blame himself for I have done all I can to prevent it; and you may assure him from me that he needs never expect a better answer from me than what he has already got, nor will I ever talk of any particular objections, for that would be entering on a subject that I would scarce know where to begin or end; so that the sooner he gives over any thoughts of that kind, he will certainly find it the better for himself—make my compliments acceptable to Duncan and believe me to be,

Dr. Aunt,

Your affe. niece, and humbl sert,

ELIZ. CAMPBELL.

Clunes, Sept. 22nd, 1743."

"This I hope you'l have occasion to call being over cautious (after what I before told you) in stopping what is already ended, but there can be no harm in what I write to you, so you may make what use of it you please."

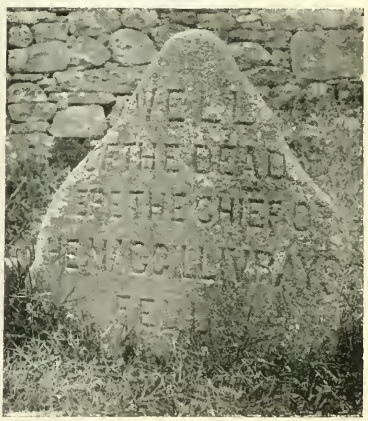
The MacGillivrays fell in scores at Culloden, including of officers, at least, one Colonel, one Major, two Captains, and one Lieutenant.

The mismanagement on the Prince's side was dreadful. Although the Camerons were put on the right, the Macdonalds instead of sulking and allowing themselves to be shot down, ought to have behaved like Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, at Harlaw. He was much displeased at being displaced from the right, but in accepting the position of left, declared he would make the left the real right in course of the action, and did so, fighting with his followers like heroes

"Wherever Mackintosh sits, *that* is the head of the table."

Then again the poor Mackintoshes were in the centre at Culloden, and kept back, notwithstanding a galling fire, until in desperation they broke forward in fierce charge, too late to be of material service; the commanders well knowing that with Highlanders, victory only followed an early and impetuous attack on their part.

IX.—William MacGillivray, a minor, succeeded his brother, Alexander, and to a very embarrassed estate. William Mackintosh, younger of Holm, took charge, and even a new suit of clothes for the boy required grave consideration. He afterwards, through the interest of Lady Mackintosh, got a Captaincy in the Gordon regiment commanded by Colonel Staats Long-Morris, and though a vassal, was most meanly prevented by the Earl of Moray in 1757 from raising, if he could, recruits out of the Lordships of Petty and Strathearn. He saw a good deal of service at home and abroad, and was a most kind-hearted man in his family. He got Gask and Lairgs converted into feu holdings, acquired Faillie from Captain Macbean, and the half of Inverarnie, originally part of the Kilravock estate, but occupied for generations by the Macphails. His three brothers, John, Farquhar, and Donald had to make their way in the world, and the two younger died without issue. John, who died at sea in the end of 1787, amassed a considerable fortune, which ultimately fell to John the 10th, and set up the family in a strong position. Neither of the three sisters, Anne, Elizabeth, or Catherine married, the eldest, Anne, managing the involved affairs of her brother and nephew up to her death in June, 1790, with great shrewdness and determination.



(To be continued.)

JOHN GEORGE FRASER.

JOHN GEORGE FRASER,

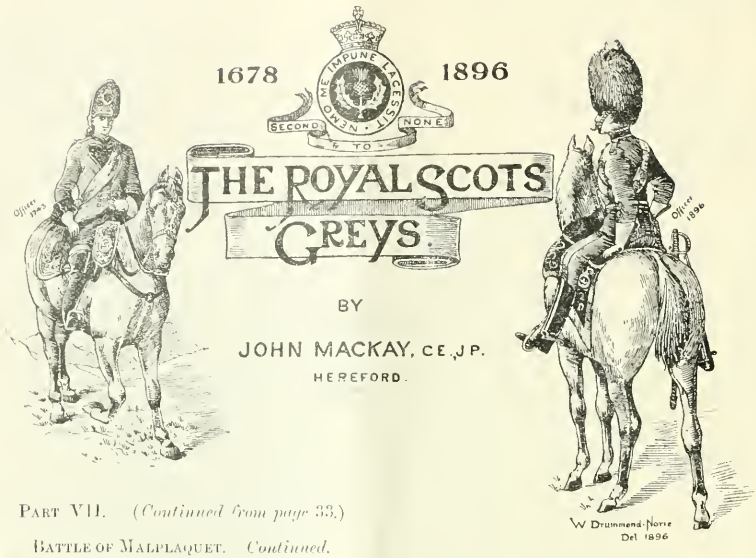
ORANGE FREE STATE.

WHEN the Cape of Good Hope became a possession of the British Crown, and some knowledge of the Dutch Colonists and experience as to their wants and treatment had been gained, it was deemed expedient as a conciliatory measure to provide for their spiritual welfare by appointing Ministers amongst them, who like them, were both Presbyterian and Calvanist, and could therefore be in full sympathy with those in regard to matters of religion and education. Scotland was called upon to supply this want, and a number of Ministers of the Church of Scotland volunteered for this important mission. Among the first was Rev. Colin Mackenzie Fraser who, after passing a period of eighteen months in Holland to acquire the Dutch language, was appointed Minister of the Dutch Reform Church at Beaufort West, in the Cape Colony, which position he filled for a period of forty-six years, during which he rendered valuable services both to the Church and people of his adoption and to the Government. At that place—Beaufort West—the subject of our sketch, John George Fraser, was born on the 17th December, 1840. At the age of nearly twelve years he was sent to Inverness, where some of his father's relatives still lived, and after four years of preliminary studies at the Free Church Institution, and full initiation into all that goes to foster true love to "Clachnacuddin," he entered Marischal and King's Colleges at Aberdeen, where he took a course of several sessions in Arts and Medicine, returning to the Cape in 1861. In 1863 Mr. Fraser took up his abode in the Orange Free State, then in its infancy, and on the outbreak of hostilities with the Basutos, took the field against them as Field Cornet of the Philippolis Burgers, and secured honourable mention for distinguished services during the war of 1865-1866. In 1868 Mr. Fraser entered the Civil Service of the O. F. State, and continued therein for nine years, during which he filled various important offices, among which those of Secretary to the late President, Sir John Brand, Registrar of the High Courts, Secretary to the Volksraad, and Master of the Orphan Chamber. In 1877 Mr. Fraser having qualified himself for the Bar of State, retired from the Civil Service, receiving the thanks of the Government for his meritorious services, and took up legal practice in the Capital, which pursuit he still follows. In addition thereto, however, he was speedily called to take up public interests in political life, and has continuously been member of the Volksraad since 1880, during the last sixteen years as representative of the Capital City of the State, and for twelve consecutive years was elected to the Chair of the Volksraad. In his political career Mr. Fraser has repeatedly been chosen to take a prominent part in various important political negotiations, so in 1887 he was delegate to the Government of the South African Republic, to a Conference on matters of mutual interest in 1888, he was one of the representatives of the Orange Free State at the Conference with the Cape Colony and Natal on Customs and Railways in 1889, as delegate to the Conference of Potchefstroom, Bloemfontein, and Harrismith, which resulted in the Treaties of Potchefstroom with the S. A. Republic, the Customs Union with the Cape Colony, and the Railway Convention with Natal. In 1890 to the Convention for extension of Railways to the Vaalriver, and in 1895 to the Railway Conference at Pretoria. It was therefore not to be wondered at that on the resignation of President Reitz Mr. Fraser was pressed by the most progressive and enlightened section of Free State Burgers to offer himself for election to the highest office of the State. Owing, however, to the untoward occurrences of January last, and the wave of sentiment which was aroused thereby, to place a son of the soil in the Presidental Chair, Mr. Fraser, although acknowledged by his opponents to be the best qualified man, was defeated to the regret of all well wishers of South Africa. Fortunately he is independent of office, and as he continues to champion the cause of true progressive and liberal government, and is a strong advocate of all measures which contend to promote union in South Africa, he will no doubt add still further services to his honourable record.

He maintains his close interest in the country of his forefathers by being a member of the London Inverness shire Association.

London DONALD C. FRASER.

Mr. Donald C. Fraser, Hon. Treasurer, London Inverness-shire Association, has changed his address to 271 High Holborn, London, W.C. In this connection we may mention that this enterprising Association is desirous of establishing "a home" in London for young Invernessians resident there, and to supply the necessary funds Mr. R. Macleod Fraser has offered a donation of £10 on condition that other ten gentlemen subscribe equal amounts. We understand eight subscriptions have already been promised. Who will make the other two? It is a most worthy object.



PART VII. *(Continued from page 33.)*

BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET. *Continued.*

MARSHAL BOUFFLERS now charged at the head of the Gens d' armes, Garde du Corps, and the Grenadiers a cheval. These troops broke through the two first lines and threw the third into disorder, when his small force found itself between a cross fire from the infantry. It was charged at the same time by a great body of cavalry led by Prince Eugene, who was struck by a musket ball behind the ear. Advised to retire to have the wound dressed, "No," said the gallant Prince, "if I am fated to die here, what purpose can it serve to dress the wound? if I survive it will be time enough to dress it in the evening." He did survive to fight many battles, and succeeded in the attack upon the French here

On the extreme left of the French were posted the Irish brigades of Lee and O'Brien, with the regiments of Dorrington, O'Donnell, and Galway. On their right were the French and Swiss Guards, and those of Bavaria and Cologne formed the second line. These regiments formed the *elite* of the infantry of France. Upon their firmness Villars placed his chief dependence. Against them the Duke of Argyll, one of the bravest men of his time, led on twenty battalions, who recoiled before the impetuous onset of the Irish, but the nature of the ground upon which they fought soon divided their ranks and retarded their progress. At this moment the allied troops were cheered by the arrival of Marlborough upon the scene. Schulemberg at the same time pushed the enemy in his front gradually into the wood, where the fighting was obscured by the thick foliage and dense smoke.

The troops on the extreme right were also animated by the return of Eugene, and pressed forward, their efforts being seconded by General Withers, the progress of whose divisions hastened the retreat of the enemy's left out of the wood of Taisniers, and alarmed Villars. In the carnage here fell Generals Chemerault and Pallavinini Villars soon made a fresh disposition, and also formed a corps of twelve battalions in two lines at fifty paces from the wood. Eugene advanced at this moment at the head of five German regiments and opened a most destructive fire. The French under the immediate direction of Villars charged them with the bayonet. In the heat of the combat his horse was shot, and immediately after another musket ball hit him above the knee, compelling him to quit the field in a senseless condition. Notwithstanding his loss, the allied regiments were driven to the edge of the wood.

Thus after an obstinate conflict of four hours the confederated commanders only obtained possession of the intrenchments and wood on the French left, but they were now at liberty

to execute the ulterior objects of their plans by attacking the hostile centre.

While all this was occurring on the left and left centre of the enemy, the Prince of Orange and the Earl of Orkney were resting on their arms in obedience to the arrangement of the preceding evening. They did all they were required to do, to keep the French right and centre from moving to the aid of the left, for it was to his success in that quarter, and the result likely to accrue from it, that Marlborough mainly depended, but the Prince of Orange, weary of delay, resolved to attack without awaiting the orders of Marlborough or the consent of Marshal Count Tilly, his nominal superior.

On the word to march being given all were instantly in motion led on by the eager Prince at the head of his nine Dutch battalions, under a tremendous shower of grape and musketry. He had moved only a short distance when the brave General Oxenstiern fell dead at his side, and several of his attendants dropped as he advanced. His own horse being killed, he advanced on foot, and as he passed the opening

OFFICER OF THE SCOTS GREYS, 1851.

of the great flanking battery, whole ranks were swept down, but he reached the intrenchment, and, waving his hat, in an instant the breast-work was forced at the bayonet's point by the Dutch Guards and Highlanders in the Dutch service, but before they could deploy they were driven back by an impetuous charge made by Marshal Boufflers. At this moment the Dutch corps under Dohna moved gallantly against the battery on the road, penetrated into the embrasures and captured some colours, but before they reached the front of the breast-work they were mowed down by the battery on their flank. A dreadful carnage took place in this concerted attack. The lines began to waver, and recoiled a few paces. Deriving fresh spirit from the repulse, the heroic Orange rallied his troops, and planted the colours on the bank. Foremost amongst the assailants at his side was the heir of Athole, the gallant Tullibardine, who with his faithful Highland brigade had sought honour under the Dutch

flag. Again the onset was renewed. Supported by the Dutch and Swiss, the Scottish or Highland brigade forced their way to the top of the breastwork, but they were in turn charged and beaten back, yet for two hours they held the works before being driven out. Then through an opening made by Boufflers the French Grenadiers-a-cheval sallied forth upon them sword in hand, to be swept away by a withering fire as the Scots and Swiss faced about, and stood shoulder to shoulder; they then fell back leaving 2,000 of their number piled in heaps before the French lines, and amongst them the gallant Tullibardine, who was slain early in the attack.

Seven battalions of Dutch, who had sought to storm the projecting intrenchment near the farm of Bleron, were compelled to relinquish a breastwork they had carried.

During these unequal conflicts and in this anxious crisis, Marlborough leaving Lottum to continue his successful attack, was hastening to remedy the disorder on the left. Meeting with a messenger sent for him he galloped to the left, joined Prince Eugene and rode together to the Prince of Orange. Order was soon restored and they prepared to meet the French again.

Boufflers, much reduced by his successful resistance to the Prince of Orange, and the withdrawal by Villars of the Irish brigade from his centre to the left, now began to remove the cannon from the intrenchments in his centre. Marlborough perceiving this, ordered Orkney to make a decisive effort upon these central intrenchments and batteries. This gallant General, assisted by Rantzau and other Generals, advanced. Behind them were thirty squadrons of Dutch cavalry, and in the rear were the British cavalry, Prussian and Hanoverian horse. Orkney advancing in one line from left to right at the first onset took possession of all the works of the enemy, overpowering the Bavarian and Cologne Guards who were left almost unsupported, in consequence of the drafts taken to the left wing by Villars. Meanwhile the heavy centre British battery had been brought forward, and the guns of another battery were also rapidly advanced to the right and left, and a tremendous cannonade was opened upon the lines of the enemy drawn up along the plain. The French having now fallen back, two battalions of Orkney's division turned the left flank of the French and Swiss Guards. At this moment the Prince of Orange, undismayed by his furious repulse, renewed the attack on his side, and the French brigades were driven out of their intrenchment.

(To be concluded.)

FLORA MACDONALD.

An Anniversary Sketch of the Jacobite Heroine.

By J. Hamilton Mitchell, L A.

(Continued from page 27.)

1745.

PASSING over with a mere reference the stirring events of the year 1745 we now find Flora Macdonald appearing in a new character. She is now about to burst into fame and become the heroine of the century. A month later Prince Charles Edward had landed on the shores of Moidart, and Britain was immediately convulsed in a civil war. Then followed the brilliant drama, beginning in the wilds of Glenfinnan at the

NEEDLE ROCK, CUIRAING, SKYE.

head of Loch Shiel, and ending on the disastrous field of Culloden—

"Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave."

Character and Appearance.

During all these startling events the subject of our sketch was resident at Nunton, an honoured and welcome guest of Lady Clanranald. She was then in her twenty-fourth year, and in looks as modest and unaffected a girl as one could desire to see. In stature she was perhaps somewhat under the medium height, but her figure was well proportioned and graceful. Her eyes were large and clear, and her forehead high and broad. Her mouth exhibited that strength of character and firmness of decision which she possessed in so remarkable a degree throughout all her life. In complexion she was fair. Notwithstanding

all her subsequent display of courage, her disposition, as already explained, was extremely mild, and her manner corresponded to her temper. There was nothing unfeminine either in her form, or in her behaviour which could detract from the charm of her great natural vivacity, or give a tone of hardness to her strong good sense, her calm judgment and power of decision Her voice was sweet and low, and the harsher accents of the Scottish tongue were not to be detected in her discourse. As Bishop Forbes puts it: "She talks English easily and not at all through the Erse tone." In all the varied circumstances of her life she manifested a perfect modesty and propriety of behaviour coupled with that noble simplicity of character which led her to regard with surprise the tributes which were afterwards paid to her conduct, and to express her conviction that far too much value was placed upon what she deemed merely an act of common humanity.

After Culloden.

After the fatal Battle of Culloden the unfortunate Chevalier disbanded the remnant of his army and sought refuge in the wilds of the north, where for the following five months he experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, privation, and fatigue. Nine days after the defeat of his forces the family at Nunton were alarmed by information that he had landed in Benbecula, closely pursued by the blood-thirsty myrmidons of the savage Cumberland. These unprincipled ruffians now guarded every ford and searched every suspected quarter in their unscrupulous efforts to capture his person. The laird of Clanranald, though not actively engaged in the recent insurrection, was yet thoroughly loyal, and resolved instantly to assist the Prince. A secret council consisting of the principal members of the household was accordingly held, at which Flora Macdonald was present. After due deliberation it was resolved to send the Prince by boat to Stornoway in the hope of immediate escape from there to France. The diligence of the military, however, was so strict that this was for some time found quite impracticable, and for greater security Charles was removed to a cave in the wilds of Glen Corradale on the eastern front of Hecla and close by the sea, where he resided for several weeks in comparative safety.

Soon, however, did it become apparent that even this wild secluded spot was no safe retreat, and some scheme must be devised for Charles' escape from the Long Island. The Government somehow was apprised of his whereabouts and sent more troops and ships to Uist; the toils were now drawing closer round the head of the luckless lad, where—

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger:
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger."

Escape through such a cordon by land and sea seemed indeed absolutely hopeless. He quitted his hiding place with all due speed and skirted the shore after nightfall in the hope of obtaining refuge in the direction of Loch Boisdale. But in vain! his predicament was now so serious that he dismissed all his attendants save the faithful Captain O'Neil, and travelling overland in the darkness arrived again, after a most miraculous escape, in the neigbourhood of his former place of seclusion in Hecla. It was at this very critical moment that the brave Lady Clanranald decided to solicit the aid and exercise the ingenuity of Flora Macdonald for the relief of the poor wanderer.

LOCH CORUISK, SKYE

Flora Macdonald as a Jacobite.

Though imbued with all the Jacobite opinions of her countrymen,* and desirous of assisting so far as lay in her power the unfortunate Prince, Flora Macdonald was somewhat startled when the proposal to take him to Skye disguised in the garb of a female was made to her.

* It is unnecessary, I think, to make any elaborate allusion to the ridiculous efforts of some writers to dispute this fact. That the heroine was in thorough sympathy with the political aspirations of Prince Charles Edward is admitted by the best authorities. Browne's "History of the Highlands and the Highland Clans," for instance, tells us that she "retained her Jacobite predilections to the last hour of her existence. Though mild in her disposition, she was roused to anger when any attempt was made in her hearing to depreciate the exiled family, and nothing offended her so much as the absurd appellation of 'Pretender' applied to Prince Charlie and his father."

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.— The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1896

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OF INTEREST TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish to remind those subscribers who have not already remitted, that subscriptions for Volume V. are now overdue; and we would esteem it a favour if they would give this matter their immediate attention. The annual subscriptions (4/- post free) should be forwarded at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

NEXT month we intend publishing a Grand Christmas Number, which, from a literary and artistic point of view, will be the most attractive issue of the *Celtic* yet published. We will give plate portraits, with short biographical sketches, of Mr. and Mrs. James MacGregor, London; Captain A. Leith-Hay Mackay, late of the K. O. Scottish Borderers, and Mr. Roderick Fraser Mackenzie, Fortrose, the winner of the first prize for Gaelic poetry at the Mòd at Perth. In addition to these we will print a complete Highland story by Miss Janet A. M'Culloch; an article on the "Two Battles of Inverlochy," by Mr. W. Drummond Norie, illustrated with graphic oil sketches by Mr. Lockhart Bogle; a first rate Gaelic story by an able writer; illustrated poems on "The Prince's Flower," by Mavor Allan, and "A rún," by Miss Alice C. Macdonell, besides interesting instalments of the continued papers, and a variety of readable contributions which cannot fail to delight our readers.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME IV.—As we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies of this volume, some of the parts being already out of print, those who desire copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 10/- post free, and copies can now be had from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN CHATTAN.—This Clan held their first Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms on 20th October the Chief, Cluny Macpherson, in the chair, who was supported by Bailie D. Macpherson, N. C. Macpherson, Secretary, Donald Macpherson, Falkirk, Mr. Macpherson, Edinburgh, C. E. W. Macpherson, etc. Cluny delivered a very interesting address, touching upon the question of the Chiefship of Clan Chattan, which he claimed for his family. He exhibited the ancient banner of the Clan, and the famous black chanter, and other relics. Addresses were delivered by Bailie Macpherson and Mr. Donald Macpherson. An inspiriting poem, "The Upstanding of the Black Rock," was recited by a clansman. Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, was unable to attend through illness. A dance followed, which was well attended.

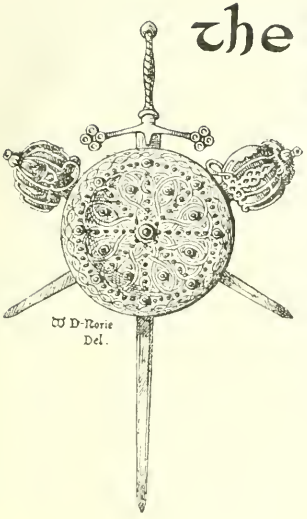
CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—At a largely attended meeting of the Council of the Society in the Religious Institution Rooms, Mr. Alexander Mackay, Vice-President, in the chair, the Secretary and Treasurer submitted provisional reports of the Society's progress during the past year, which shewed that the session was a record one in the Society's history. Thirteen life members and a large number of ordinary members and associates were added to the roll; while the income for the year amounted to £209. The total funds now are £1037. It has been arranged to hold the Annual Social Gathering in the Grand Hall, Waterloo Rooms, on Thursday, 11th February. The Chief, Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., has consented to preside, and distinguished clansmen from all parts of the kingdom will take part in the proceedings.

MR. DAVID GLEN, 8 GREENSIDE PLACE, EDINBURGH, has just published part 3 of his excellent "Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd," which contains 15 of the most famous pibrochs, some now published for the first time. Price is 4/- nett. We heartily recommend this valuable work to our readers.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES: HISTORICAL, GENEALOGICAL AND SOCIAL (second series), BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., SCOT.—This most interesting and valuable work will be published shortly. It deals with each of the Inverness-shire parishes in detail, including the Island of Skye, and narrates the chief events associated with each district. The book is a perfect mine of interesting facts relating to the Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans of Dochgarroch, Mackinnons, Mackintoshes, and Macphersons, and the other septs of the Clan Chattan, Macleods, MacNeills, Frasers, Grants, Gordons, etc. This is a work which every Highlander should possess. The first series is now so scarce that a copy usually sells for 60/-, and the volume now in the press is soon likely to become quite as valuable. A list of subscribers will be printed in the volume, and those desiring copies should send in their names at once to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Price to subscribers only, 21/-; large paper, demy quarto, 31/6.

The spirited verses entitled "Highlanders," by W. Drummond Norie, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Celtic*, have just been set to music and published by Mr. Robert Buchanan, Jun., 134 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, from whom copies can be had, price 2/-.

Mr. John Colquhoun, Crosshill, Maybole, has published in pamphlet form a most spirited poem on "The Battle of Culloden." It may be had from the author, price 2½d., post free.



The Highland Sword.

by W. Drummond-Norie

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Continued from page* 35).

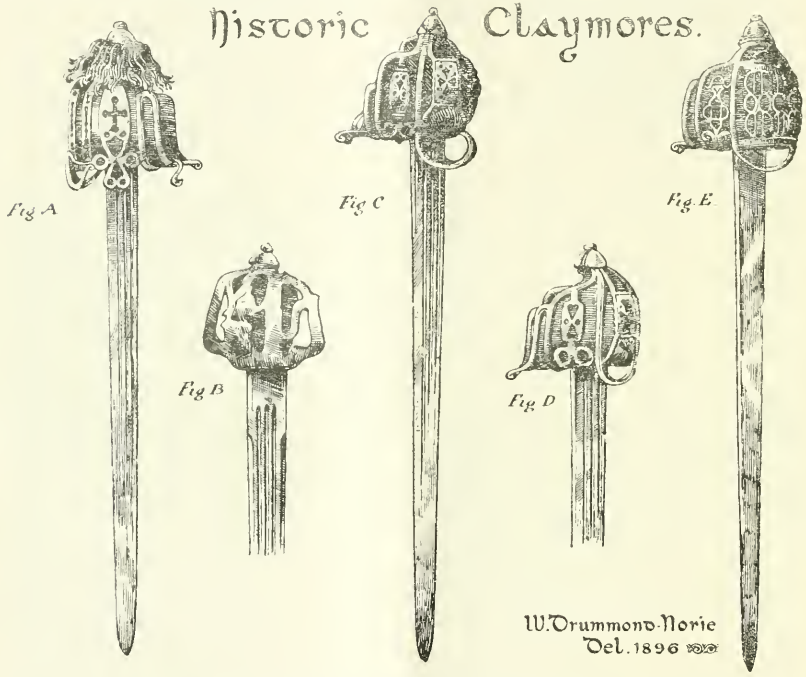
THE part played by the claymore in the risings of 1715 and 1745 is so well known to readers of Scottish history that it is hardly necessary to dwell long upon the subject, although it is one of never failing interest to the descendants of those brave men who through evil and bad repute gave their loyal allegiance to the exiled Stuarts, and only ceased to support the legitimate dynasty when Culloden's bloody day rendered further resistance impossible. At Sheriffmuir where the young Captain of Clan Ranald, Ailein Muideartaich, was slain in the forefront of the battle; at the glorious victory of Prestonpans where Johnny Cope gained for himself so unenviable a reputation; at Falkirk, at Clifton, and on Drummossie's fatal moor where, in spite of defeat, the Highland clans and their noble Prince covered themselves with glory; the claymore (or broadsword, for the terms had at this period become synonymous) was the weapon with which the greatest execution was done.

We have only to read the contemporary accounts of the Battle of Prestonpans to learn how efficient a weapon the claymore was when wielded by the brawny arms of Prince Charlie's staunch Highlanders, and how terrified the English soldiers were at its effects upon their broken ranks. The Chevalier Johnston says that "the cowardice of the English surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms, that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means they had of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. . . . I saw a young Highlander, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this were true. "I do not know," replied he, "if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my broadsword." The same writer also states, that although many individuals of the Prince's army, notably the Macgregors, were armed with "the blades of scythes, fastened end-long upon poles," and caused fearful havoc with these improvised instruments of warfare; it was the broadsword that did the most mischief. "Men's feet and hands, and also the feet of horses were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon; and it is a well authenticated fact, that a Highland gentleman, after breaking through Murray's regiment, gave a grenadier a blow which not only severed the arm raised to ward it off, but cut the skull an inch deep, so that the man immediately died." Over four hundred of the Elector's best troops were thus cut down, sufficient evidence in itself to prove the excellence of the claymore as a weapon.

At Falkirk although the number of Hanoverian soldiers slain was comparatively small, the claymore was again successful. It was on this occasion that the bard, *Donnachaˊ Bàn mac Oran* (Duncan Ban MacIntyre), who had been pressed much against his will into the service of the Elector as a substitute for Fletcher of Glenorchy, threw away the sword with which he had been armed by that gentleman, and retired from the field, preferring to be dubbed

a deserter rather than fight against his Prince and fellow-countrymen. He has commemorated the incident in a well-known poem entitled "*Claidheamh Ceannard Chloinn an Leisdeir*" ("The Sword of the Chief of Fletcher").

Alas! that it should have to be written, "Culloden's bloody day" saw "the claymore broken in the hands of the brave," broken, but to the eternal fame of the Highland race, not dishonoured. Overwhelmed by numbers, decimated by a galling artillery fire, divided by unfortunate dissensions, fatigued by long marching and want of food, and woefully misdirected by their leaders, the Highlanders were utterly unfit to engage the well disciplined, well fed troops of Cumberland, and the disastrous result was inevitable. Here, as at Prestonpans, the claymore did yeoman service,



DESCRIPTION OF "HISTORIC CLAYMORES.

Fig. A.—Sword used by James Drummond, Earl of Perth, at Culloden. Fig. B.—Covenanters Broadsword used by Captain Paton in 1679. Fig. C.—Claymore worn by Prince Charles Edward at Prestonpans Falkirk, and Culloden. Fig. D.—Claymore which belonged to Donald MacDonell, of the family of Keppoch. He was taken prisoner at Carlisle and executed at Kennington Common, August 22nd, 1746. Fig. E.—Rob Roy's Sword. N.B.—These weapons are all authentic, and were exhibited in the Bishop's Castle collection at the Glasgow Exhibition.

and many are the instances of individual bravery recorded in which this famous weapon played its sanguinary part, but all was of no avail, the die was cast and the star of the Stuarts which for a time had flashed brilliantly over the Highland mountains, fell like a meteor into the dark blood stained muir of Drummossie, whether to rise again, who shall say?

Many claymores are still in existence which were, undoubtedly, used on that fatal day, and many more although claimed by their owners to have had that honour are not entitled to it. A few years ago Lord Archibald Campbell, with true antiquarian instinct, unearthed a remarkable assemblage of Culloden claymore blades from a garden in Richmond, Surrey. These swords had been wrought into the form of a railing which had formerly adorned (?) the

grounds of Twickenham House and are said to have been brought to England after the Disarming Act of 1746, by Lord Tweedale. Several of these blades have the Andrea Ferrara mark.

Another famous weapon associated with Culloden is the fine basket-hilted broadsword shown in fig. 12, now in the possession of Sir Noel Paton, F.S.A., and known as the "Keppoch" claymore, from the assumption that it was used by the MacDonald Chief of that ilk in his gallant attempt to lead his clan against the English right flank. There is no more painful incident in the melancholy history

of Culloden than the Keppoch episode, nor is there a sadder spectacle in the whole romantic drama of the "Forty Five" than the sight of this brave man advancing boldly alone across the bullet swept heath, with his good claymore in one hand and his pistol in the other, bent on sacrificing his life so that he might retrieve the honour of his clan, and uttering that last despairing cry, "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me!"

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the weapon used by such a man at such a time should be an object of veneration, and were the sword in the possession of Sir Noel Paton the actual weapon worn by Alexander MacDonell of Keppoch at Culloden it would undoubtedly be a treasure worth the keeping; but there is unfortunately a little doubt on this point which the writer has tried to clear up, and with that view communicated with the present representatives of the Keppoch family. The following extract from Miss MacDonell's letter gives the family tradition respecting the weapon in question. "The sword in the possession of Sir Noel Paton may have belonged to Alexander MacDonell of Keppoch, but cannot possibly be the one he used at Culloden; the latter was taken off the field of battle by his son, Angus, our great-grandfather, while he was closely pursued by Cumberland's soldiers. When passing near Keppoch he plunged the sword as far as his arm could reach into the moss, marking (as he thought) the exact spot; but could never after find it. Search was made for it most carefully for long after and it was never known to have been found, and in such a quiet country place where everything was known, it is not likely that a discovery could have taken place, and no whisper of its being found ever transpiring. It was very richly jewelled." Having obtained this interesting information the writer submitted it to Sir Noel, who very kindly wrote a most courteous letter giving his version of the matter. From this it appears that the sword was purchased by that gentleman at the sale of Mr. W. B. Johnstone's (R.S.A.) collection of weapons, etc., and although in the sale catalogue it was not described as Keppoch's sword, Sir Noel states that it had always been understood by its former owner to be the identical weapon used by that chief at Culloden. Shortly after it passed into the possession of Sir Noel Paton he received a message through his brother that an illegitimate descendant of Keppoch was in a position to identify the sword of his ancestor, and promised to call at an early date to do so; this, however, he never did, having died suddenly before he could find an opportunity. "I have therefore," writes Sir Noel, "no proof beyond the tradition fully accepted by Mr. Johnstone, that the sword was Keppochs." There the matter must remain, for there is no actual proof in either story, although the family tradition of the Keppoch family appears to the writer to be the more probable of the two.

With the "Forty Five" the history of the claymore comes to an end, for from henceforward the musket and the bayonet were to take the place of honour in the records of Highland military prowess. By a strange irony of fate the sons and grandsons of Cumberland's victims became the staunchest supporters of the Hanoverian throne and bore the brunt of many a hard fought fight, in which their indomitable courage and gallant

behaviour gained for them a name which stands almost unrivalled in the annals of any nation. By the side of their old enemies, the *Saighdearan Dearg* (Red Soldiers), the *Freiceadan Dubh* (Black Watch), and many other splendid Highland Regiments have gone forth to death and glory; and although with the exception of their officers the Highlanders no longer carry the national weapon, they bear within their breasts the same intrepid spirit that inspired their ancestors in the days of old. *Clanna nan Gaidheal!* Britain has still need of your strong arms and stout hearts to fight her battles. Make the Highland regiments what they should be, Highland in reality as well as in name. Your fathers fought in their ranks and gained a great name, let it not be said that the sons are unworthy of such sires, rather let us say with ancient Ossian "Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old! They have set like stars that have shone, we only hear of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beams of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west."*

* Ossian's "Temora," Book 1.

[CONCLUDED]

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

THE HIGHLAND MOD AT PERTH.

THE Fifth Annual Mòd of the Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the City Hall, Perth, on Friday, 23rd October. The weather was pleasant, and there was a large and representative attendance of Highlanders from all parts of Scotland. In the absence, through illness, of the President, Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, the chair was taken by Dr. MacGregor, ex-M.P. for Inverness-shire, one of the Vice-Presidents, and amongst those present were Sir Robert Pullar of Tayside, Provost Dewar, Messrs. Henry Whyte (Fionn), Malcolm MacFarlane, Alexander Mackenzie, William Mackay, Alexander Macbain, M.A., Inverness, John A. Stewart, Local Secretary, John Macpherson, Chief Constable, George Mackay, Sanitary Inspector for Perthshire, John Campbell, Oban, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, Duncan MacGregor of Argask, Peter Macleod, Glasgow, John Mackintosh, Secretary, Archibald Sinclair, W. Drummond Norie, Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, Ian Mackenzie, London, Mrs. Sarah Robertson Matheson, Messrs. Theodore Napier, J. G. Mackay, C.C., Portree, J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., John Whyte, Inverness, Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon, D. A. S. Mackintosh, Archibald Ferguson, Neil Macleod, the Skye Bard, Councillor R. MacFarlan, Dumbarton, A. S. MacBryde, J.P., D. Macpherson, Falkirk, Rev. R. L. Ritchie, Creich, Donald Mackay, Alexander Ross Mackay, Alexander Mackay, Edinburgh, Roderick Macleod, Inverness, Donald Macleod, M.A., Forfar, James Grant, and Dr. Grant, Glasgow, etc., etc.

Dr. MacGregor, in his opening address, referred in eloquent terms to the objects of the Mòd, which were to encourage the teaching of and fostering a love for Gaelic literature and music, and the developing of Highland home industries. He referred to the antiquity and philological value of the language, and advocated that only Gaelic speaking teachers should be appointed to schools in Gaelic districts. The clergy were often to blame, as many who had been appointed to Gaelic charges, on the understanding that they should preach in Gaelic, had failed in their duty. If the clergy made the service attractive and intellectual to the people they would certainly stay behind to hear a sermon in their mother tongue. The learned doctor also referred to the various industries which the crofter could cultivate to advantage, urging this as an argument why the rural population should be retained on the land, and not left to drift into the great cities. The address was eloquent and earnest, and gave great pleasure to the large audience.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

The awards for the literary competitions were then intimated, and are as follows—

Original Gaelic Poetry—1. "Cabar-feidh," R. Fraser Mackenzie, Fortrose; 2. "Liath Ghiubhas,' Mrs. K. Whyte Grant, Appin.

Translation from Gaelic Poetry into English—1. "Raon Ruairidh," Alexander Stewart, Polmont, 2. "Jean Reay," Miss Annie Mackay, Glasgow (Bardess to the Clan Mackay Society).

Original Gaelic Prose—1. "Eilennach," Miss C. M. MacDougall, Ardgour; 2. Duncan MacRae, Gairloch, Ross-shire.

Essay on "any Perthshire Gaelic Bard,"—Charles M. Robertson, Strathtay.

Original Gaelic Song on the War of Independence—Alister Macdonald, Inverness.

Essay on the preservation of the Gaelic—Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, London, and Neil Ross, Glendale, Skye—equal.

Best Harmony of Rob Donn Mackay's song "Is trom leam an dàridh."—1. Dr. J. Bell, Glasgow; 2. J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., Glasgow.

Design for Membership Card—1. Thos. Maclaren, Perth; 2. A. W. Martin, Belfast.

Gaelic Recitation (10 competitors)—1. Miss M. MacEachran, Oban; 2. Alexander Macdonald, Glasgow.

Gaelic Reading (9 competitors)—1. Miss M. K. MacArthur, Campbeltown; 2. Pipe-Major A. R. Macleod, Stirling.

MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

Juvenile Choral Competitions—Baligarve Choir, Lismore.

Junior Solo (female voices)—Miss Mary Black, Lismore. Male voices—Henry Wilson, Lismore.

Choral Competition for Seniors—1. Blind Institute, Inverness; 2. Oban Gaelic Musical Association; 3. Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Senior Solo (female voices)—1. Miss Isobel Munro, Glasgow; 2. Miss Lizzie Mackenzie (a blind lady); 3. Miss Margaret MacArthur, Oban.

Senior Solo (male voices)—1. William A. Spence, Oban; 2. and 3. equal—Murdo Macleod, N. Leith, and James E. Cameron, Cromarty.

Solo Singing, with Highland Harp Accompaniment—1. Miss M. A. Mackechnie, Oban; 2. Miss Emily Macdonald.

Open Competition for Solo Singing—W. A. Spence, Oban.

The prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Dr. MacGregor at the close of the *Mòd*.

An adjournment was made during the competition, when Lord Provost Dewar entertained 100 ladies and gentlemen to luncheon in the Salutation Hotel, at which toasts were drank and appropriate speeches made.

We were particularly pleased to find so many of the contributors to the *Celtic Monthly* among the prize winners. Indeed, it was the encouragement which Mr. R. F. Mackenzie, winner of the first prize for Gaelic poetry, received from our publishing his recent poems that induced him to compete.

Evening Concert.

A Grand Gaelic Concert was given in the City Hall in the evening—the Lord Provost presiding. The prize winners and choirs took part in the proceedings, and were ably assisted by the St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow, conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson. The Concert proved a splendid success.

Mr. J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., officiated as accompanist at both Mòd and Concert with great acceptance.

Business Meeting.

The Business Meeting was held immediately after the Mòd—Mr. William Mackay, Inverness, in the chair. On the motion of Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, it was agreed to hold the Mòd next year at Inverness, and on the motion of Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn) Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond was elected President for the ensuing year. Mr. Alexander Macbain was elected a Vice-President, and Messrs. William Mackay, Alexander Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, A. S. MacBryde, J.P., John A. Stewart, Perth, and R. MacFarlan, Dumbarton, were added to the executive. The other office-bearers were re-elected.

After the concert Dr. MacGregor entertained the executive and friends to supper in the Salutation Hotel, several toasts were proposed, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

All who took part in the Mòd at Perth must have gone away with the most pleasant recollections, convinced that the Gaelic is by no means the decaying language many suppose it to be.

It remains to be added that much of the success of the meeting was due to the admirable manner in which Dr. MacGregor discharged the duties of the chair.

The following Poem gained first prize at the Perth Mod.

AN GAIDHEAL 'S A DHUTHAICH.

Le "Caesar-Feidh"

(Roderick Fraser Mackenzie, Fortrose).

'S fhada o'n tìm dh' fhàg mi mo thìr,
Dh' fhalbh mi gu sgìth, brònach;
Thriall mi 'thìr chèin, gun charaid, gun chèil',
Am breislich 's an eu-dòchas;
Chaill mi mo stà, theich nam mo chàil,
Dona gach là dhòmh-sa,
'S mi airsnealach, truagh, 'sceòladh a' chuain,
'N aimsir gu fuar, reòta.

Rànig mi thall, 's ghuil mi gu trom,
'Tuireadh nan sonn àluinn—
Cuideachd mo ghaoil, Gàidheal an fhraoich,
An teanntachd fo dhaors' chràitich,
Iadsan fo smachd—ochan mo chreach!—
Naimhdean 's luchd-brath làimh rin.—
Le laghannan cèarr 'rinneadh le nàmh,
Muinntir mo ghràidh sàraicht'.

Chaithris mi dian ionadaidh bliadhn',
'Feitheamh ri sgial fàbhoir
'Thigh'nn thar an t-sàil a duthaich nan àrd
'S nan coireachan bläth', fàillidh;
Thàinig fadheòidh naigheachd a' m' chòir
A chuir orm pròis àraid—
Gaisgich nan gleann 'togail an ceann
'S 'briseadh nam fang thàireil.

Cànain is briagh 'g iurachadh mìadh,
Gàidhlig 'bha riamh cliùiteach,
Curaidhean còir 'cumail oirr' dòigh,
Sean agus òg fùghail;
Cànain 'tha blasd', cànain 'tha glan,
Cànain 'tha sean, sìobhlach,
Cànain mo shluaigh, cànain 'bhios buan,
Cànain 'bha uair cùirteil.

Sin an sgeul grinn 'thoilich mo chridh'
'S ghluais mi gu seinn òrain,
Leum mi gu h-àrd, cèaunh air làr,
'Seasamh air bàrr m' òrdaig;
Thog mi mo ghuth, fonnmhor, neo thiugh,
Thrèig gach leann dubh 's bròn mi,
Thug mi 's an àm cur air an danns,
'S na 'm biodh ann dràm, dh' òlainn.

Mo mhiann sa 'bhi 'n dràsd an dùthaich mo ghràidh,
'Ga cobhair gu àrd-shaorsa,
Ma dh' fhuil'geas mo shlàint, 'gu'n triall mi gun dàil
Gu fearann a's fèarr daoine;
Mo chridhe, bi calm', gun eagal roimh stoirm,
'S mi 'tilleadh gu Alb' chraobhaich;
Gus an tèid mi 's an naigh 's i 'n tìr ud mo luaidh—
Biodh oirre deadh bhuaidh daonnan!

The following Poem gained second prize at the Perth Mod.

AN GAIDHEAL ANNS A' BHAILE-MHOR.

Le "Liath Ghiubhas"
(Mrs. K. Whyte Grant, Rosebank, Appin).

Bha mi 'siubhal gun aire air sràidean a' bhaile
Gun charaid, gun chù, no fear-eòlais;
Cha 'n fhaca 's cha chuala mi ni 'bha mu 'n cuairt domh,
'S mo smuaintean 'an gleannan an smeòraich:
Ach dh' éirich mar dhoimionn an ceòl air mo chluaissa
A dh' fhàisg mi le mulad is sòlas;
An sgal ud gach cuisle a'm fheòil chuir air ghluasad
'S bha mi 'm priobadh an Dùthaich nam mòrbheann
Mo chas sheas a ris air an fhraoch,
Le bruachan a ghlinn air gach taobh;
Aig fois air na raointean bha caoirich 's crodh-laoigh
'S thainig fàile a ghiuthais 's a ghaoith;
Ceòl muladach, éibhinn na Piob,
Ceòl iollagach, deurach mo Thìr;
Tha anail nam beann,
Tha tuiltean nan gleann
Anns a' cheòl so a's binn' air an t-saoghal!

Ach b'e m' ionndrainn a chòmhnuidh air maduinn Di-Dòmhnuich
An clachan beag bòidheach a dh' fhàg mi;
Cha chluinnear ach Beurla le sgiolam a' taomadh,
Is aodann cha tionndaidh le bàigh rium;
Ach chuala mi naigheachd an raoir air mo thurus,
A tharruing do 'n chaibeal gun dàil mi;
Gach fadal a léir mi ghrad theich aig an dorus,
Oir dh' éirich am moladh an Gàidhlig:
Bha mis' ann an Dùthaich an fhraoich,
Le càirdean mo ghaoil air gach taobh,
Bha ceilear na gaoith', agus luasgadh nan craobh
A' tighinn tharam, le crònan a' chaoil!
Cainnt fhinealta uasal mo Thìr,
Mar chlaidheamh dà-fhaobhir do 'n chridh';
Tha doinionn an t-sléibh,
Tha torrunn nan speur
Anns a' chànain so 's grinn' air an t-saoghal!

Thus', a ghaoith a th' aig saorsa, thoir uam do 'n taobh-tuath leat
Mo ghaol is mo bheannachd an tràth so;
Air mo dhaoine 's a chaol-ghleann, an dùthaich nam fuar bheann,
Air lagain 's air cluaintean cuir fàilte,
Is abair an cagar ri beinn ud mo chridhe,
'Bha caomh leam mar bhroilleaah mo mhàthar,
Am bàs, mar am bheatha, gu 'n tionndaidh mi rithe,
'S b'e mo mhiann dol a chadal 'na sgàile.
Mo bheannachd air Dùthaich an fhraoich!
Air bealaichean bòidheach nan craobh!
Am barrach 's an calltuinn a' falach nan allt,
Agus stùcan an daraich r' an taobh!
Gu'n robh torradh, is pailteas, is buaidh
Air a pòr, aig a feudail, 's a shiagh!
Tir àluinn nan sonn
Nan stuadh-bheann 's nan tonn,
An Dùthaich a's bòidhch' air an t-saoghal!

SURGEON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RODERICK MACRAE.

FORTITUDINE

SURGEON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RODERICK MACRAE, whose portrait we present this month, is a native of the parish of Lochalsh in Ross-shire. He is a son of the late Mr. John Macrae of Braintra in that parish, and is a member of the Torlysich branch of the clan, being great-great-grandson of Maurice Macrae of Torlysich in Kintail, whose two brothers were killed at Sheriffmuir in 1715. Not only does Dr. Macrae belong to one of the principal families of his own clan, he is likewise descended from King Edward III. of England and King Robert Bruce of Scotland, through the Mackenzies of Kintail. Having received his

SURGEON LIEUT.-COLONEL RODERICK MACRAE.

early education at the Royal Academy, Inverness, Dr. Macrae proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.B. and C.M. with distinction, in 1871. Shortly afterwards he competed for the Indian Medical Service, and having obtained a high place on the list and gone through the usual course of training at Netley, he went out to India in 1875. For sometime he was resident Surgeon at the Calcutta General Hospital, and was then on military service with various regiments for a period of eight years. These eight years included over two-and-a-half years of Field service during both phases of the Afghan War in 1878-1880. Most of this service was with the Prince of Wales's Own Ghoorkhas, and at the close of the war he received the medal with the clasp for the relief of Sherpur, and was promoted to a special staff appointment for "excellent services in the Field."

Shortly after the war, Dr. Macrae, finding military service in time of peace of rather limited scope for his energies, entered into civil employment under the Bengal Government. In that capacity he has filled various posts, including an appointment at the Medical College, Calcutta, and the medical charge of several districts.

At the present time Dr. Macrae is chief medical officer of the district of Gaya in the Province of Behar. The duties of the chief medical officer of an Indian district are both varied and numerous, administrative as well as executive, and include membership of every Board and Council in the district. The hospital at Gaya is a very large one, and here Dr. Macrae devotes a great part of his spare time to the practice of surgery. His own speciality is the eye, but his work, however, has not been limited to surgery. He has given much attention to the subject of cholera, and was the first to put to a practical test Professor Haffkine's new system of cholera innoculation. So successful did this experiment prove during a severe outbreak of cholera in Gaya jail, that on receiving Dr. Macrae's report the Bengal Government issued orders directing this practice to be adopted in future in the event of a similar outbreak in any other jail in Bengal. He is also the author of several contributions to current literature on surgical and medical subjects, including an interesting pamphlet on "Flies and Cholera Diffusion."

Though Dr. Macrae is now in civil employment, his military ardour is as keen as ever, and he holds a commission as Lieutenant in the Behar Light Horse, a volunteer corps composed entirely of gentlemen, chiefly Government officials and planters. He is a man of commanding and soldiery presence, and whether in uniform or Highland costume is as good a specimen of the Highland soldier as the British Army can produce. Though most of the years of his manhood have been spent in India, he has never lost touch with his native country, which he omits no opportunity of visiting. In all respects then, he is a worthy Highlander, and as he is still in the hey-day of his prime we hope that further successes and honours await him in the profession which he has already done so much to adorn.

AT TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

In Aberdeenshire.

The snow-clad hills shine in the deepening gloaming,
Ghost-like and weird, with dusky shades between,
Ridge upon ridge they rise, like giant billows foaming
On some mysterious coast by mortal eye unseen.

No sunset tints are here, no fading splendour,
Only the clear, chill darkness and the snow,
And the deep star-lit sky, serene and tender,
Meet canopy for the white world below.

By no fierce blast the sombre pines are shaken,
Stirless the rusting reeds beside the stream,
No pulse of nature beats, earth may not waken,
Till Sol's soft kiss shall break her icy dream.

Across the solemn hush like phantoms fleeting,
Sweep the great tawny owls on noiseless wings,
Like spirits of the night they come, completing
The eerie charm that binds all earthly things.

And strange, sweet yearning, stirs the heart's recesses,
With thoughts too deep for words, too sad for tears,
Soothing earth's petty cares, life's sore distresses,
Waking the echoes of the vanished years.

'Tis nature's soul that to our souls is pleading,
For love's wide charity, for hope's sweet balm,
Bringing the strength, the light our hearts are needing,
Borne to us on its wordless, voiceless psalm.

Janet A. M'Culloch.

The Gaelic Society of London held their Annual Concert in the Queen's Hall on 26th October. The large hall was filled to overflowing, the audience numbering over 2000. Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, the distinguished Chief of the Society, was unable to attend owing to illness. Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan and Mrs. Munro, Strathpeffer, were the leading artistes, and received an ovation. The whole proceedings passed off with great eclat, and this flourishing Society will be able to devote the large surplus to provide prizes for teaching Gaelic in the elementary schools of the Highlands.

The Skye Gathering takes place in the Queen's Rooms on 11th December—Mr. Neil J. D. Kennedy, M.A., in the chair. Colonel Macdonald Williamson also delivers an address.

PIPE-MAJOR J. MACDOUGALL GILLIES.

THERE are few pipers better known, and certainly none more highly respected by their countrymen, than Pipe-Major J. Macdougall Gillies. He comes of the Glendaruel branch of the clan, and was taught pibroch playing by Alexander Cameron, son of Donald Cameron, who was considered the greatest authority on *piobaireachd* of his generation. Piper Gillies holds the gold medals of the Northern Meeting, Argyllshire Gathering, Glasgow Celtic Society, Glasgow Exhibition, Aberdeen Highland Association, and a host of other meetings, and has also won sets of pipes at the Northern Meeting and Edinburgh Highland Society. In 1884 he won the champion gold medal for pibroch at the Argyllshire Gathering, and this year carried off a similar trophy at the Northern Meeting. This season he has won fourteen first prizes for pibroch playing alone; and was also successful in carrying off the gold medal for the best rendering of the MacFarlane pibroch *Thogail nam bo theid sin*. He was piper to the Marquess of Breadalbane, and is now Pipe-Major of the 1st V. B. Highland Light Infantry, and piper to the Clan Chattan Association. Those who know the Pipe Major respect him for his many excellent qualities, and among his fellow pipers there is no man more popular. EDITOR.

"THE LONDON SCOT," edited by Mr. T. D. Macdonald, a gentleman well known as a contributor to our columns, has just been started, and the first issues contain a great amount of interesting information, which promise well for the future success of the paper.

ONLY A LOUT.

A TRUE TALE OF SUTHERLANDSHIRE LIFE.

BY ROBINA FINDLATER.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

"WITH the strength of God as his shield what may not a man become? The girl might have done worse. She will be to you a sacred charge, you can live up to her level. But though now on the heights where I would fain dwell longer, we are nearing home and must descend to common place things. Here are £10, you have seven of this sum in my hands, I add other three. You go to the shop, buy two cotton dresses, twenty yards calico, a merino dress, strong shoes, and a quantity of yarn for stockings, and I'll warrant you the dairymaids will soon order aright this material. You must just mend up the barn on the other side of the Glebe and furnish it as best you can with the rest of the money. Let the fragrant heather be your couch till the winter comes, and you can earn more money to furnish with, and Harry, try to carry yourself better; we are all soldiers of the Cross, which ought to give suitable dignity to our bearing," and with the fine bearing of a soldier the good old man turned up the road leading to the manse, to that manse where rich and poor were always hospitably entertained, and where his practical wife did the honours of the house to perfection. And now as evening came on Harry had scarce returned to the sheiling with his parcels when a band of young men headed by a piper were seen advancing from another direction. A merry little maid had run down the glen with the news.

"We will not let this event pass unnoticed" said all the young men of the district, "she has come down from her station to be one of us and we must honour her with mirth and dance." The little milkmaid knew it would be so when she hastened down the hill with her tidings. A scene long to be remembered was that midsummer evening's unpremeditated festivity. The lovely firth, the shining sands, the ocean beyond, and the glen below, while up Ben Loyal came out maidens from their several bothies, full of mirth and laughter, others singing as they milked their cows till silenced by the sound of the bagpipes as they approached playing that lovely air "The glen is mine." A scene indeed not to be surpassed for pastoral beauty, for mirth and for gladness.

We will now pay a visit to Lena in her humble "butt and-ben." She has adopted the dress of her peasant station, even on Sundays instead of a bonnet she wore the mutch of the Sutherland peasant woman with the bannag (a

band of white linen) across the forehead, which only a virtuous wife can wear.

We do not condone the conduct of this young lady who was, doubtless, a cause of much sorrow to her own family, but having taken the position she did we do admire the way in which she made the best of it.

But though she adopted the peasant's dress and spoke Gaelic only, she fulfilled all the duties of her changed position with dignity and discretion. Harry never permitted her to wash, having engaged the faithful Isabel for that duty regularly, nor did she even black his shoes as he invariably took that duty upon himself. Her adopting his language was also one of her wisest measures, as he spoke Gaelic beautifully, though he seemed ignorant and ill at ease whenever he attempted to speak English. She knitted, and spun, and teased wool, which latter work is said to be a very soothing employment, if not even a developer of thoughtfulness. But we think that it is the supreme monotony of it that rouses into action the latent powers, as if they rose to assert themselves, saying "anything is better than this." Anyhow, in more recent times I knew a case in point. The widow of a very distinguished literary man considering her second son dull and common place bound him to a wool stapler, he having, as she thought, no talent to warrant her giving him a classical education. In order to know practically the details of the business, he had to learn how to tease wool. He had not, however, been long thus employed, when, in his mother's language, he felt his soul come to him. He threw up his employment, went to College, and has been for many years a most creditable Professor in a well-known College. So much for wool teasing. But to return to our young friends. Harry remained for four years ploughman of the Manse Glebe. If Lena repented of her marriage she never said so, though, doubtless, she had her bitter moments as she became quite an outcast from her family, her sisters having married in their own sphere. Nor did the minister's wife ever come to her either. It was otherwise, however, with good Mr. Mackay, he often visited her and, doubtless, helped to keep her spirits up with his wise and holy counsels. He would say "there is nothing like practical work for developing all that is best in woman. I have ordered some fleeces of wool to be sent to you, my dear. Be spinning yarn and teasing wool, and each step you win through your own exertions is most healthful to the spirit as well as helpful to the household."

"Yes," replied Lena, "I always liked work, there is a *terra firma* feel about the practical, though it were only darning a stocking, that makes one feel very virtuous"

However tired Harry was when he returned from his work he never omitted family worship, and, doubtless, this educated and blessed them both. They never had any family, nor seemed to miss this slight of nature. They were all in all to each other.

But a change for the better, materially, was soon to come to them.

"You think me hard because I have never gone to see Lena," said the clergyman's wife to her husband, "but I should be quite at sea with anyone capable of such a departure. I have, however, done better than this, I have here a promise from the Duchess that Harry will be forester when those new people come to the shooting. Lena is to take charge of the Lodge in their absence, and well will it become her, as I understand she is a capital manager, even on those limited means."

"Oh, my dear," Mr. Mackay replied, quick of speech and warm of heart, "who would have thought you were intriguing in this direction; you are a splendid woman." "Splendid woman!" she cried, "you think more of this small bit of disinterestedness than of my keeping the most elegant establishment in all the country side. For this I have never got one word of encouragement from you save when you bring here all sorts from the highways and hedges." "Splendid woman to be sure!" said she playfully, tapping his hand, "I would rescue Lena from what appears to me an awful destiny, that of sinking down irretrievably in the social scale." "We do not know what her inner struggles have been, and Lena has not really sunk. No circumstance is adverse that helps growth, and she has grown, developed into an industrious woman, serving God with a 'quiet mind,' living quite above the luxuries of this life. Her face is a poem." "It strikes me," she said "it will be much more poetical to see her better off with two cows to milk, a little maid-servant, hens and ducks *ad libitum*, and Harry earning good wages in a position of trust. Next week they are expected to go to the Lodge, and live there till the people arrive, and they have the little cottage beside for their own selves."

"How good is God," said the minister, "His appointments fit so well, I see His hand in all that happens. With this conception of life there is a freshness that keeps the spirit ever green, taking even adversity as the earth takes in the showers of rain to refresh and beautify it. The hand of the Lord is in everything."

* * * * * * *

"A most interesting face," mused Mr. Mackay as he sat in his study, "she must needs come to me, perhaps I have a message for her."

The clergyman had been preaching in a very searching manner, and the stranger lady whose husband had taken the shooting lost not a word of his teaching.

"I must go to him," she said to herself, so Mr. Mackay looking out of his study window one day saw a lady on horseback coming up to the manse. Tell John, said he to the housemaid, to take this lady's horse, I will go myself to meet her. Mrs Wright looked timid at first, but seeing the old Saint standing in the porch smiling to receive her she quickly advanced "Come in thou blessed of the Lord," said he, and led her into his study.

"Why," said she after being seated for a little, "do I take things so seriously. Others sail quietly into port while all 'His waves and His billows pass over me.'"

"Preserved by their slightness perhaps," he replied. "I have seen those lovely fragile shells washed ashore quite safely, while larger and stronger ones were knocked into shivers against the rocks, but I have also seen these latter gathered and ground down into 'chosen vessels' in the potter's hands, or to change the simile a little, I do believe we require the friction of life and of trouble to bring out our colouring, as some foreign shells need to be rubbed with acids, after which they glow and gleam with all the colours of the rainbow. You would rather be the glowing shell, a thing of beauty, than have all your colours dim or hid by escaping this friction of trouble. Better to reflect the rays of God's glory in our souls than lie dead and unused in his service"

We will, however, draw a veil over the converse of these two on the high things of God, for they seemed in the very presence of God, which can be felt but not described.

Suffice it to say that it was a radient if tearful face that Mrs. Wright showed as she quietly departed from that ever to be remembered interview. I once had a friend who, after seven years of mental anguish, found repose for her spirit. One day she said to me, "it is a long way off, but I should like to take you to the very spot where, as I sat in despair, I found my soul as light streamed in upon it."

And Mrs. Wright never looked up to that study window after without a strong tide of emotion.

It was into the service of this God enlightened woman that Lena now entered, and a friendship arose between the two women that became a well of joy to both.

"Lena, my friend, not my servant, I need you, I know your history and feel strongly how courageous you have been. You are high above me, for you were true to love while I was false, for I loved one and married another. I did love my husband, though perhaps this has led me to find a higher love."

"Nevertheless," said Lena, breaking down from her usual reserve and composure, "I never would advise any other one to do as I have done, for few men are worth it, and even with all my husband's devotion to me there were awful periods of isolation from my own class and a narrowing of the walls around me that threatened at times to crush me, but now I am set free through the glorious liberty I find in your friendship. I sometimes think friendship is higher than love, at least there are some and I am one of them to whom the love of man is inadequate without the love of a woman who understands one also. Love me on then, dear, I need it," and the two spirits mingled in a friendship that was altogether full of growth and light. Thus poetry and joy came into Lena's life. She was in love again, but it was with another woman. "I could kiss her shadow before she enters. A great joy has come to me. This is more to me than children are to other women. When she is here I delight in her, and when she is away I live in her. We also love one another in the Lord. Truly love is life." Harry and his wife thus lived among the hills until middle life, when their friends enabled them to take a hotel among beautiful scenery much frequented by interesting travellers. As to the way in which this hotel was kept it was nothing short of ideal. While high-class travellers were refreshed, no undue drink was allowed to rich or poor, and Harry seeing the district around required a clergyman gave £50 himself, and gathered some hundreds for a church to be built. He also influenced a rich old Nabob to endow it, and a settled ministry was thus ensured. Lena kept in the background, made up the bills in an elegant lady's hand-writing, but was never publicly seen though she moved all the springs of action. Though now a rich woman comparitively, and with plenty of service at hand, she always would milk her own cows and seemed to love to be much with them, hence some said this accounted for her extremely youthful appearance when in middle life. Happy, useful and respected this worthy pair lived till old age obliged them to retire to a small farm. Harry never altogether lost his clownish appearance, but he ever remained a gentleman at heart, and his simple and unconscious nature gave him a power he was altogether ignorant of. Lena's family at length recognized them, and she died soon after. her good husband, much respected as a Christian and a gentlewoman.

[Concluded]

GEORGE MACGREGOR.

MRS GEORGE MACGREGOR.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 4 Vol. V.] JANUARY, 1897. [Price Threepence.

GEORGE MACGREGOR, LONDON.

MANY distinguished representatives of the ancient Clan Gregor have appeared in our "Portrait Gallery," and we have this month great pleasure in presenting our readers with the likeness of another notable clansman—a worthy member of a respected family. Mr. George Macgregor is a native of Duthil, Inverness-shire, his father and uncles being well known in that district some years ago as the "Duthil men." Like many another young and energetic Highlander desirous of improving his fortune, Mr. Macgregor, twenty years ago, went to London Town, where after a few years of office work he started on his own account as an Insurance Broker, and soon established a successful business, having connections in America, Australia, and South Africa.

A great part of Mr. Macgregor's time is devoted to church work On going to London he first joined the Islington Presbyterian Church (Rev. Dr. Davidson), where he actively identified himself with various organizations, such as the Literary Society, Sunday School, etc. Ten years ago he connected himself with the Crouch Hill Presbyterian Church, one of the most important congregations in the north of London, and whose minister, the Rev. J. B. Meharry, B.A., is one of the most popular preachers in the district. Here the subject of our sketch finds ample opportunity for useful work, and was chairman of managers of the congregation, and of the church service committee, as well as an official of various other church bodies.

Mr. Macgregor is fond of out-door exercises, particularly cricket, which he plays regularly, and has for ten years acted as Treasurer for the Highgate Cricket Club. In politics he is a staunch Conservative. Five years ago he married Miss Flossie Kemsley, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Hegarty of Londonderry, and has two children.

Although so long absent from his native land, Mr. Macgregor has always taken a keen interest in matters affecting the well-being of his fellow-countrymen; and for many years has been a member of that excellent organization, the Clan Gregor Society.

Editor.

FAR AWAY.

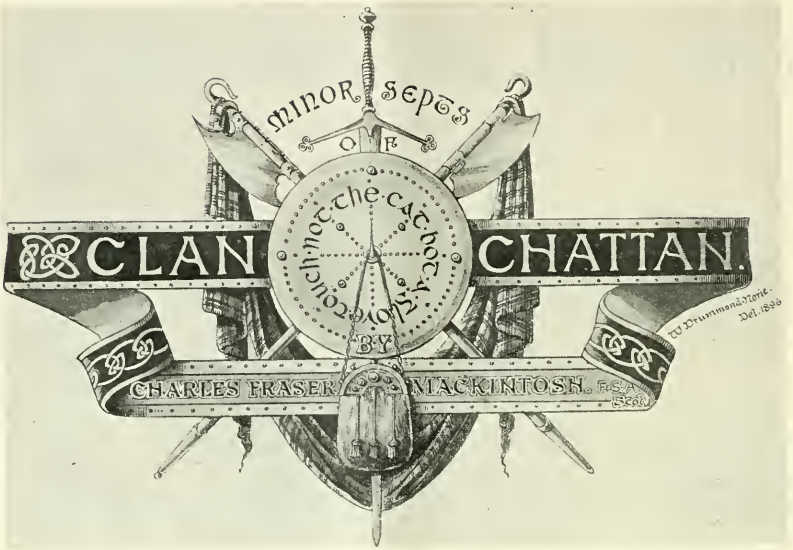
(See "Long Ago" in October Number.

In the spring time of my life,
When upon the heart of day
Thrilled the boom of battle-strife
Far away,
Was it you, dear, lit mine eyes
With fair dreams of Paradise!

Ere our feet had known the strand
Where the shades of sorrow lay,
Ere we left that meadow-land
Far away,
Was it I who filled your hours
With those dreams of Eden bowers!

On the spring-time of our years
Twilight sett'es calm and grey,
Gone are all its joys and tears,
Far away;
And the dreams that moved us then
We may never dream again.

William Mackenzie.



THE MACGILLIVRAYS.—*Continued.*

FROM Captain MacGillivray's numerous letters I select two as specimens, both being addressed to Provost John Mackintosh of Inverness.

"London, Feby 16th, 1779.

D. Sir,

I wish you joy, nay double joy, both on account of your marriage with my cousin, Miss Mackintosh. Aberarder, and the addition she has made to your family. She was but a child when I left the country, but promised a great deal of sweetness of temper, a very necessary ingredient in the matrimonial state; and I know your own disposition so well, that I cannot hesitate to pronounce you a happy couple. I flattered myself that I would have the pleasure of seeing your happiness, but my fortune seems now to place that at a distance, as I expect to return soon to Georgia, to recover as much of my property as possible. I hope it is by this time in the hands of the King's troops, without which I have no business there, as I am under sentence of death should they catch me. Please to remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Mackintosh, your sisters and brother-in-law, and believe me to be sincerely,

D. Sir,

Your friend and humble Servt,

(Signed) WILL MCGILLIVRAY."

"D. Sir,

Tho' I hear but seldom from your quarter, yet you and all my friends are as near my heart as ever, and every favourable account warms my heart with joy. But the present occasion of my writing you is of a different nature, and tho' expected, distressing, and must be felt like everything of the kind for a length of time. I mean my good sister Katy's death. She deserved well of me, and everybody. Her change must be happy. Her illness and death and the illness of my other sister, Betty, must be attended with expense. I wrote my sister Anny (who must have suffered much on the occasion) some considerable time ago, to draw on me for what they might stand in need of; but as I have had no intimation on that head, I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let my sister Anny have what money she may want, and by the first opportunity acquaint her accordingly. Upon letting me know the amount, I will order your bill to be answered at London.

Mrs. McGillivray joins in wishing you, and yours, and our friends, and acquaintance, about the Ness, many merry and happy returns of the season.

I am, D. Sir,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) WILL MCGILLIVRAY.

Plymouth Citadel,
Jan. 19th, 1781."

Captain William died in 1783, leaving two children, John Lachlan and Barbara Anne, both very young.

X.—John Lachlan MacGillivray. His affairs, as well as those of his uncle, John MacGillivray of Georgia, were carefully administered in his minority chiefly by "Lachlan lia," son of

Captain Baan, who had returned and spent his old age chiefly twixt Dunmaglass and Inverness. The great black wood of Faillie was planted, and two further acquisitions of land were made, viz:—Wester Gask from the Macphersons, and Easter Aberchalder, the old possession of an important branch of the MacGillivrays.

In June, 1800, John's only sister, Barbara, a lady of great beauty, died in Edinburgh, her fortune falling to her brother, who at his majority was possessed not only of a good deal of money, but also of the seven estates of Dunmaglass, Easter Aberchalder, Wester Gask, Easter Gask, Faillie, Wester Lairgs, and half of Inverairnie.

A sum of £39 19s. was laid out in repairing the tomb at Dunlichity after Miss Barbara MacGillivray's death in 1800

John Lachlan possessed the estate for nearly seventy years (1783-1852), and his rental at his accession was about £225, rising by the year 1803 to £561 14s. 7d., as follows, from 71 tenants:—

EASTER ABERCHALDER—(1803).

Robert M'Gillivray, Kenmore,	£4	16	0
Alexander M'Tavish, ,,	4	16	0
David Smith, ,,	4	16	0
Ewen M'Gillivray, ,,	9	12	0
William M'Gillivray, Balnoidan,	3	10	0
Mary M'Gillivray, widow of Donald M'Pherson, or his son,	3	10	0
Finlay M'Lean, Balnoidan,	2	10	0
John MacTavish and William Douglass, Keppoch,	7	0	0
Duncan M'Tavish, Balnalish,	3	10	0
Widow Rose, ,,	9	0	0
Jno. Mackintosh, Balnacharnish,	4	0	0
Malcolm M'Gillivray, there,	4	0	0
Donald M'Gillivray, there,	4	0	0
The Heirs of Miss Annie M'Gillivray for the grass and wintering of the Mains from Whit. 1802 to ditto 1803,	20	0	0
Sum Rent Easter Aberchalder,	£85	0	0

DUNMAGLASS.

Robt. Campbell, The Mains,	£70	0	0
Jno. M'Gillivray and Jno. Smith, Drummacline,	21	6	0
Jno. Moir M'Gillivray, Balnaguich,	17	7	4½
The Heirs of Donald M'Gillivray, Dalscoilt and Dalnagoup,	21	2	9
Jno. M'Bean and John Mackintosh, Milltown,	10	19	6
Willm. Smith, Donald M'Gillivray, Wm. Bean, Croachy,	13	6	0
Wm. Graham, Croft of Crachy,	19	1	0
Donald M'Gillivray, Lack,	7	13	0
Dun. M'Gillivray, Drumchline,	2	4	0
Jno., Duncan, and Wm. M'Gillivray, Achloddan,	13	10	7
Sum Rent of Dunmaglass,	£196	10	2½

HALF OF INVERARNIE.

Angus M'Phail,	£5	7	0
Jno. Bain, Dumbreck,	4	0	6
W. Mackintosh of Holm, for part of Mains,	8	8	0
Angus M'Culloch,	6	0	0
Mr. M'Intosh of Farr, for grazing of Shalvanach,	5	0	0
Sum Rent of half Inverierny,	£28	15	6

WESTER GASK.

Donald Clunes,	£4	2	0
Farquhar Smith,	4	7	0
John M'Gillivray,	4	7	0
Alexander M'Kenzie,	1	15	0
John M'Phail,	5	0	0
Duncan Shaw,	5	0	0
Wm. Davidson,	6	0	0
Donald Mackenzie,	6	0	0
John M'Gregor and John Smith,	6	0	0
Sum Rent of Wester Gask,	£42	11	0

EASTER GASK

The Heir of Donald Hood for Mains,	£31	10	0
Widow Duncan Mackintosh,	4	1	6
Alex. M'Gillivray, Shanval,	4	6	6
Alex. Smith, Smith,	4	0	0
Alex. M'Gillivray, Canlan,	1	17	0
Donald M'Kintosh Miller, for part of Faillie,	7	10	0
Angus M'Bean, Dalvellan,	7	0	0
John Shaw,	5	7	6
Sum Rent of Easter Gask,	£65	12	6

FAILLIE.

Alex. Fraser, Balnaluick,	£8	8	2½
Colin M'Arthur, Dyster,	4	5	0
Alex. Munro, Mains,	28	11	2
Alex. Fraser, Middtoun,	4	7	6
William M'Beath,	7	12	6
Alex. M'Gillivray, Achlaschylie,	9	15	0
Alex. M'Gregor, ,,	5	10	0
William Shaw,	2	18	6
Ewan M'Donald, Torveneach,	4	6	6
Wm. M'Gillivray, West-end,	1	4	0
Sum Rent of Faillie,	£76	18	4½

LAIRGS.

Alex. M'Gillivray, Ballintruan,	£8	7	0
Wm. Davidson or Dean,	6	1	8
James Sutherland,	6	19	1
Widow Ann M'Gillivray or Mackintosh,	5	4	3
Donald Calder,	3	0	0
Wm. M'Bean, Meikle Miln,	10	8	0
Don. M'Gillivray, Cabrach,	2	17	0
Lieut. M'Gillivray, Dell of Lairg,	23	10	0
Sum Rent of Lairgs,	£66	7	0

(To be concluded.)

There is a movement at present on foot among the Sutherlands in Edinburgh to start a Clan Society, and we hope to be able to give a notice of the inaugural meeting in our next issue.

NEW YEAR'S DAY SHINTY MATCH.

A Time-Honoured Custom.

THERE is no event of greater importance in connection with the celebration of the advent of the New Year in the Highlands than the New Year's Day Shinty Match. It is a very ancient custom, and one which we hope will never lack observance. The game usually takes place on an extensive stretch of sand at the sea shore, where that is available, or in inland places on the largest field procurable, and to it flock young and old from the adjoining parishes. Usually there is no limit to the number of contestants, and the young men enter into the fray with a dash and energy that threaten danger to head and limb. Many romantic stories are associated with the observance of the time honoured shinty match on New Year's Day in the north.

In the south, Highlanders keep up the custom, and in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, the local shinty clubs never fail to engage in a game of *caman*, followed perhaps by a dance on the green, to celebrate the birth of another year. Those who care to visit Moray Park, Glasgow, on the forenoon of the 1st January, will see how the members of the famous Cowal Shinty Club wield the *caman*. The views which we give represent incidents in a recent match between the Glasgow Cowal reserve team, which has so far an unbroken record of victories, and the Edinburgh Sutherland Club. The pictures speak for themselves, but only those who have actually played the game have any real idea of the excitement which a stiffly contested match creates. The ball is small in size, and it requires keen sight and an accurate stroke to hit it when travelling fast on the ground, or in the air. The New Year's Day match played by the members of the Camanachd Club in Edinburgh is always a picturesque and exciting game, as it is made a strict rule that every player must wear the Highland dress on the occasion We hope that, with the extraordinary revival of shinty that has taken place of late, the time-honoured New Year's Day match will be duly observed by the Gaelic race, whether it be in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," the southern cities, or in distant lands across the sea.

Glasgow Cowal *versus* Edinburgh Sutherland.

The throw up. 2 S. rummage round goal. —A disputed goal

CAPTAIN A. LEITH-HAY MACKAY.

CAPTAIN A. LEITH-HAY MACKAY.

CAPTAIN MACKAY was born in 1849, and is the son of the late James Gordon Mackay of Her Majesty's War Department. He received his military education at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and having gained a free commission, was appointed Ensign in the 91st Argyll Highlanders, joining at the depot, then at Fort-George, in March, 1868. Owing to the reduction of the battalion on return from foreign service, Captain Mackay was transferred to another regiment, but was again transferred at his own request to one of the Scottish regiments—"The King's Own Borderers," as it was then called. With this regiment he served in both battalions abroad and at home for nearly twenty years, taking part in the first phase of the Afghan War, 1878 79, till the Treaty of Gandúmack, and returning home on promotion to his company. His regiment was stationed in Ireland at the beginning of the land agitation, where at Mitchelstown, in May, 1881, a dangerous collision between Captain Mackay's company and the populace was only prevented by a little clear-headedness, and the excellent discipline of his men. He volunteered for service in Egypt in the Expedition of 1882, but arrived after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He retired on completion of twenty years' service, about half of which was spent abroad.

Captain Mackay's father, James Gordon Mackay, was the only surviving son of Alexander Mackay, Cradlehall, near Inverness, who was for forty years Inspector of Stamps and Taxes for the Northern Counties, and died at Forres, 29th May, 1860, aged 73 years. Alexander's father was John Mackay, Insch-na-Cardoch, near Fort-Augustus, for many years a messenger-at-arms. He had a large family; died 4th January, 1821, and was buried at Fort-Augustus. One of his brothers became a Captain in the 42nd Highlanders.

Any information concerning the descent of John Mackay, Insch-na-Cardoch, that can be furnished by any of our readers will be gladly received by the writer, the object being to trace Captain Mackay's family back to a branch mentioned in the history of the clan.

It may be mentioned that he is a life member of the Clan Mackay Society.

EDITOR.

ON NEW-YEAR'S MORNING.

" . . that we who are fatigued by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, may repose upon Thy eternal changelessness."—*Ambrosian.*

What bringest thou, New-Year? With dark foreboding
I ask of thee, O my mysterious Guest,
What burdens bear'st thou for my sad soul's loading,
What fresh fulfilment of some sore behest?
Oh, shouldst thou even meet me, flower-crowned, shedding
Fair gifts on me, true gold without alloy,
I would shrink back, thy dearest favours dreading;
So close is Sorrow, so unknown is Joy.

. . . . . .

Peace, restless one! Hushed be thy sad complaining,
Look how the red dawn lights the grey North Sea!
Over thy little world the Christ is reigning,
And stills its storms as erst in Galilee.
Didst thou but once behold Him, thou wouldst never
Fear to take Joy or Pain at His command;
Look upward, where He sits enthroned for ever,
Holding the Seven Stars in His right hand!

R. F. FORBES.

PART VIII.—(*Continued from page* 48.)

BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET.—*Continued.*

THE crisis of this sanguinary battle had now arrived. The Prince D' Anvergne, who commanded the Dutch cavalry, while forming them on the other side of the French works was charged by the French cavalry, but he gallantly repulsed them. This wave of attack was quickly followed by another. Marshal Boufflers, on learning that the allies had broken through his centre, ordered the Household Horse of France to follow, and hastened to the spot, where he found the Gens d' armes ready to charge. After a cheery address, he placed himself at their head, and fiercely charged his antagonists, who were extending their lines through the openings of the captured works. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the gallant Anvergne with his Dutch, he was driven back to the intrenchments, but Orkney was prepared for the contingency. He had taken the precaution to post his infantry upon the parapets, and by a most destructive fire repulsed them in their turn. Three times were these charges repeated by Boufflers, and thrice were the impetuous assailants repulsed by the combined fire of the musketry and cross batteries on the flank.

In the midst of this arduous struggle, Marlborough, who viewed it from a distance, came up with the British and Prussian cavalry, amongst which were conspicuous the Scots Greys. They fell upon the discomfited squadrons who were attempting to withdraw, and would soon have swept them from the field. At this moment a new line of champions were seen advancing, a formidable body of 2,000 of the choicest French horsemen clad in armour, and in the firmest array. The earth literally trembled beneath the rush of this splendid host, led by Boufflers in person to the charge. It swooped upon the scanty British squadrons like an avalanche upon a wood of pines, and the British reeled before the shock, dragoon and cuirassier went tumbling to the ground, horse and rider were crushed in the terrible fray. British valour could not prevail against so formidable a force, and broken and scattered they retired behind their infantry. Covered by their fire they reformed, and being reinforced, they rode straight against the foe, whose turn it now was to succumb to the assault, yet, rallied by Boufflers, the French horsemen returned to the charge. The British now bent upon victory, with flashing sabres hewed a path through the wavering French troopers. Marlborough called up his infantry, Orkney advanced in front, while other divisions moved to attack the flanks. The Prince of Orange, seizing the opportunity, brought up his infantry, and carried the French intrenchments facing him. Malplaquet was won! The entire French alignment ceased to be defensible, their whole army, retreated in

masterly order to Bavay, La Quesnoy, and Valenciennes, with little loss, their opponents being too much exhausted to pursue in force.

The losses sustained by the French have been computed at 15,000 men, 16 cannon, 20 infantry colours, 24 standards, and numerous other trophies. The allies lost 20,000 in this tremendous battle.

As it was his wont and usual custom, Marlborough's first care was the relief of the wounded, French as well as his own. Hearing that many wounded French officers and men had crept into the adjoining woods and houses, he ordered every possible relief to be given them, and despatched a messenger to the French Marshal to arrange for their being conveyed away.

No eulogium can be too great as regard the skill of the chief commanders, nor of the brave troops they commanded in this most fiercely contested battle. The Scots Greys, and their brethren of Inniskillen, received the thanks of Marlborough on the field for their dashing and intrepid bravery. In this battle they fought side by side as they did in after years at Waterloo.

The Chevalier de St. George, or the Pretender, served as a volunteer in this battle. Marshal Boufflers records in his dispatch that "he behaved himself during the whole action with all possible bravery and vivacity."

THE "GATHERING STONE" OF THE CLANS AT SHERIFFMUIR.

Smollett says that he charged at the head of the Household Troops, and was wounded in the arm by a sword thrust.

The defeat of Malplaquet caused great despondency in France. So many of the old nobility and Court dignitaries had fallen that the whole of the Court of Louis put on mourning.

The slain being buried, Marlborough immediately marched upon Mons. The Scots Greys took part in the siege. The French being unable to relieve it, its capitulation soon took place and the whole of the Netherlands was relieved of the domination of France.

Next year, 1710, Douay was besieged and taken in spite of the French Marshals. Bethune was invested and won, and the campaign of this year closed by the siege and capture of Aire, all of them fortified towns within French territory. In 1711 Bonchain was invested. Villars used every artifice to raise the siege, but the garrison was forced to capitulate. The capture of Bonchain closed Marlborough's brilliant career. The Greys shared in the various operations of the allied army in these two campaigns, but as these were confined to the capture of important fortresses they had few opportunities of acquiring fresh distinction.

The war having been terminated by the treaty of Utrecht, the Scots Greys returned to England.

In 1714 the Scots Greys were augmented to nine troops, but in the following year an increase of the army being required by the Jacobite commotions in Scotland, three troops of the Greys with two troops from the Royal Dragoons, and one newly raised, were formed into an independent regiment, now the 7th Hussars. In August, 1715, the Greys were stationed in Stirling, sending out detachments to disperse the armed rebels who had raised the standard of the Pretender.

The Earl of Mar set out from Perth on the 10th December with an army of 8,000 men, with the view of crossing the Forth and penetrating into England, and joining the English insurgents and Brigadier Mackintosh.

The Duke of Argyll, sent by the Government to command in Scotland, was at Stirling with some infantry and cavalry, amongst the latter being the Greys. His army amounted in all to about 4,000. Leaving a garrison in Stirling, Argyll crossed the Forth and advanced to Dunblane, about the same time as Mar advanced from Auchterarder. The two armies came in sight of each other at Sheriffmuir. (*Blàr Sliabh an t-Siorra*), on the evening of Saturday the 12th.

(*To be continued*).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

GLENDARUEL, BY GREENOCK.

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE.

SIR—For some time past I have been getting up notes about soldiers belonging to Skye (my native place) who served with distinction in the army from the middle of last century up to the present day; and I shall feel much obliged to any of your readers who can give me further information on the subject. We have it on the highest official authority (that of a former Adjutant-General of the Forces) that, during the forty years preceding 1837, Skye had produced 21 Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals (including 1 Adjutant-General), 45 Colonels, 600 Majors, Captains, and Subalterns, 10,000 Privates, and 120 Pipers. I should like to get the names of as many officers, non-commissioned officers, and men as possible, with the names of the battles in which they took part, and the regiments in which they served. Any old letters, prints, photographs, or photographs of portraits entrusted to me to be copied would be taken great care of, and returned to the owners with as little delay as possible.

I am, etc.,

J. MACINNES,

Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel,
5th Vol. Batt. A. & S. H.

The following Story gained first prize in the Gaelic Prose Competition at the recent Mod at Perth.

RUARAIDH MAC RATH.

LE "EILEANACH."

(CHRISTINA MACDOUGALL, EILEAN SHONA.)

A' CHIAD CHAIBIDEIL.

BHA feasgar boidheach ciùin ann, toiseach a' gheamhraidh. Is ann coltach ri feasgar samhraidh a bha e, le blàs is le ciùineas. Bha an smùid a bha a' tighinn a tighean a' Chnoic bhàin a' direadh a dh' ionnsuidh nan speur cho direach, cothromach, is 'n uair a ruigeadh e gu h-àrd, gur gann a dh' aithnicheadh tu e seach na neoil liath-ghlas ris an robh e a' co-mheasgadh.

Bha an Cnòc-bàn 'n a' bhaile glé mhaiseach ri fhaicinn; bha na tighean dlùth air a chéile, agus snasail air an tubhadh. Bha am fearann leathadach, ach cothrom, gun dad idir de thulaichean. Bha muinntir a' Chnoic-bhàin an dùil nach robh leithid an àite aca fhéin air uachdar na doimhne. O'n is ann anns a' bhaile acasan a bha an eaglais, an tigh-sgoil, an tigh-litrichean agus am bùth, b'e, 'n am beachd fhéin, an Cnòc-bàn baile mór na dùthcha. Bha an tigh-litrichean taobh an rathaid, agus bha e an dà chuid, 'n a' bhùth-bathair, agus 'na thigh-litrichean, agus is ann h-uige bhiodh muinntir a' Chnoic-bhàin agus nam bailtean eile mu 'n cuairt a' cruinneachadh anns an fheasgar, a dh' fhaotainn naigheachdan an latha. Thàinig am post, agus cha robh e fada gun fhalbh, oir cha robh bheag de litrichean a' falbh as an dùthaich so.

Theann duine no dhà a stigh far an robh fear-an-tigh-litrichean, fiach an robh a h-aon ann daibh fhéin—Feadhainn aig an robh dùil ri litir, agus feadhainn aig nach robh; ach bha an fheadhainn aig nach robh dùil ri litir iad fhéin, a' feitheamh fiach de 'n naigheachd a bhiodh air cuid chàich.

"A' bheil gin agad dhòmhsa, no do 'n bhaile againne, Sheòrais?" dh' fheòraich fear de 'n chuideachd, Dòmhnull Ruadh, sean saighdear, a bha ann an cogadh na h-Eiphit, agus a bha a nis air saor-dhuais.

"Sin té le Iain Mac Rath; bheir thu h-uige i, o'n is tu is fhaisge dha. Is cinnteach gur ann o Ruaridh a bhitheas i."

"Is e gille tapaidh comasach a tha an Ruaraidh," arsa Dòmhnull Ruadh, "is ann aige fhéin a tha an eanachainn."

Dè 'm math a tha an sin" ars' Uilleam Mac Sheumais, coimhearsnach do Dhòmhnull, "an uair nach 'eil stéidh aige? Is ann a rèir nan tàlantan a gheibh sinn, a dh' fhéumas sinn

cunntas a thoirt aig an latha mu dheireadh."

"Air m' fhalluinn, nach bi mòran cunntas agadsa ri thoirt seachad; cha d' fhuair thu mòran thàlantan," fhreagair Dòmhnull Ruadh.

"Cha bu truimid mi uidhir a bhi agam 's a tha agadsa co dhiu," ars' am fear eile, gu crosda.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios cuin a sguireadh an seanachas eadar na fearaibh, mur biodh fear eile air tighinn a stigh do 'n bhùth.

"Tha Iain Mac Rath fhéin ann an so," arsa fear an tighe.

Thug Dòmhnull Ruadh dha an litir, chuir e fàilt air a' chuideachd, agus thionndaidh e air falbh. Sheas e aig an dorus 'g a leughadh. Bha e 'n a' dhuine àrd, dreachmhor, ged bha an aois air laidhe air, agus air a' chromadh beagan; bha a' cheann cho geal ris a' chanaich.

Thug e sùil chabhagach air an litir, agus chuir e 'na phòc i.

"Dé 'n naigheachd a th' oirre, Iain? Ciamar a tha Ruaraidh a' cumail?" dh' fheòraich h-aon de na bha muigh dheth.

"Tha e gu math 'n a shlàinte, taing dhut," arsa Iain, ach cha robh e ach sàmhach. Bha amharc fada air falbh; cha robh sùil aige air a' chuideachd a bha teann air, agus theann e air falbh, a' fàgail beannachd aca.

Cha robh e ach goirid air an rathad a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe. Bha an tigh aige beagan air leth air càch, agus e beagan ni bu mhutha. Cha robh anns na tighean eile ach an dà cheann; ach bha trì anns an fhear so. Bha e glan, sgiobalta a stigh; agus bha an t-suipeir air a' bhòrd an uair a rainig fear-an-tighe.

Bha dithis bhoirionnach a stigh, a bhean agus a nighean, is iad a' figheadh. "An d' fhuair thu fios o Ruaraidh?" dh' fheòraich a' bhean, is i ag éirigh. "Fhuair; sin agad i," agus thilg e a nunn d' a h-ionnsuidh i.

Bha Seònaid, an nighean, 'n a suidhe aig ceann a' bhùird aig an àm, agus dh' éirich i a shealltuinn thar gualainn a màthar an uair a bha i 'g a leughadh.

"Las an solus, a Sheònaid; tha e a' fàs dorcha," ars' a h-àthair.

Chuir i an solas air a' bhòrd, ach bha an litir leughta aig Seònaid agus aig a mathair ann am prioba, oir cha robh i fada.

"Seadh," arsa Iain, "dé ar barail air Ruaraidh?"

"Cha 'n 'eil e air son a bhi 'n a' mhinisteir idir, cha 'n 'eil e 'g a fhaicinn fhèin freagarrach air a shon," fhreagair Seònaid, ach cha dubhairt a màthair dad.

"Nach 'eil e ag ràdh gu 'n robh ceasnachadh aige air an t-seachdain so chaidh, agus nach d' fhuair e roimhe idir? a' bheil sin coltach ri fear a bhitheadh a' deanamh féum de na tàlantan a fhuair e?"

Dh' aithnich Seònaid gu 'n robh a h-athair fada far a dhòigh, agus cha dubhairt i an còrr, ach shuidh iad gu 'n suipeir.

"Is beag a bha mi an dùil gur ann mar so a dh' éireadh do Ruaraidh" arsa bean Iain.

"Cha robh agam, "thuirt Iain, "ach an aon mhac, agus o òige chuir mi air leth e airson obair an Tighearna. Rinn mi na b' urrainn mi 'g a earalachadh agus ag cur mu choinneamh urram agus cudthrom na dréuchd a chuir mi a mach air a shon. Is iomadh ni a thug mi suas, agus is iomadach ni a bha a dh' uireasbhuidh air an teaghlach, airson gu 'm faigheadh esan a h-uile cothrom, an dùil gu 'm bitheadh e 'n a onair do 'n dréuchd a bha e ri leantainn agus dhuinn uile; ach, mo thruaighe! tha e coltach gu 'n do rinn mi mearachd mhòr. Theagamh gur e breitheanas a thàinig orm an uair a bha mi 'smaointeachadh gu 'n dianadh mo mhac-sa seirbhiseach taitneach do 'n Tighearn. Theagamh nach 'eil esan a tha riaghladh os cionn na doimhne a' faicinn freagarrach e dh' fhaotainn inbhe 'n a thigh."

"Na abraibh sin, athair," arsa Seònaid, "cha 'n 'eil aon duine againn nach faod obair an Tighearn a dhianamh; ged bu dé cho iosal is a bhitheas ar n-inbhe, faodaidh sinn obair-san a dhianamh cho math ris an fheadhainn a tha air cur a mach air a son. Agus theagamh gu 'n dianadh Ruaraidh a dhleasnas fhéin ni b' fheàrr na 'm biodh e anns an dréuchd anns am bu mhath leis fhéin a bhi—is i sin, an doctaireachd."

"Is lighiche spioradail a tha mise airson a dhianamh de 'n aon mhac a tha agam. Chuir mi fhéin a' chuid is fhearr de m' bheatha seachad a' craobh-sgaoileadh agus a' searmonachadh an fhacail, agus an uair a rugadh mo mhac, choisrig mi do 'n Tighearn e, agus thuirt mi nach cuirinn-sa gu feum eile, ach gu féum spioradail e. An uair a thàinig e gu inbhe, thug mi dha de dh' fhoghlum na b' urrainn mi, agus an sin chuir mi do Ghlaschu e, airson na ministreileachd: chunnaic mi gu 'n robh tapachd agus tuigse aige nach robh aig a leithid ach ainneamh, ach tha e a' dol 'n am aghaidh, a réir a h-uile coltais."

"Tha e coltach gur ann de dheòin nach d' fhuair e troimh 'n cheasnachadh mu dheireadh so aige," ars' a mhàthair.

Cha dubhairt Seònaid an còrr, ach ghlan i air falbh na soithichean; cha deach dragh a chur air mòran de 'n bhiadh an oidhche sin.

"Feumaidh sinn sgriobhadh uige, a bhean," thubhairt Iain, an uair a bha am bòrd réidh, "tha féum aige air airgiod, ach cha chuir mise aon sgillinn d' a ionnsuidh."

"Iain, fheudail, cha dian thu sin idir," ars' a bhean, "thoir maitheanas dha aon uair eile."

(*Ri leantainn.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1897

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give portraits, with short biographical sketches, of Surgeon-Colonel John MacGregor, M.D., and Mrs. MacGregor, London, whose marriage was celebrated on 22nd December; Messrs. Thomas Mackay, Largs, Vice-President, Clan Mackay Society; and John MacGregor, Craigie, Perth, Director, Clan Gregor Society; and in addition to these the usual variety of interesting illustrated articles and stories will be given.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The following office-bearers have been appointed for the session—President, Captain James Mackay, Wilts; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Mackay and J. W. Mackay, Glasgow, Dr. George Mackay and Daniel Mackay, Edinburgh, Thomas Mackay, Largs, and Thomas A. Mackay, Inverness; Hon. Secretary, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*; Assistant, John Mackay; Assistant Secretary, Alexander R. Mackay, Edinburgh; Treasurer, James R. Mackay, C.A.; with twenty-four councillors, and bards and pipers. The Annual Social Gathering takes place on Thursday, 11th February, in the Waterloo Rooms, Lord Reay, D.C.L., G.C.I.E., Chief of the Clan, in the chair. On the afternoon of the same day the members of the clan entertain Lord Reay to dinner in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, many of the most distinguished clansmen having already promised to attend. Members of the clan, and friends interested, may attend both functions, and those desiring tickets should communicate at once with the Secretary, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

WE regret to intimate the death of Mr. John Mackay (Ben Reay), a prominent member of the Clan Mackay Society, and a frequent contributor to the *Celtic Monthly*.

MR. R. WALLACE FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, whose reputation as a maker of Highland costumes is world-wide, has just issued two most attractive price lists, in which the various forms of the Highland dress, and all the ornaments connected with it, are illustrated with a variety of charming engravings, and prices quoted for each article. There is no more beautiful dress in the world than the kilt when correctly made, and there is no dress so grotesque when awkwardly made and ill-fitting. Those who entrust their orders to Mr. Forsyth may depend upon absolute correctness in every detail, and a perfect fit, and we have no hesitation in recommending our readers to patronise him. Send for copies of his illustrated price lists—they will be sent post free, and give full particulars, as well as interesting information regarding the various clan tartans, badges, mottoes, etc.

THE CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION held their first Social Gathering in the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh, on 27th November. Mackintosh of Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh received the members, the attendance numbering about 100 ladies and gentlemen—among those present being Sir Thomas and Lady Clark, Messrs. W. G. Davidson (Glasgow Secretary), W. Mackintosh, J.P., Drummuir, Angus Mackintosh, Hatfield, Andrew Mackintosh (Secretary), Thomas Mackintosh, W.S., W. MacGillivray, W.S., Theodore Napier, etc. The Chief delivered a very interesting address, referring to the benefits of such a Society, the interest its work must create among clansmen abroad, and claimed the Czarina as being of Clan Chattan. An address was also delivered by Sir Thomas Clark, and a spirited poem composed by Mr. Angus Mackintosh, Hatfield, was recited. The evening was devoted to dancing, and the whole proceedings passed off most successfully.

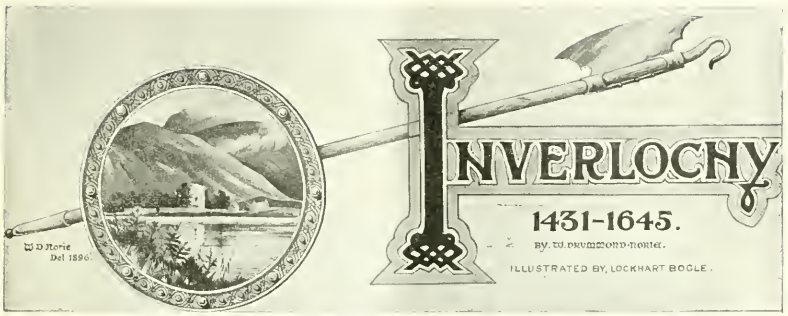
CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—A largely attended meeting was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 10th December, Mr. C. J. Maclean in the chair, when Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn) delivered a very interesting and amusing paper on "The wit and humour of the Gael." On January 14th, in the same hall, Dr. Magnus Maclean will deliver an address.

"SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY."—This work is now completed, and subscribers will receive their copies at once. It extends to 420 pages, being 100 pages more than were indicated in the prospectus; it also contains 20 fine plate portraits, nearly 40 illustrations, with a list of subscribers and a copious index. The volume is tastefully bound in cloth, with gilt lettering. Copies can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, price, 5/-; large paper, 12/6.

GAELIC CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Whyte has secured quite a large and new variety for the present season. They all bear Celtic designs, with appropriate Gaelic mottoes, while the cards themselves are works of art equal to any that are manufactured in or out of Germany. As there is likely to be a large demand, early application should be made to

Mr. HENRY WHYTE,
4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.



THE year A.D. 1431 was a memorable one in the Western Highlands. Alexander, the powerful Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, who after his father's death in 1420, had rendered himself obnoxious to the Scottish King, James I., was now suffering imprisonment by that monarch's orders in the Castle of Tantallon. The King's vigorous policy was beginning to be felt in those regions which for so long had been under the sway of the great MacDonald chiefs, who held almost regal power and maintained a position and dignity but little inferior to that of the sovereign himself. This power seemed now fast slipping from their grasp, and to render the case more hopeless the two important clans of Chattan and Cameron had gone over to the King, and were now arrayed in arms against their old allies under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, who commanded the royal forces in Lochaber.

At this juncture Donald Balloch, son of John Mòr Tanaistear, and cousin of the imprisoned Lord of the Isles, with a brave determination to protect the hereditary rights of his clan and family at all costs, raised the standard of his chief at Carnich, a small island in Loch Sunart, and called upon all the neighbouring clans to join him in attacking the Earl of Mar at Inverlochy.

MacIain of Ardnamurchan, Allan, son of Allan of Moydart, and his brother Ranald Bàn promptly answered the summons, and brought in over six hundred followers, mostly *duoine-uaisle* or gentlemen, many coming in their own galleys and biorlinns. With this force Donald Balloch set sail for Inverskippinish, two miles south of Inverlochy, and waited a favourable moment for descending upon the King's army, which was encamped in the neighbourhood of Inverlochy Castle. Meanwhile word had been sent to Alasdair Carrach, Chief of the Keppoch MacDonalds, and uncle of Alexander of the Isles, to hold himself in readiness for a combined attack as soon as the galleys appeared in Loch Linnhe.

On the King's side Mar had not been idle, he had strengthened his force by a large accession of Highland chiefs and Lowland noblemen, among the former being Huntly, Fraser of Lovat, Malcolm Mackintosh (Callum Beg), Captain of Clan Chattan, Donald Cameron (Domhnull Dubh Mac Ailein), Chief of Clan Cameron, Grant, and Mackay of Strathnaver, but at the time of the battle Fraser of Lovat is said to have been away collecting men and provisions in Sunart and Ardnamurchan. Upon the approach of Donald Balloch, Alasdair Carrach with two hundred archers and the remainder of his clan took up their position upon the steep hill overlooking the Castle of Inverlochy, but so little did Mar comprehend the dangerous position in which he was placed that he was actually playing cards in his tent with Mackintosh whilst Donald Balloch was disembarking his men but a short distance away, and notwithstanding the repeated entreaties of Huntly, he persisted in finishing the game. Mackintosh is said to have exclaimed upon hearing Huntly's expostulations, that "we will play this game out and do with the enemy what we please afterwards, for I know very well the doings of the big-bellied carles of the Isles." He even went out of his way to insult Huntly by saying that though he (Huntly) should assist the enemy he would defeat them both; an insult which caused Huntly to withdraw his clansmen and become a mere spectator of the fight.

Whilst these foolish boasters were sowing discord in the ranks of the Royalists, Donald Balloch and his followers had taken up a strong position in front of the King's forces, which had now been put into some sort of order. The front of the Islesmen was commanded by MacIain of Ardnamurchan and

John MacLean of Coll; the main battle by Ranald Ban and Allan, son of Allan of Moydart, whilst other important posts were assigned to MacDuffie of Colonsay, M'Quarrie of Ulva, MacGee (Mackay) of the Rhinns of Isla. At a given signal Alasdair Carrach, Chief of Keppoch, and his gallant MacDonalds poured down the hill like an impetuous torrent driving everything before them with irresistible fury, hacking and slashing with the *claidheamh mòr* and the Lochaber axe, whilst showers of arrows from his archers carried death and devastation into the massed body of the enemy farther afield. Donald Balloch and his Islesmen now

CHARGE OF THE MACDONALDS AT INVERLOCHY—1431.

joined in the fray and with tremendous ferocity finished the work that Keppoch had begun. In a short time the Royal army was completely routed, leaving nearly a thousand dead upon the field, amongst them being the Earl of Caithness, with sixteen of his personal retinue, and many knights and barons from the Lowlands. The Earl of Mar escaped with difficulty and after a somewhat amusing adventure, which I will recount on another occasion, reached his castle of Kildrummie in safety. Mackay of Strathnaver was taken prisoner and eventually married a daughter of Keppoch, from whom are descended that branch of the

clan known as *Sliochd Iain Aberigh*. On the side of the victorious Donald Balloch, only fifty were slain. It is said that the famous *Piobaireachd Dhomnuill Duibh* was composed in commemoration of this battle and in honour of the victor. On this ground the MacDonalds claim it as a clan pibroch.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEF.

By J. A. Lovat Fraser, M.A., *Cantab.*

IN the social system of the Highlands the Chief was the centre round which the whole clan circled. He was their leader in war, their judge in peace. His will was law. No Eastern caliph, no Byzantine emperor could have been more absolute. His house was open to all alike. His hospitality was extended to every member of the clan. He was the object of their devoted affection. Their lives were at his service. Their duty to their King was far less important than their duty to their Chief. In Penny's *Traditions of Perth* it is related that during the American War, "one Captain Frazer from the Northern district brought down a hundred of his clan, all of the name of Frazer. Few of them could understand a word of English; and the only distinct idea they had of all the mustering of forces was that they were going to fight for King Frazer and George ta Three." The history of the Highlands abounds in instances of devoted loyalty and affection on the part of clansmen towards the head of their tribe. It is related that at the Battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and the troops of Oliver Cromwell, the foster-father of Sir Hector Maclean of Duart sacrificed his seven sons for his Chief. Whenever one of the young men fell, the father thrust forward another to fill his place at the right hand of the Chief, with the words "another for Hector!" General Stewart of Garth in describing the Battle of Killiecrankie records that Lochiel was attended on the field by the son of his foster-brother. "This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Suddenly the Chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath, before he expired, to tell Lochiel, that seeing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death." It was regarded as a privilege to die for the Chief. Sir Walter Scott records that when some Lowland gentlemen were extolling with wonder the devotion of a clansman who had sacrificed his own life to preserve that of his Chief, a Highlander who was present coldly observed that he saw nothing wonderful in the matter; he only did his duty; had he acted otherwise, he would have been a poltroon and a traitor. This was the spirit which animated every Highlander in his relations with his Chief. It was this

"loyalty unlearned, honour untaught,"

that enabled Chiefs like Cluny Macpherson and Robertson of Struan to live in safety amongst their clansmen for years after the "Forty-Five," although their lives were forfeited and the Hanoverian Government was offering large rewards for their apprehension. The fidelity of the Gaelic people was a national characteristic of which their descendants are entitled to feel not a little proud.

When the importance of the Chief was so great it was natural that he should be surrounded by ceremony and state. The King in Holyrood had scarcely more Officers of the Household than a great Chief in the Highlands or the Isles. Sir Walter Scott (quoting almost verbatim from the *Letters* of Captain Burt) gives a list which is correct as far as it goes. "There is his *hanchman*, or right hand man; then his *bard*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gillemor*, or armour bearer, to carry his sword and target, and his gun; then his *gille-casfhliuch*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gille-comshreang*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gille-truiseirnis*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man; and it may be a dozen lads besides, that have no business but are just boys of the belt, to follow the laird and do his honour's bidding." But when Captain Burt wrote, the clans had fallen from their former estate. The Chief of the fifteenth and sixteenth century had a retinue twice as large as that of the Chief who lived in the degenerate days of the eighteenth. Not only did he retain all the officers enumerated by Burt, but he had besides his Gentlemen of the House (*Ard ghillean an tighe*), his Harper (*An Clarsair*), his Seneschal (*An Senschal Tighe*), his Treasurer (*An Fear Sporain*), his Standard-bearer (*Am Fear Brataich*), his Fool or Jester (*An Cleasaiche*), his Body Guard (*An Luchd Tighe*), his Quarter-Master (*Am Fear Farduiche*), his Cup-bearer (*An Cupair*), and his Forester (*Am Forsair*). All these officers had clearly defined rights and duties. Some of the posts were hereditary, some were personal to the holder. The offices of Piper, Standard-bearer, Harper, Cup-bearer, and Treasurer descended from sire to son. The MacRimmons were hereditary pipers to the Macleods, and the

MacNeils to the MacLeans. The Frasers of Boblainie were hereditary standard-bearers to the Lords of Lovat, and held the farm of Boblainie in the Aird by this service. The harpers of the MacLeans of Torloisk, in Mull, held a farm which still retains the name *Fainne-mor-nan-clarsair*, circle or field of the harpers. The office of bard was hereditary. The MacEwans were hereditary bards to the Campbells. The MacMhuirichs to the Lords of the Isles. The latter held by tenure of office the farm of Staoiligarie, and four penny lands of Drimisdale in South Uist. The bards were very important items in the social economy of the Kelts. They were sometimes men of considerable learning. In 1531 Bellenden in his *Chronicle* declared that they not only employed themselves in compositions "effeiring to their erudition and science," but "translatit in their awin toung mony craftis and science though they professit maist the science of medcinary and were richt excellent in it.' The Quarter-Master, who provided lodgings for all attendants at home and abroad, held no land. He had a duty off the hides of all cows, which were killed at the principal festivals, or in a creach or foray. The Seneschals were two in number. The senior was well versed in genealogies, and pointed out the seats of the guests at table. The Gentlemen of the House were an important part of "the tail." The number which the different Island Chiefs were entitled to retain was fixed by an ordinance of the Privy Council in 1616. MacLean of Duart had eight. MacLeod of Harris six, and Lochbui, Coll, and MacKinnon, three each. The Jester disappeared, as an institution, in the seventeenth century. The last to maintain the custom of keeping a family fool was Ian Breac, fifteenth Chief of the MacLeods of Harris, who died in 1649.

A RÙN.

Shadows that rise, shadows that play,
Warm from the firelight glow,
Thoughts that rise, thoughts that stray,
Out to the wild glen's snow.
O, the snow lies deep, and the way is long,
Where the night winds sigh to the water's song,
And laughter is here, and loving cheer,
Such love as they have to give a rùn,
Such love as they have to give!

Winds that rise, winds that blow,
Through corrie and deep ravine:
Carry me far to the torrents' flow,
And wrap me in tartan sheen.
The pine is covered with elfin leaves, soft, and pure, and white,
And the mantle fine of the great ben shines with glittering gems bedight.
'Tis far for the strain, of a wild refrain;
But I hear the pipers play a rùn,
I hear the pipers play.

Voices that rise, voices that fall,
Down in the fairies' glen:
Who enters once 'neath the mystic pall,
May listen no more to men.
And the faces fade, and the voices die,
And I hear but the sound of a wild heart cry,
'Tis far I ween, from the mountain stream,
But not too far for love a rùn,
Not too far for love.

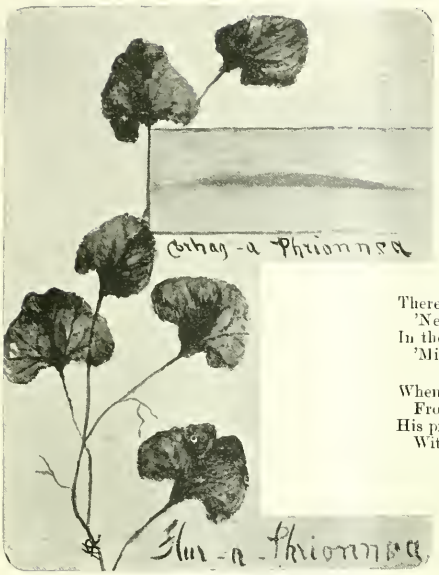
Waves that beat, waves that surge,
Circling the Scottish shore,
'Tis easy your beat 'gainst the heart to urge,
For to-night is an open door.
O, what are the stranger voices I hear, what are their tones to me!
I see but the stars on the snow peaks shine, I hear but the moan of the sea.
For this heart of mine, flings back to thine,
The further from thee I roam a rùn,
The further from thee I roam!

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
of Keppoch.

GOVAN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—A deputation of eight stalwart kilted Highlanders waited upon Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., Hon. Chief of this Association, on the occasion of the Clan Menzies Gathering, and presented him with a handsome illuminated address. Sir Robert suitably replied.

DR. H. CAMERON GILLIES has just published Part I. of "The Gaelic Class Book." It deals with Exercises on Grammar, and is issued at 1/-. Copies can be had from Mr. David Nutt, 279 Strand, London.

THE PRINCE'S FLOWER.



IN the Island of Eriskay, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, there is still growing a plant of pink convolvulus, said to have been planted there by Prince Charlie when he landed in a small frigate from France during July, 1745. This convolvulus, in spite of many attempts to rear it elsewhere, will live only at Eriskay, and in consequence is known as "The Prince's Flower."

There it lay that lonely island
'Neath a dull and dark'ning sky,
In the hush of desolation
'Midst the billows rolling high.

When the exiled Stuart landed
From the distant St. Nazaire,
His proud heart expectant beating
With the wild hopes cherished there.

Hark! a loyal welcome bursting
Seemed his willing ears to greet,
While he saw a nation kneeling
In its gladness at his feet.

And all earth to him seemed smiling
On that morning of July,
When the seeds he gaily scattered
Of pink-hued convolvuli.

O! ambition! vain ambition!
Thine were castles in the air!
Wherefore tempter, didst thou lure him
But to leave him in despair?

For I think of bare Culloden
On that fatal April day,
With the battered columns broken
In the hot and bloody fray,

Hope abandoned—only anguish
Stern usurper of renown;
The cold fetters of a captive
The grim mock'ry for a crown!

Eriskay! as I behold thee
Now beneath these brighter skies;
For thy Prince who strayed a stranger
Tears are starting to mine eyes.

Here the timid seal could linger,
Fearless by thy barren coast,
And the bright-eyed solan slumber,
In the crag he loved the most.

But to *him*, nor hall, nor hovel,
Could'st thou welcome goal afford,
Nor could e'en thy chieftains proudly
Pay their homage to their lord.

Only *here*, with sweet allegiance,
O'er which alien hath no power,
Loyal to its Royal planter,
Blooms for aye "The Prince's Flower!"

MAVOR ALLAN.

DR. N. HAY FORBES OF FORBES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, has published a most interesting pamphlet on the "Clan Forbes," which gives full particulars on all matters relating to the clan, his object being to start a Clan Forbes Society. Clansmen desirous of co-operating should communicate with Dr. Forbes at once.

THE LEWIS AND HARRIS CONCERT which was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 13th November, presided over by Sir Lewis MacIver, M.P., was a great success.

THE SKYE GATHERING took place in the Queen's Rooms on 11th December, Mr. Neil J. D. Kennedy, M.A., Advocate, in the chair. The hall was completely crowded, and the assembly was also largely attended. A pleasing feature of the programme was the inclusion of songs relating to the Isle of Skye, written by natives.

LIEUTENANT HECTOR F. MACLEAN, YOUNGER OF DUART.

THE subject of our sketch is the eldest son of Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., of Duart, twenty-sixth Chief of the Clan Maclean. Reference need hardly be made here to the gallant line of ancestors from which young Duart is descended; every student of Highland history knows the honourable record which the Clan Maclean has preserved from the earliest times, and how stubbornly they clung to their ancient territory, with a tenacity which no force of arms could loosen. The Chiefs of the Clan Maclean were a martial race, and it is only in keeping with the traditions of the family that the heir to the Chiefship should follow the Ossianic injunction to "follow well the footsteps of thy ancestors." Lieutenant Maclean was born on 17th February, 1873, and after serving some time in the militia he joined the Scots Guards, the regiment in which his grandfather served. He has newly entered upon his military career, but we have no doubt it will be worthy of the records of his family.

It need hardly be stated that the Master of Maclean has inherited a love for everything Highland. Nothing delights him better than to find himself among the Highland hills, where he can gratify his liking for "following the deer," and other manly sports. He has a passion for Gaelic music, and is a proficient player of the *piob-mhòr*. He naturally takes a very great interest in the success of the Clan Maclean Society, which may fairly be described as one of the best of the many clan organizations, and which does excellent work. He was present at the recent great gathering of the clan which was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, and over which his father, Sir Fitzroy, presided with chiefly dignity. The members of the clan hold him in the highest esteem, and they have good reason to congratulate themselves that the best traditions of the race are so worthily upheld by the present gallant Chief and his family.

EDITOR.

THE CLAN MACKINNON GATHERING takes place in the Waterloo Rooms on the 5th February, Mr. Alexander K. Mackinnon, C.E., London, in the chair. Clansmen will please note.

FLORA MACDONALD.

AN ANNIVERSARY SKETCH OF THE JACOBITE HEROINE.

BY J. HAMILTON MITCHELL, L.A.

(*Continued from page* 49.)

FLORA MACDONALD AS A JACOBITE—*Contd.*

AS pointed out at the conclusion of last chapter, Flora Macdonald was considerably alarmed when the proposal to take Prince Charlie to Skye, disguised in the garb of a female, was made to her. She at first strongly remonstrated, characterising the proposal as "fanatical and dangerous," as every ferry was guarded, and every boat seized which attempted to leave the island without a passport. The channel between Uist and Skye moreover, she affirmed, was covered with ships of war. For a time this resolution was stubbornly maintained, but when Flora was apprised how matters really stood, of the extremely dangerous situation and exhausted condition of the Prince—the gallant young soldier who only a few short weeks before was the idol of his army, and the hope of the brave and loyal of the British nation—her woman's heart gave way, and all sense of danger vanished. Thus was Flora Macdonald moved to the deed which has given her so honourable and distinguished a place in the roll of British heroines. Her loyalty was roused; and the delighted O'Neil conveyed to her the Prince's assurance that he should ever retain a grateful recollection of "so conspicuous a service." It is pleasant to be able to relate that the good Prince was true to his word, and in after years never mentioned the name of his fair deliverer without a deep sense of gratitude. The poet Aytoun, with a true and sympathetic spirit for the occasion, has beautifully pictured to us the hapless Prince, after long years of exile, brooding over his adventures in Scotland. Again in these lines do we hear him soliloquising:—

"Give me back my trusty comrades!
Give me back my Highland maid!
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
As beneath the tartan plaid!"

HER FIRST ADVENTURE.

Flora Macdonald, after her interview with Lady Clanranald, speedily repaired to her brother's residence at Milton in order to acquaint him of her designs. On her return she had the misfortune to be seized by a guard

LIEUT. HECTOR F. MACLEAN,
Younger of Duart

of militia, and the enterprise by this untoward accident was almost wrecked at its very outset. As it was she was detained prisoner for the night, but happily the men were under the command of her step-father, and on his arrival the following morning she was set at liberty.

Though in the service of the Government Captain Macdonald of Armadale was at heart a Jacobite, and very probably he received from Flora some information regarding her immediate plans. He at any rate provided her with a passport requisite for her scheme, accompanied by a letter to her mother in which he recommended "one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who as she (Flora) tells me, is a good spinster." He also sent Neil MacEachan*

FLORA MACDONALD.

along with his daughter and Betty Burke "to take care of them."

Prince Charlie

In the slumbering twilight of the 26th June, 1746—fully two months after the fatal Battle of Culloden—took place the first meeting between Charles Edward and his fair preserver. Charles, accompanied by O'Neil, had then arrived in Rossinish in Benbecula, whence he was to be conducted to Skye. Accordingly on the evening mentioned Lady Clanranald and Flora, along with Neil MacEachan (who carried

* The father of Napoleon's celebrated General, Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.

the garments suitable for the Prince's disguise) were conducted by Captain O'Neil to the wretched hovel in which Charles abode. There the ladies were confronted by a sight which brought tears to their eyes. The princely descendant of a line of kings whose pedigree stretched far back into the remotest antiquity, was found preparing his own dinner, which consisted of such humble fare as the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep. On the appearance of the ladies he immediately rose, and courteously bidding them welcome, performed the duties of host with all the courtly manners of Royalty.

Having donned the garb of the supposed Betty Burke, Prince Charles was next night conducted by Flora Macdonald and Neil MacEachan—he had previously been reluctantly compelled to part with his faithful attendant, O'Neil—to the shore where he was to embark on his

PERILOUS VOYAGE TO SKYE.

It was a terrible night. The rain was falling in torrents, and it was midnight ere the boat, manned by six stout oarsmen, was ready to sail. The prospect before the devoted little band was in itself appalling. Well nigh forty miles of open sea lay between them and their destination. But their hearts were strong and their courage was high. The gale was blowing hard, and the raging sea seemed every moment ready to engulph the little craft. To add to their miseries the thunder roared and the lightning flashed in fitful gleams. It was indeed an experience sufficient to test the loyalty of the bravest. But never a murmur escaped their lips, never a word save the seamen's instinctive exclamation: "Alas! alas! its rough"—and so it was. They did their work manfully and steadily, and without a grudge; the little vessel sped over the waves—

"'Tis midnight; a lone boat is on the sea,
And dark clouds gather, but no thoughts of fear
Chill those brave hearts! A princely refugee
Disguised—a faithful maiden sitting near,
Upon whose cheek anon there falls a tear—
Fond woman's pledge of sympathy. A crew,
Trusty and gallant, labour at the oars.
The shifting wind white showers of spray uprears
Like incense heavenward; the water roars,
While from huge murky clouds the lurid lightning pours."

Happily the wind drove the boat eastwards, and at the break of dawn the Cuchullin Hills were perceived rearing their heads through the mists. After a miraculous escape from capture the company landed at Kilbride, in the parish of Kilmuir, and near Monkstadt House, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald.

[We are indebted to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, M.J.I., the Clan Historian, for the use of the engraving of Flora Macdonald given on preceding page, which appears in his new edition of the "Life of Flora Macdonald"—ED.]

(To be continued)

AN IMPRISONED SPIRIT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

HE was a bit of a bookworm, and very much of a recluse, and though not unsocial the sight of a woman caused him more mental disturbance than a wrong translation or a misquoted passage would have done. Hence he avoided ladies' society, greatly to the ire and sorrow of Mary Mackinnon, his nurse of old time and now his housekeeper.

"It will not be right, Mr. Roger," she said severely. "You are getting on now—nearly forty, and what is to be done if you will not marry? We will be having a fat Englishman at Glenarva after you."

Roger Mackenzie laughed.

"Why! who would have a fusty old stick like me?" he asked banteringly, "besides, no lady would come to live in this old ramshackle house, it's haunted you know, Mary."

"And your foolishness will be enough to make Lady Anne walk more than ever," retorted Mary. "She will not want an English lady here, where no Sassenach has been laird yet," cried the vexed old woman, angrily.

"Never mind, Mary, neither you nor I will be here when the fat Englishman and his wife reign in Glenarva, we'll be past caring then," he consoled her, and Mary snorted with indignation.

"But you will hold your Christmas like your father, though you wont be hearing reason?"

pleaded the affectionate old creature, and the laird relented.

"Of course, Mary, you will do to-day as you have always done, only see that the fires are good ones, the rooms are chilly for want of use," he told her as he returned to his study, and Mary was jubilant.

"Mr Roger is a real Mackenzie for all his book-learning," she confided to Colin, the laird's "man."

Glenarva was a delightful old mansion, built at different periods, rather lonely, but situated amid magnificent scenery. The Mackenzies were an ancient stock, and though untitled, had more than once married into noble families. The Lady Anne alluded to had been an Earl's daughter; her tragic fate having originated the family legend that she revisited the scene of her lost earthly happiness on Christmas Eve, the anniversary of her death.

"It will be snowing heavily, Mr. Roger," said Mary as she served her master's dinner in the great dining-room, only used on that one day in the year.

"That will soon block the road through the glen," the laird observed, as he drew aside the curtain and saw the white, whirling, fleece of snow outside. "There wont be so many guests at Mr. Stobart's I fear, Mary."

Mary scowled. Mr. Stobart, the rich Englishman who had bought the neighbouring estate, was her *bete-noir*, every allusion to him ruffled her hot Highland temper.

"*That* will be no sorrow," she muttered under her breath, and Mackenzie smiled, knowing her feeling.

In full view from where he sat at dinner hung the portrait of Lady Anne, a beautiful young woman in a quaint costume of a long forgotten fashion. The portrait had been painted by a good artist, the face was very sweet, the dark eyes wistful. When he rose from table Roger Mackenzie stood before the picture admiring it; he had always admired it more than the other female portraits, it had an odd attraction for him. He could just see, the light was not very good, the fire being a "red" one, the lamp rather low. But the wistful eyes seemed to regard him steadily.

"A man may not marry his grandmother," but, my dear, gentle, sweet great-great-grandmamma, had you and I lived in the same decade of the same century, I should certainly have been in love with you whether I had married you or not," he said quite aloud, as he gazed up at the fair face.

A low, faint laugh rippled through the room. Roger Mackenzie felt a breath of chilly wind pass his cheek. His hair rose with something akin to fear. Was the spirit of his ancestress laughing at his sentimental fancy, his lackadaisical admiration? He stood for an instant horror stricken, then forced himself to turn away. But was it fancy, or did he really see a dim shape flit across the darkness beyond the open door? He could not be sure, but it was with strange thoughts in his heart that he took up the lamp to go to the large drawing-room, where Mary expected him to spend the rest of his Christmas Eve.

That room was more cheerful than the other; the fire blazed brightly, his coffee waited, and after he had drank it his shaken nerves became steady again. Like all true Celts, though superstitious, he was brave, and by the time he had got well into the pages of his book he had forgotten Lady Anne, the laugh, and his unaccustomed surroundings completely. He must have dropped asleep, the warmth and stillness were soothing. But a soft rustle, a faint breath of perfume seemed to pass by him, he started erect and stared round bewildered. The lamp was extinguished, the flame of the fire had died down, but enough light remained for him to see a pale spot of colour, a face, hovering between him and the door. Spell bound, grasping the arms of his chair, he leant forward gazing at the face as it slowly receded towards the open door. When it finally vanished into nothing in the gloom beyond the freezing horror seemed to go with it. Mackenzie sprang up and rushed into the corridor, but all was silent, ghostly, the long dimly-lit passage was tenantless save for his own presence. He walked to its end, where the chill reflection of the snow cast a weird light through a tall, narrow window, but nothing rewarded his search, it had been no trick. The door of the long disused state bedroom was open—the room in which Lady Anne had died, and a shiver passed through the laird as he forced himself to close and lock it. He pocketed the key, and, strangely disturbed, returned to the library (his accustomed haunt) to finish his evening there as usual.

But the face *haunted* him. It was a fair face, he tried to remember if it resembled Lady Anne, but he could not indeed be *sure*, though he dreaded it had been hers. It was almost nine o'clock when old Mary, pale and scared, came running into the library, very unlike her customary staid, dignified manner.

"What will you have done? where will you have sent her, Mr. Roger?" she demanded breathlessly.. "You have hidden her; you would not turn her out in the snow, whatever?"

"Her! who! what!" cried the startled laird. "Are you mad, Mary? what on earth brings you here in such a flurry?"

"*Her!* It's the young lady Mr. Roger! the

young lady that will seek shelter from the storm, she came in as you finished dinner," cried Mary, wringing her hands and peering about distractedly.

Roger Mackenzie uttered a strange, hoarse cry as he sprang to his feet, and seizing one of the candles ran from the room followed by the old woman, who was silenced by the horror in her master's eyes. Straight to the state bedroom he sped, and unlocking the door, thrust the candle into Mary's hand and entered. On the floor by the grand, funereal-looking bed, lay the figure of a girl, her face hidden under masses of loosened dark hair. Mary uttered a loud scream, but the laird with a muttered oath bade her be quiet, and lifting the senseless girl in his arms carried her out and down to the library.

Never a word did he speak as he worked, trying to restore the suspended animation, but while she helped him old Mary poured forth the whole story. He knew all, before the soft dark eyes opened to look at him, startled and terror-stricken.

"She will be going to the party, but the snow had drifted and the carriage could not pass. She will come when you finished dinner, Mr. Roger, and laughed when she heard you speaking to yourself, but she would not be letting me tell you she was in the house. But she laughed again and said she must see you, for you were old enough to marry your grandmother, Mr Roger. And that angered me, so when I saw you sleeping when I took your coffee-cup away, I told her she could see then if she liked that you will not be old at all. So she went away up smiling again, and that will be an hour since and more, Mr. Roger."

It was all clear now. Mary was rather deaf, she had not heard his apostrophe to Lady Anne, but the stranger had, and the rest followed as a consequence of his silly speech. The young lady was long of coming round, but when her senses returned she readily forgave the penitent laird. And when Mary had heaped the fire with coals and peats, and laid a hot supper on the small table beside it, Roger Mackenzie and his storm-stayed guest spent a delightful evening together, serenely oblivious of Mrs. Grundy, or any remarks that good lady might make.

"I am Annie Steel, Mr. Stobart's stepdaughter," said the young lady frankly. "I am Scotch, though not, more's the pity, Highland, and I was on my way home for Christmas Eve. I had been visiting an old school-mate in Inverness. I have spoiled *your* Christmas, Mr. Mackenzie, I hope you forgive me for that, but I am not a bit disappointed about not getting home. There are some people there I am not very anxious to know."

"Spoil my Christmas," cried Roger, with intense feeling. "Its the happiest Christmas Eve I've ever spent in my life I wish," he added with sudden boldness, "I could have every succeeding one just as happy. Do you think you could manage that for me, Miss Annie?"

The bright face of Annie Steel flushed scarlet, her laughing dark eyes were cast down.

"You imprisoned me when I came first," she said shyly. "Perhaps I *may* allow you to shut me up here for altogether."

"You were only 'an imprisoned spirit'," said the delighted Mackenzie, as he took her hand. "The other will be a very different sort of imprisonment, dear, for I shall be a prisoner too, and you will hold the key—of my heart."

"So you see Mary, there is'nt the least fear of that fat Englishman reigning in Glenarva after all," Roger said laughing, when the affectionate old nurse was told how matters stood, just before her master drove away taking his *fiancèe* home on Christmas Day. "But I suppose you wont shut the door in Mr. Stobart's face when he comes to call. He is a very good fellow, I assure you, Mary, if he *is* a Sassenach. And Miss Steel is not English, and she's going to have me if he will allow her to marry a man whose first love was his great-great-grandmother."

The old woman laughed.

"I told you to be quick, Mr. Roger," she said, her eyes twinkling, "but you will have been faster than I thought. And Lady Anne will not walk now; she will not need."

"Certainly not! another Anne is going to take her place before next Christmas, you know," replied Mackenzie, as he helped the smiling, blushing girl into the carriage. "You had better wish us luck, Mary, for you and Lady Anne have managed it all between you."

"That I will, Mr. Roger, with all my heart," the old woman said, wiping the joyful tears from her eyes. And she sent a very shapeless, very substantial shoe flying down the snow-covered drive after the retreating carriage.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIAL GATHERING was held in the Queen's Rooms on 17th November, and was, as usual, a splendid success. The learned and genial Chief, Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan, occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. James P. MacMillan, Paisley, Robert MacMillan, Glencrosh, David MacMillan, Calvine, Dr. John M. MacMillan, Donald MacMillan, Partick, Daniel MacMillan, Donald MacMillan, Treasurer, etc. The chairman's address was eloquent and inspiring, and Mr. Donald MacMillan also made an interesting speech.

DR. A. M. M'ALDOWIE, F.R.S.E.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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A. M. M'ALDOWIE, M.D., F.R.S.E., STOKE-ON-TRENT.

THIS distinguished naturalist and antiquarian was born in Aberdeen, his father, Mr. John M'Aldowie, being an accountant in that city. He was educated at the local University where, in 1875, he graduated with highest academical honours in medicine and surgery, being a prizeman in most of his classes. He was also fortunate to receive what was at that time considered the great University prize—the appointment of Resident Assistant-Surgeon to the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary for twelve months, during 1874-75. The subject of our sketch was subsequently Resident Medical Officer to the Royal Surrey County Hospital, and to the North Staffordshire Infirmary.

Dr. M'Aldowie has been in practice in Stoke-on-Trent for the past sixteen years, and has made a special study of diseases of the brain and nervous system, on which, and kindred subjects, he has contributed papers to the various medical journals. For these he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The learned doctor now holds the chief medical appointment in the district—that of Senior Physician to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, one of the largest provincial hospitals in England; and he is also Medical Officer to the North Staffordshire Railway Coy., the Potteries District Post Office, Stoke Police, etc.

From his boyhood Dr. M'Aldowie has taken an active interest in natural history and antiquarian pursuits, and has written many valuable papers on these subjects to scientific publications, and the Transactions of Natural History Societies. He is also well versed in folk-lore, a most interesting article from his pen entitled "Personal Experiences in Witchcraft," appearing recently in *Folk-Lore*, which dealt specially with his own native county. He is a Vice-President (and Ex-President) of the North Staffordshire Natural History and Archæological Society, and Vice-President, North Staffordshire Literary and Philosophical Society. For several years he has edited the Transactions of the Staffordshire Medical Society, and the N. S. Natural History Society, besides other scientific works relating to the district. In 1893 he published an interesting volume on "The Birds of Staffordshire."

Although now situated so far from his native district Dr. M'Aldowie does not forget that he is a Scotsman and an Aberdonian, and we have no doubt but Aberdonians are equally mindful of their distinguished townsman.

RONDEAU

On Visiting Bannockburn.

At Bannockburn, where late I hied
To view the plain of Scotland's pride,
The golden corn waved o'er the lea
Once dark with lines of soldiery:
The wimpling burn their blood had dyed,
I sought in vain—its course was dried;
And but the Bore-stone testified
Here Scotia's Standard floated free
O'er Bannockburn.

"*This* Bannockburn!" close to my side
I heard a Cockney voice deride,
"Well! wot they tikes us 'ere ter see,
I owns its flabbergasted me!
A 'arvest field an' nowt beside
Aint much ter brag of far an' wide!
I syes it aint ter be denied
'At 'Ampstead 'eath most suttenly
Beats Bannockburn."

Then quoth the list'ning Lowland guide
With a sly smile he could not hide,
"No muckle can ye see, say ye,
In Bruce's braes o' victory?
Ay, man, yet we mun a' agree
Syne mony English cam'—tae bide
At Bannockburn!"

Mavor Allan.

INVERLOCHY, 1645.

MORE than two centuries had elapsed since the day that Donald Balloch routed the forces of James I. under the walls of Inverlochy Castle, when once again the tide of battle was to surge around the grim old fortress and crimson Lochy's silver stream with Highland blood.

The great Marquis of Montrose was at this period, A.D. 1645, in command of the loyal Highland clans for his royal master, Charles I., and had recently proved by his brilliant victory at Tippermuir that he was more than a match for the leader of the Covenanting army, the astute Argyll. With a view to still further humble the pride of that arrogant chief and inflict condign punishment upon the rebellious Campbells, Montrose made a six weeks' raid into Argyllshire, from December 13th, 1644, to January 29th, 1645, ravaging the country, burning the houses, and driving off all the cattle to provide food for his men, and then retired northwards along the Great Glen to Cille Chuimein (now Fort-Augustus) on his way to attack the Earl of Seaforth at Inverness.

He had only just reached the shores of Loch Ness when news was brought to him by Iain Lom, the Keppoch bard, that the Marquis of Argyll had invaded Lochaber and was wasting the country with fire and sword from the fancied security of Inverlochy Castle, where he was encamped with three thousand of his clan.

Enraged at the news, Montrose at once decided to return by a forced march and attack Argyll before he could get wind of his approach. Led by Iain Lom (MacDonell), who being a native of the district was acquainted with every secret pass and devious foot-path among the Lochaber mountains, Montrose and his devoted Highlanders in spite of heavy snow and almost insurmountable difficulties arrived in Glen Nevis on the night of February 1st, 1645, after a most arduous and fatiguing march of over thirty miles.

The Royal army was composed of the MacDonalds of Keppoch, under their Chief, Donald Glas; the MacDonalds of Clan Ranald, under the Captain of Clan Ranald; the MacDonalds of Glengarry, under their Chief, Æneas MacDonald* (ninth of Glengarry) and his two uncles, Iain Mor (first of Scotus) and Iain Beg; the MacDonalds of Glencoe; and a large contingent of MacLeans, MacPhersons, MacGregors, Stewarts of Appin, and Robertsons. Clan Cameron sent three hundred men by command of the old Chief, Alein Mac Iain Duibh, who was too old and infirm to take any active part in the combat. The actual Chief of the Camerons at this time was Eoghan Dubh, afterwards the famous Sir Ewen, but he was only sixteen years of age, and by a strange irony of fate was living at Inveraray Castle under the protection of the Chief, who was now about to engage in mortal struggle with his Cameron kinsmen. Next to Montrose, the most important post in the King's army was held by Alasdair MacDonell, son of Coll Mac Gillespuig MacDonell, better known as Colla "Ciotach" (left handed Coll), Chief of Clann Iain Mhoir, or MacDonalds of Isla, Kintyre, and Antrim; he had been sent over from Ireland by his father with a number of Irish retainers, and had proved himself a most able leader; in fact it may be truly said that most of Montrose's successes were due to MacColl's good advice and generalship.

When morning dawned the Campbells became aware that a hostile force was in their neighbourhood, but assuming that it only consisted of a small party of Camerons or MacDonalds assembled to protect the country from

* The old Chief, Domhnull Mac Aonghais mhic Alasdair, grandfather of Æneas, died on the day of the battle, over a hundred years old.

further ravages, no great heed was taken, and beyond a little desultory firing on the part of the outposts, all remained quiet. It was, however, the quietness that precedes the storm, for no sooner had the sun risen from behind the towering summit of Ben Nevis than a shrill blast of trumpets and the war cries of Montrose's Highlanders, proclaimed to the astonished Argyll the presence of the King's army in his immediate neighbourhood. Startled and surprised, the Campbells arranged themselves for battle, and called upon their Chief to lead them against their foes, but whether from fear or cowardice, Argyll pleading as an excuse that he had hurt his sword arm by a recent fall, retired on board his galley which lay moored near the Castle of Inverlochy, from whence he could view the battle in safety, leaving his clan to the leadership of his cousin, Duncan Campbell of Achnabreac.

Deserted by their Chief in the hour of danger, and face to face with the redoubtable Montrose, it is no wonder that the Campbells were disconcerted, and a tradition exists that they endeavoured to gain an unfair advantage by means of a flag of truce. Montrose was disposed to listen to terms, but before he could give his orders an impetuous Highlander, Deors MacAlaster by name, broke away with a large number of men and engaged in active conflict

ARGYLL ON BOARD HIS GALLEY, VIEWS THE BATTLE IN SAFETY.

with the enemy. Montrose protested to his Major-General, MacColl, at this breach of discipline, but the only reply he received was: "He is a most brave man, my lord; and, by God, I will rather act with him than with thee!" suiting the action to the word by immediately proceeding to charge the Campbells. Montrose had now no alternative but to give the word for a general advance.

Space will not admit of a detailed account of the battle that broke up once and for ever the great military power of Clan Diarmid, and added more laurels to the brow of Montrose. Bravely as the Campbells fought they were unable to gain the advantage that numbers should have given them, owing to their condition of unpreparedness, and the defection of their Chief. Taken completely by surprise, they were overwhelmed before they were aware the enemy was upon them, and many turned and fled without firing a shot or drawing a sword in their own defence. Small parties here and there made a stand and heroically attempted to contest the fortune of the day, but their efforts were of no avail, and a few minutes were sufficient to turn the army of Mac Cailean Mor into a disorderly rabble, flying for their lives along the shores of Loch Eil and the

River Lochy, the while Iain Lom hurled bitter satires upon them from one of the towers of Inverlochy Castle. Previous to the battle MacColl had offered the bard a sword, but he had excused himself from fighting by saying "*Cha'n e sin mo ghnothuch cathaichibh sibhse 'us innsidh mise*," meaning that if he fell in battle there would be no one left to praise the victors. He composed a most powerfully descriptive poem giving an account of the battle, entitled "*Latha Inbhir Lochaidh*."

It is said that fifteen hundred Campbells were slain on this bloody day, a great number being drowned in their attempt to reach the Chief's galley by means of a rope which attached it to the shore, but which gave way under the strain. Argyll himself made no attempt to save the fugitives, for as soon as he saw the fate of the day was against him he gave orders for the sails to be raised, and extricating the vessel from the midst of his drowning clansmen, fled as fast as sails and oars could carry him.

Campbell of Achnabreac was taken prisoner and brought before MacColl by his captors. MacColl after a little unkind jesting at the unfortunate man's expense, asked him if he would prefer to be hanged or beheaded? "Alas!" replied Achnabreac, "*da dhiù, gun aon roghainn*" (two evils and no choice), upon which MacColl, with one sweep of his huge double-handed sword, sheared off the whole of his head above his ears. This reply of Achnabreac is now a common saying in the Highlands, as also is the compliment MacColl paid to a man named Robertson, a blacksmith or tinker by trade, who had distinguished himself greatly in the battle. "*Is truagh nach bu cheaird sinn gu léir an dingh*" ('Tis a pity we were not all tinkers to-day).

Beside Achnabreac there were slain sixteen gentlemen and officers of Argyll's army, including Campbell of Lochnell, his eldest son, and brother Colin; MacDougall of Rara with his eldest son; the laird of Glensaddle, and Major Menzies, brother to the laird of Ardchattan Barbreck, whilst Montrose had only three men killed and one officer, Sir Thomas Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airly, wounded.

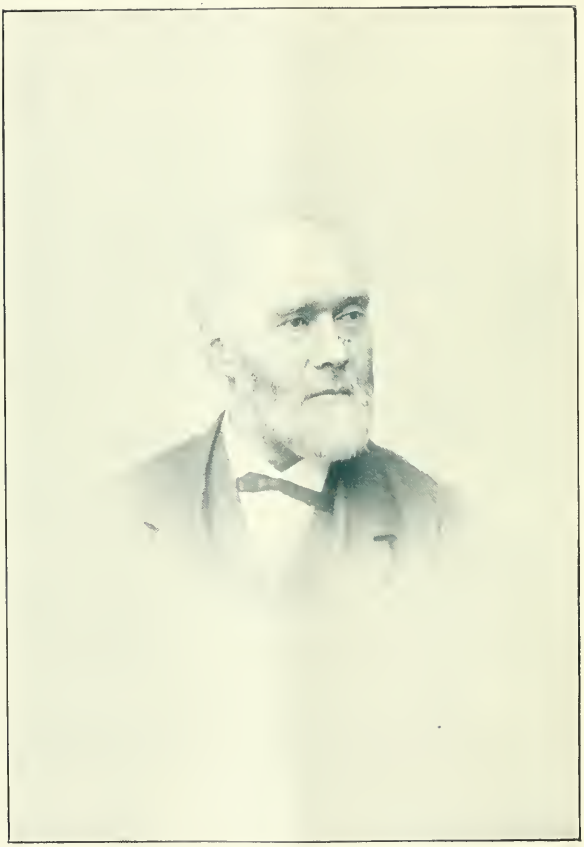
W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

GOVAN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

PAST AND PRESENT OFFICE-BEARERS.

A. D. MACLEOD, Treasurer. ROBERT MACKINNON, President, Clan Mackinnon Society. DUNCAN MENZIES. JOHN MACDONALD.

JOHN MACKAY (*Celtic Monthly*), Chief. LIEUT DONALD MACINTYRE. EDWARD E. HENDERSON. Chieftain. PIPER WILLIAM HENDERSON.



THOMAS MACKAY.

THOMAS MACKAY, LARGS

VICE-PRESIDENT, CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY

THE recent election of Mr. Thomas Mackay to the office of Vice-President of this popular Society, was in every way deserved. Mr. Mackay's interest has been of a practical as well as a sentimental nature, a fact to which its bursary and other funds bear ample testimony.

The history of Mr. Mackay's family is rather a romantic one. His forebears hailed from *Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh* (the Mackay country) in the far north, where in the early years of the present century his grandfather was a victim of the notorious Sutherland Clearances. Like many others of his clansmen he decided to emigrate to other lands, but the ship in which he took his passage was wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Man, near Ramsay, where he got safely ashore. At that time the honourable profession of smuggling was considered a lucrative and gentlemanly one, and Mackay soon entered into the business with energy and considerable success. A plentiful supply of wine, silk, tobacco and other contraband goods was easily procured on the French coast, and a ready market was as readily found along the west coast of Scotland, and even at Glasgow itself. He also entered into business as a tobacconist in Douglas. In 1813 he married a native of the Isle of Man, of French extraction, and a few years later died, leaving a family of two sons and a daughter.

Thomas, his second son, seems to have also engaged in contraband expeditions, one cargo being landed on the Holy Isle at Lamlash, Arran. In 1828, along with his mother, he came to reside in Glasgow, where he served his apprenticeship as a baker and confectioner. Ten years later he married Elizabeth Bruce, a native of Luss, Loch Lomond, and commenced business on his own account, the Largs establishment being opened in 1840, followed later on by a flourishing branch in Greenock. His son, Thomas, the present genial head of the firm, in due course succeeded to the business, and by his ability and industry has earned for himself a reputation second to none in his trade.

Mr. Mackay is deeply interested in the work of the Clan Society, especially in its educational and benevolent schemes, his desire being that every young Mackay should have opportunies afforded him of receiving a good education, and becoming master of a profession or trade.

EDITOR.

HIGHLAND HEATHER

Bonnie grows the rose in the garden sae fair,
And the lily blooms sweet in the vale;
The sun-flower flaunts proodly its braw gowden crest,
'Mang the hollyhocks sturdy and hale.
Oor ain Scottish thistle is dear to my heart,
And the blue bells I weel loe tae see;
But there's ane I loe better by far than them a',
The sweet mountain heather for me.

Chorus—Then! here's tae the heather,
The sweet purple heather;
That grows on oor mountains,
Sae bonnie and free:
Of a' flowers the fairest,
The sweetest, the dearest;
The pride o' the Highlands,
The heather for me.

In the days o' lang syne oor bold Highland chiefs,
Wore its flowers in their bonnets o' blue;*
On Bannockburn's field, and Drummossie's dark muir,
It was borne by the gallant and true;
Fu' bravely they fought for their freedom and hame,
Their King and their country tae save:
Noo they peacefully sleep 'neath auld Scotia's soil,
And the heather blooms fresh ower their grave.
Chorus—Then! here's tae the heather, etc.

It minds me o' days, when a callant sae blythe,
I hae roamed over mountain and glen;
When life was a' bliss, and I had ne'er a thocht,
O' the troubles that noo I weel ken;
It murmurs o' luve, and it whispers o' hame,
Tae oor brithers far oot ower the sea;
And gars ilka heart wi' emotion tae thrill,
When the heather's sweet blossoms we see.
Chorus—Then! here's tae the heather, etc.

W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

* All branches of the Clan Donald, and many of the other Highland clans, wear the heather as a badge.

As this song will shortly be put to music by Mr. R. Buchanan, Jr., all rights are reserved by the author.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS was held in the Caledonian Hotel, and was perhaps the most successful ever held under the auspices of this flourishing Society. Cluny Macpherson of Cluny presided, and was supported by many of the most eminent of our Celtic scholars. Toasts were proposed or responded to by the chairman, Sir Henry C. MacAndrew, Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, Alexander Macbain, Alexander Mackenzie, Thomas A. Mackay, and others. A new volume of *Transactions* is in the press.

THE STORM BRIDE.

A Tale of Last Century.

DARKNESS was creeping over the bleak hills of Barra. The rising winds were beginning to moan around the rocks with an eerie sound like the wail of a banshee. All along the darkening shores the waves were breaking mournfully, each one lit up with a glint of wan light reflected from the rifts between the flying clouds. Down by a creek that was cast into a deeper gloom by the overhanging crags there was just light enough left to make out the form of an old grey seal that was swimming noiselessly among the weedy rocks, and far above the bay of the castle a night bird was sending its wild yammering cry along the murky mountainside.

Presently, the form of a woman wrapped in a cloak could be made out creeping stealthily along the rocks in the direction of the creek. When she had descended to the shore and gained the shelter of the overhanging crag, she stood still. But stealthy as her passage along the rocks had been, her footfall on the pebbles had been heard between the gusts of the rising wind. The old seal slipped quickly from a rock into the icy water and made for another and a safer hiding place. From the top of the crag came the sound of a low whistle, which was answered in turn by a faint call from the form that crouched in the gloom below. In the space of another minute a man descended the crag, and when he had gained the shelter of the rock the woman came quickly to meet him.

"Mairi!"

"Angus!"

* * * * * * * *

The lovers had met by appointment at the creek. Angus of Moidart was a stranger in Barra and had won the heart of Mairi M'Neill. Although Angus was a good Catholic like the M'Neills, still Mairi's relations were determined that she should wed one of her own people, and not a MacDonell from the mainland. So it was that Fergus M'Neill—Black Fergus, the women called him—had been promised the hand of Mairi. But her heart was all with Angus.

They dared not meet by the light of day. For between Fergus and Angus there had sprung up a deep-rooted hatred, and Fergus had sworn an oath that if he should meet Angus in the company of Mairi he would draw his dirk and strike. The look on the face of Fergus when he thought of his rival was like the blackness of the winter night.

To make the case of Angus more desperate, the wedding was fixed for the morrow, and the old priest with many a misgiving had consented to join the hands of Black Fergus and Mairi in wedlock at the altar.

It was the last night for Angus and Mairi together. The sky was angry with the gathering storm, and the winds were beginning to whiten the waves in the darkness as they tumbled in from the sea to be spent on the beach. The lights of the huts above the bay of the castle were seen shining faintly through the gloom. The men were inside mending their nets by the light of the swinging cruizie lamp, and the women sat by the peat fires carding their wool or crooning the lament of the sea maiden, to the sound of the sobbing wind outside.

"Mairi" said Angus, after they had again drawn themselves within the shadow of the crag, "I have been to old Father Kane, and it is himself that is not willing to marry you to Black Fergus. But he was telling me how they used to marry people away out on the islands in the west of Ireland when he was a young priest in Galway. And if you are willing to sail out with me to Maldoanich this very night, it is Father Kane who says he will marry us when he sees the fires lit on the island."

"It is like to be a wild night, Angus," said Mairi, with a troubled look out to sea.

"But it is our only chance," replied Angus. Then he added in a slower tone, "To-morrow they will wed you to the Black Fergus."

"Angus," replied the girl in an instant, "I will go. And it is I that will not be afraid when you are near me."

And the moon rode out from between the driving clouds and sent a glave of silvery light to fall upon the island-lovers in a flood of blessing as they plighted their troth in the name of the Holy Virgin.

* * * * * * * *

An hour later the wind had risen to half a gale, and was coming up from the gloomy south-west with a hissing sound like the breath of the spirit of night. A boat was rushing through the tumbling seas, driven only by a close-reefed lugsail that threatened every moment to give way before the fierce gusts. Crash, crash, crash, went the boat; now buried in a cloud of spray and spindrift as a rolling wave broke over her bows; now flying madly like a demented living thing as she raced along the ridge of the seas. In the bottom of the boat a woman crouched, half reclining, half sitting, on the top of some great sacks of fuel that were covered with a black tarpaulin, the

salt sea dripping from her hair and from the ends of her tartan plaid. At the tiller a man stood with a hard set face that was lit up again and again as a shaft of moonlight broke from the cloud and shewed his eyes cast to windward, that he might watch every sea that struck the labouring boat. It was Angus and Mairi on their way to Maldoanich.

"The moon will be leaving us now, Mairi, and there is another mile to go yet. Is it afraid that you are, to be out on a night like this?"

"No, Angus, there will be no fear in me when I am with you." And a great sea broke in a drenching shower over the lovers and made the timbers of the old boat shiver from stem to stern. But on again like a witch she flew, with the wind shrieking in the shrouds, and the mast bending like a whip under the heavy strain.

They were nearing the island at last. They could see already the light in the shepherd's sheiling above the landing place. Now they had gained the lee of the point, and the seas were smoother and the winds lighter. In five minutes they would be at the jetty. The danger was past!

* * * * * * * *

When they had reached the shore they began taking out the three sacks of fuel that had been kept dry by the tarpaulin. One was full of wood, another was full of dry heather and bracken, and the third was filled with peat. These they carried one by one up to the top of a little crag where there lay on the heather a great flat slab of granite. On either side of the stone they piled up a heap of wood and heather and peat, so that ere long the two fires were ready for the light.

"Angus," cried Mairi, with a note of alarm in her voice, "your hand is full of the red blood!"

"And what is a drop of blood to a man on his wedding night? It is better that the blood should be drawn by a rope, than by the dirk of Black Fergus."

"It is better indeed, Angus," replied Mairi with a shiver. In the passage across, the sheet of the sail had twice torn the skin from his hand when the boat plunged.

"And now, Mairi, I will be going for old Ian and his son at the sheiling to be our witnesses." With these words he began to descend the dark hillside in the direction of the sheiling. And the girl was left alone.

A change had passed over the sky. The moon was gone. The wind blew as fiercely as before. But a spot of rain began to fall occasionally on the cheek of the Highland girl as she sat waiting in that lonely place. Her thoughts were wild and disquieting. What if old Ian would not come out on such a night? What if Father Kane did not see the fires? What if he should not light one on Barra in answer to their signal? What if the rain came on before Angus returned to light the dried fuel?

It was of all these things she was thinking, when suddenly she heard voices in angry dispute coming out of the darkness, and turning round she saw the flare of a torch moving up the hillside and coming near to the place where she sat. It was Angus. And surely that was old Ian's voice. And here were all three of them panting and breathless with the stiff climb.

The old man's annoyance burst out afresh at the sight of Mairi. "What woman's trick is this, to be dragging an old man out on a night when the Black Spirit himself is abroad?"

"There is no time to be telling you now Ian. Ruari will explain it all to you in the morning. Stand by and help me to light the fires before the rain comes on. For it will be a black night of storm this before long."

So the three men set about getting the first fire lit. The dry heather went up instantly in a great tongue of flame that lit up the place where they stood so clearly that young Ruari noticed that the hand of Mairi was trembling as Angus led her up to the great stone slab.

"Come Mairi, it is time to stand up on the stone. And you, Ruari, when you will see a fire lighted on Barra, above the bay of the castle, kindle the other fire with your torch, for that is the signal to Father Kane that we are ready."

So in the midst of the wind and rain they stepped upon the rude altar and stood waiting. All the four strained their eyes in the direction of Barra. But there was no flame to answer them out of the darkness. The wind was blowing their first fire into a roaring blaze that almost licked the dripping clothes of Angus as he stood on the stone. One minute had passed. Two minutes had passed. There was no sign on Barra. And the girl was trembling with excitement from head to foot. Would the answer never come?

Then suddenly in the far distance of the wild night a light was seen rising and falling and growing like a flickering spark in the mirk.

"See, Mairi," cried Angus, "there is the answer. Do you see it, Ian? Do you see it, Ruari?"

"It is a fire on Barra," replied the old shepherd.

"Aye, it is the answer," shouted Ruari in an excited voice.

"Then light up the second fire, Ruari," cried Angus. And the second flame leaped up into the night as a pelting torrent of rain swept across the hill.

"We will join hands now, Mairi," said Angus in a low voice. And as the two clasped hands there was no sound anywhere but the sound of the whistling winds and the blinding rain and the roaring fires.

It was a weird bridal. The great rain-drops fell into the fires with a hissing like the hissing of a snake in the heather. The wind had blown the tartan plaid from the girl's shoulders till it streamed out like a banner between the two fires. Her black hair shone in the light like the wing of a raven. Far away the spark of light kept rising and falling with the wind. The man stood clasping the girl's hand, but his eyes were steadily fixed on the far away light. Fainter and fainter it grew. The time must be nearly up when the priest should finish his service. Another flicker. Then another. Still there was no word spoken, for all were breathlessly watching the light. At last it disappeared altogether. Then there was nothing left but the black wild night, with the driving wind and rain that swept like a thousand angry storm fiends across the waters far below.

"Mairi, it is over now, and the Black Fergus will be troubling you no more."

"Oh Angus, it is a blessed night for us," replied Mairi, as she stepped down from the stone.

"It is I that swear in the name of the Holy Virgin, to love you with a man's true love, and to stand between you and every danger that will be coming upon you. The Mother of God herself is my witness."

This was the bridal vow that Angus of Moidart made to Mairi.

The two men, Ian and Ruari, had disappeared in the darkness, and the hurricane of wind and rain had almost put out the the two smouldering fires. But in the solitude of that wild place with the spirit of night revelling around them, the island lovers had plighted their troth.

* * * * * * * *

All this happened long ago when the priest's word was as the word of God himself to the people of the islands. It was just the year before the King came over the water and landed at Eriskay with his handful of followers. And when the clansmen gathered from every island to fight for the white cockade, young Angus Macdonell was one of the first to cross the seas between the Long Island and Moidart to fight by the side of his old Chief, Macdonell of Keppoch, who sacrificed himself so nobly at Culloden for the Prince he loved.

And in the after days when the hair of Mairi was no longer black, and the step of Angus no longer firm on the heather, they used to recount to their children's children the strange tale of the wedding on Maldoanich.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song and tune are the compositions of Mr. John MacCallum. The song is one of those which were sent in under the competition for Poetry at the recent Gaelic *Mod.* It was adjudged third place. We have much pleasure in submitting it to our readers along with the music, as an example of what some of them should follow. Gaelic musical composers are few, and it is encouraging to meet with one now and again. If Gaelic singers were doing their duty as they ought, songs produced in their own day should have more encouragement from them than they receive, and this one with its fine bold air and appropriate sentiment, should at once be lifted into popularity. C. M. P.

CANAIN NAN GAIDHEAL.

GLEUS D. *Gu smiorail*

: d .m | s : .l : t | d' : -.t : l | s : -.m : s | l : —
RANN—A Chlanna nan Gaidheal 'tha 'g àiteach nan gleann,

: t | d' : -.r' : d' | d' : -.l : l | s : -.f : m | r : —
Na fàgaibh air dì-chuimhn' deagh dhìleab nan treun;

: m .r | d : -.d : d | s : -.s : s | d' : -.d' : d' | r' : -
Bithibh dìleas do 'n Ghàidhlig 's ag àrach ur clann

: d' | m' : — : r'.d' | s : m : s | l : — : d'.r' | d' : —
'Sa chainnt mhilis bhlasda bh' aig Gaisgich na Féinn.

: m .r | d : -.d : r | m : m : f | s : l : s | m : —
'S ioma Gàr - laochan leib - id - each 's peasan nach fiù

: s | m' : -.r' : d' | r' : -.d' : l | s : -.f : m | r :
'Tha sìor chur a sìos oirr' 's 'ga dìteadh gu bàs,

: d .r | m : -.r : d | r : -.m : s | l : -.s : l | d' : —
'Cur an ceill nach 'eil brigh innt' 's gu 'm mill i bhur cliù,

: r' | d' : -.l : s | m : -.r : d | r : -.m : r | d : —
'Us dh' aontaich cuid shuarach le tuairsgeul na tàir.

: m .,f | s : -.m : s | d' : — : m .,s | l : -.s : l | d' : —
Seisd—Feuch gu 'n seas sibh gu cruaidh cànain aosda nam buadh ;

: d' | m' -.r' : d' | l : — : d .,l | s : -.m : s | l : —
Caomh chànain ur sìnnsir 's i's mìlse ri luaidh

: m' .,r' | d' : — : d .,m | s : — : s .,d' | m' : — : r' .d' | r' : —
Cainnt na màth 'r ! Cainnt nan 'sàr ! Cainnt na h-Alba o chian !

: m' .,r' | d : — : m .s | d : — : s .s | l : — : d' .r' | d' : —
Dh' aindeoin fuath, mairidh buan fhad 's a dheàrrsas a' ghrian.

Tha na Gaidheil o 'n dachaidh, am bailtean nan Gall,
'Ga cleachdadh gu duineil 's 'ga cumail a suas,
O 'n a dh' fhàg iad an tìr 's mòid tha 'n cridh' oirre 'n geall,
'S cha dearmaid iad i air son mì-rùn no duais.
Ach an fheadhainn tha 'chòmhnuidh an solas 's na glinn,
Tha tràillean 'nam measg nach cuir meas oirr'—'s b' e 'm beud—
Dream nach teagaisg do 'n òigridh cainnt bhòidheach Sìol-Fhinn,
Ach Beurla lag liotach, tha ciotach 'nam beul.

'S mór an t-urram 'chuir Blacai air Cànain nan Gaidh'l
Nuair 'sheas e a cùis—cha bu dìùid e'n àm feum—
Fhuair e' Ghàidhlig a shuidheachadh bunaiteach, àrd
An Oil-thigh Dhun-Eideann, 's cha tóid i do 'n Eug.
'Us a mis o 'n 'tha 'n sàr Chomunn Gaidhealach fo sheòl,
'Ga 'togail gu h-àirde thar chàich, mar bu nòs,
Tha mór mhiadh anns gach àit' air a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
'S a càirdean na 's lionmhoir' gach bliadhn' aig a' Mhòd.

Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., Chief of the Clan MacMillan Society, has been appointed Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. Highlanders all over the world will rejoice that such a high honour has been conferred upon their distinguished countryman, the learned Moderator being a native of Perthshire.

A Clan Lamont Society has been successfully inaugurated in Glasgow, the membership being already most encouraging. It is intended to bring out a work shortly dealing with the history of the clan, and in doing so the Society will do good service, for at present little is really known of the history of this ancient, and at one time, very powerful clan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give portraits, with short biographical sketches, of Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. MacGregor (photos arrived too late for this issue); the late Colonel Frank Duncan, Aberdeen; and Mr. Alexander Cameron, Erricht. In addition to these Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh will commence an interesting series of illustrated papers on the Macbeans, a sept of Clan Chattan.

CELTIC MONTHLY. VOLUME IV.—As we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies of this volume, some of the parts being already out of print, those who desire copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 10/- post free, and copies can now be had from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The arrangements for the great gathering of the Clan in the Waterloo Rooms on 11th February, with Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan, in the chair, have now been completed, and the reunion promises to be the most successful ever held by the Society. Members have written for tickets from all parts of the kingdom, several from London, while many others who are not Mackays have expressed their intention to be present out of respect to the distinguished Chief of the Clan.

THE RECEPTION AND DINNER TO LORD REAY will be held in the Grand Hotel on the same day at 4 p.m., and the attendance of ladies and gentlemen is expected to be considerably over 100. Those of our readers who intend being present should apply for tickets at once. The prices of the tickets are as follows :—Reception and Dinner 7/6, Gathering 1/6, Assembly 2/6, which can be had from the Hon Secretary, John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—The third Annual Gathering of this Association was held in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, on 22nd December—Mr. A. Mackintosh Mackintosh, London, the clan historian, in the chair. There was a large attendance, among those present being Captain Mackintosh, President, Messrs. D. A. S. Mackintosh, Vice-President, W. G. Davidson, Secretary, Andrew Mackintosh, Secretary, Edinburgh branch, etc. The chairman in the course of his interesting address referred to the history of the great Clan Chattan Confederacy, to the clan feuds and the famous conflict on the North Inch of Perth, and finally to the question of the chiefship, which he claimed for Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Captain Mackintosh and Mr. W. G. Davidson also addressed the meeting, after which a most enjoyable evening was spent.

CAPTAIN JAMES MACKAY OF TROWBRIDGE, President of the Clan Mackay Society, has just been sworn in as a Justice of the Peace for Wiltshire.

CEOL MOR, BY MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. THOMASON.—Part I. of this most interesting and valuable collection of Pibrochs will be in the hands of subscribers in a few days. It will consist of the notation, examples, and sixteen pages of pibroch music, neatly bound in cloth. Thereafter the various parts will be issued on the 1st of each month. The parts, 13 in number, will be published at 4/- each ; the complete volume, bound, for £2 2s. Intending subscribers should communicate with the publisher, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, and President of the Club, was presented with a valuable gold scarf ring, set with diamonds and saphires, by the members of the club, as a token of esteem, and in acknowledgment of his many services to the club.

ATHOLL BROSE.—The origin of this seductive liqueur which holds an honoured place in every Menu of a well appointed Highland Dinner is not generally known. Once on a time a district of country in the north was infested by a formidable savage, who roamed about in a state of nudity, murdering and robbing with impunity. A considerable grant of land having been offered to anyone who might overcome this enemy of his kind, a member of Clan Murray devised a scheme for his capture. Knowing of a spring where the wild man was used to drink, he placed near it a vessel containing a mixture of uisge-beatha and honey, and from a place of concealment watched events. In due time the victim appeared and was allured by the bait, partaking of it to such an inordinate quantity that at last he lay on his back intoxicated. He was then easily secured. This incident is the origin of the two 'supporters' to the coat-of-arms of the Murrays, viz :—one a naked savage, the other a man clothed in his right mind. Such is the tradition in Glendevon, Perthshire, as derived from a farmer, at one time tenant on the Tullibardine Estate. It would be interesting to obtain particulars of the locality and date of the incidents.

Glendevon. KENNETH MATHIESON, JR.

THE MACGILLIVRAYS.—*Continued.*

IN 1819 the rent from 59 tenants was as follows:—Easter Aberchalder, 13 tenants, £266 14s. 9¾d.; Dunmaglass, from 13 tenants, £453 8s. 9d; Faillie, 6 tenants, £161 10s. 10d.; Easter Gask, 9 tenants, £159 15s. 0d.; Wester Gask, 9 tenants, £102 5s. 0d.; Inverernie, 4 tenants, £70 3s. 0d.; Wester Lairgs, 5 tenants, 160 13s. 1½d. Total from 59 tenants, £1372 10s. 6¼d., and it will be kept in view that shooting rents had not begun.

John Lachlan was very wild in his youth, and Sheriff Fraser, Farraline, one of the guardians, had some difficulty in compounding for his pranks at the College of St. Andrew's in 1797.

He purchased a Cornetcy in the 16th Light Dragoons in 1800 for £735, and a Lieutenancy in the same regiment in 1802 for £262 10s., and was very extravagant. Fortunately he left the army about 1805, when he married Miss Jane Walcott of Inverness, a lady who had much influence with him for good. They lived at Culduthel, Drummond, travelled abroad a good deal, but had no regular residence except Inverness. After his wife's death Dunmaglass led a somewhat retired life, and many will recollect his fine military carriage, and how well he sat on horseback as he took his daily rides.

His father-in-law, Captain Thomas Walcott, thus refers to him in his holograph will of 1807:—"Item to John MacGillivray, my own desk that I write at with the old stock buckle that he gave me. Had I anything worth his acceptance, I should out of gratitude have left it to him."

His rental at his death was only £1496 4s. 0d., which included £180 for shootings. This was about the same as in 1819, but the tenants had been reduced from 71 in 1803 to 59, and in 1852 numbered less than half or 35.

He died in 1852 possessed of some £40,000 of money, which was destined by will, including a year's rent to all the tenants; also the heritable estates undisposed of, but free and unburdened. A severe competition arose as to all the estates except one, that of Easter Aberchalder, there being no doubt that it fell to the Hon. John MacGillivray of Upper Canada, heir male of line of Donald, Tutor of Dunmaglass, and eldest surviving son of Farquhar MacGillivray of Dalcrombie. Dunmaglass, Easter Gask, and Wester Lairgs was destined to heirs male, and the contest was betwixt the said John MacGillivray, who dying his son, Neil John, descendant of Donald the Tutor, on the one part, and the Rev. Lachlan MacGillivray, descendant of William of Lairgs, brother of Donald the Tutor, on the other part,

the question being whether Donald or William was the elder, and determined in favour of Neil John.

Faillie, Wester Gask, and Inverernie were destined to "the heirs and assignees of Clan Chattan," and competed for by the said Neil on the one part, and the descendants of Jean "Roy," sister of Lachlan "Lia," and daughter of Captain William Ban MacGillivray, all before mentioned, on the other part, the latter contending that being the nearest heirs of John Lachlan, the limitation to being of Clan Chattan had become inoperative. Judgment was given for them, and shortly after, these estates were sold.

XI.—The Hon. John succeeded as heir male to John Lachlan in 1852, and died in 1855.

XII.—Neil John, who succeeded his father, John, in Aberchalder and made good his claims to Dunmaglass, Easter Gask, and Wester Lairgs. He sold the last two estates, and was succeeded in Dunmaglass and Easter Aberchalder by his son.

XIII. MacGillivray—The present Dunmaglass in whose time, alas, the remaining estates had to be compulsory sold, and the whole of the once important estates of the MacGillivrays are lost to the Clan Chattan except Wester Lairgs, which is the property of The Mackintosh. Though the MacGillivrays are now dissociated from all landed connection with Strathnairn, their memory ought not and is not likely to fade, for Iain-Donn Mac Sheumais-vic-Dhaibhidh truly said of the name and race: –

"Gradh do 'n drouig luinneach,
Mhuirneach, aigennach ùr
Achduinneach, chluiteach
Mhuirnicht' th' aguinn an cùirt
An fhine nach crìon 'sa shiolaidh
Fad' as gach taobh
Sàr Bràighich an Dùin
D' an tug mi mo rùn a chaoidh.

* * * * *

Air chaismeachd luath,
Thig do chàirdean gu tuath o dheas;
Fir ghlinne 's glain snuadh,
Thig a' Muile nan stuadh bheann glas,
Peighinn-a'-Ghàeil le 'sluagh
Thig thar bhuinne nan cuaintean bras,
Bidh iad again 'san uair
Mu 'm bi mulad no gruaimean ort."

The changes in property and occupation in Inverness-shire within the last fifty years have been very great. Small proprietors have disappeared, and small occupations have been joined to large possessions. No MacGillivray now owns land, and the name has been so scattered, as to be now found in the greatest numbers in clan gatherings and associations within the great cities of the south. MacGillivrays have a fine record to look back upon and it is relied on that wherever thay are they will act up to it.

SAINT KESSOG.

THE PATRON SAINT OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

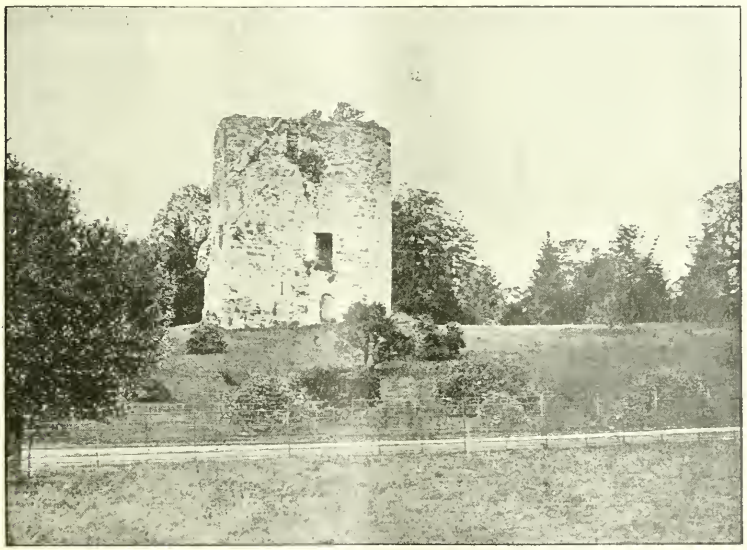
Peace to the shades—the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest Priests to God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon Monk was trod.

SAINT KESSOG being the Patron Saint of the Colquhouns, I venture to hope the the following records of his devoted life may be of interest to some members of the clan. It may be remembered that in former issues of *Celtic Monthly, i.e.* April, May, and June, there were short notices of the "Hoary Saint" in connection with the islands of Loch Lomond, and understanding more particulars would be welcomed on the subject, I beg to offer them to the clansmen.

Saint Kessog was one of that distinguished band of Missionary Bishops who came from the great monastic schools of Ireland in the fifth and succeeding centuries to plant the Christian Church in Scotland. There is doubt as to the exact dates at which Saint Kessog was born and died, the chroniclers varying between 520 and 760 A.D., but speaking generally, the missionary was alive and spreading the gospel in that glorious epoch of early Celtic Church history, of which Columbus and Kentigern (or Saint Mungo) were the pride. It was a marvellous age of missionary enterprise, with results which to some might appear exaggerated had these pioneers of Christian civilisation not indelibly impressed their personality upon the public memory in the names of three hundred Celtic Churches throughout Scotland dedicated to them. The date assigned to Saint Kessog, or Saint MacKessog in some calenders, is March 10th, 520, but David Camerarius (De Scot. Piet. lib. III.) says—"Superis dedit MakKessogum Boins sub annum Christi dex anns Congalli regis secundo."

Saint Patrick had been dead only a few years, and Columba was soon to bid fair to eclipse the mighty British apostle. Saint Bride of Kildare was still founding her communities of women. Breudan had scarcely begun his insatiable quest for the "Isles of the Blest," now termed the Island of Bute, which was the chief seat of his cult, and Modan of Roseneath was resting from his

labours, when Kessog was alive in 520. If he survived till 560 he had not by that time left his work in Ireland, nor had Molaise with his "comely choristers" burned his angelic songs into the pagan hearts of the west. Kessog, however, began his wanderings long after the Dalriadians of North Ireland had firmly planted their new Dalriad on the western shores of Scotland. He was of Royal lineage, like Columba, and came of that dynasty which held the commanding Rock of Cashel, his birthplace. This was the capital of Munster, and from its impregnable position gave its Royal possessors a dignity becoming Kings. In its golden vale, then the envy of marauders, now of tourists, Kessog or "Kessoc," little "Kess," was reared. Although it is not safe to dogmatise their etymologies, this name may have been appropriated from his own great master *Jesu*. He is sometimes titled MacKessoc—mo honorific and oc. diminutive (Dempster's Menologium has Makkessog). In the "Florarium," strange to say, he is called "B. Bessogi Episcopi it Confessoris," a form of his name which H. Fitzsimon



ROSSDHU CASTLE, LOCH LOMOND—AN ANCIENT SEAT OF THE COLQUHOUN CHIEFS.

in his catologue of the Irish Ssints gives as "Bissogum." Of his early history even the "Acta Sanctorum" has little to tell. However, that wonderful repertory recites on the authority of the Aberdeen Breviary (Pars. Hyem f. lxvi. a) the following story, which might be a link between the name and its origin in a greater. When Kessog was a boy he was in the habit of performing miracles—(apocryphal accounts of Jesus attributes the same power to him). On one occasion, Kessog's father had invited his collateral Princes to a grand banquet in the suspicious fortress of Cashel. Young Kessog and other youthful Princes had gone to amuse themselves by the side of the pool, when all of them fell into the water, and were, with the exception of Kessog, drowned. Kessog ran home and informed his father. But the fathers of the Princes, suspecting foul play threatened, before leaving, to burn the town, in spite of good advice given to them by a wise man called Elinthus. Kessog, however, was equal to the emergency, and after a night of prayer, he is said to have restored the boys, who were

supposed to have been drowned, alive, becoming their "little Saviour."

Kessog must have been of genius and acquirements far above the average of others around him, to have gained even the reputation of being a worker of miracles, but which of the great schools of Ireland had the honour of educating him for the Church is not known. According to some authorities Kessog was also called "Moshenog of Beitheach" and "Senan." Like other Irish missionaries he followed the great stream of emigration northwards, and ultimately settled in the kingdom of "Strathclyde."

If place-names could give any indications of the route of Kessog's pilgrimage we find Kessog's or Kessack's Ferry at Inverness, a Church dedicated to him at Auchterarder, another at Callander, "Iom-ma-Chessag," where also a Fair which bore his name, "Fel-ma-Chessag," was held on the 21st of March (10th old style). Similarly, Fairs called after Kessog were held on the Saint's day at Comrie and at Cumbrae, and he found his resting place at Luss. Strathclyde corresponded to the Valentia of the Romans, and embraced that part of Scotland between the Clyde and the Derwent. Its capital was Al-Cluth-Dumbreton, and the Britons lived in it. Immediately west of it lay the Irish (Scots) kingdom of Dalriada. These kingdoms were frequently at war with each other, and soon Kentigern was persecuted out of Strathclyde, indicating how little Christianity had spread in the sixth century.

Kessog's fame as a "priest soldier" was no less spread than his reputation as a preacher and "holy blessed man," for according to Dempster (Menelogium) his name was invoked by the "Braves" of Leven, and his picture as a soldier carrying a charged bow lent them courage. "In Levinia Makkessogi Episcopi cujus nomen a militibas, operose imploroatur et ipse militari habitu cum sagittis arca tenso depingitur."

It was most likely after this period of his active labours that Kessog sought retirement in the lake which before he had only once visited. Inch Lonaig, the "Colquhouns' deer forest," is perhaps the most beautiful of all Loch Lomond's islands, and it was on its shores that one of the latest Chiefs was drowned. But it was on Inch-ta-Vanach (the "island of the monk's house") that Saint Kessog cast anchor for life. Alas! for those who were the assassins of him who honoured "Inch-ta-Vanach" by making it his earthly home. It is not known whether he met his death by the wooded shores of Loch Lomond or in a far foreign land, but it is certain he suffered martyrdom for the truth, as has been related in a former paper, and the Saint was ever afterwards held in profound reverence in the whole region of the Lennox, or "Levanax."

A Church was dedicated to Saint Kessog at Auchterarder, and it was granted in the year 1200 by Gilbert, Earl of Strathearn, to the Priory of Inchaffray (Sir William Fraser, "Chiefs of Colquhoun"). At this Church of Auchterarder, named after Saint Kessog, worship was celebrated till middle of the 17th century. The Aberdeen Martyrology concludes his biography by saying that "full of grace he entered the Heavenly places, and was solemnly buried in the Church of Lus." His name was long afterwards held in reverence, and even in the days of "Gude King Robert" we find the "Bruce" granting to the Church of Luss "Deo et Beato Kessogo," a sanctuary of three girths. The Charter is preserved at Buchanan Castle, and is reproduced in the "Chiefs of Colquhoun" by Sir William Fraser, Vol. II. pp. 34-35. The Clan of MacKessock is called after Saint Kessog. Some of the oldest surnames are those derived from Columban Saints. The process of evolution was after such as follows:—A child in baptism, or after baptism, by Tonsare was put under the guardianship of a departed Saint. The child so dedicated was called "Gillie," or servant of such a Saint. "Gille Cheassaig" would be the servant of Kessog, as "Gillie Calum" was the servant of Saint Columba. The son of the Gille would be "Mac-Gille Cheassaig," and in the next generation the Gille would drop out and the "Mac" would be written large. There is a Clan of MacKessocks on the coast of the Moray Firth, who probably came with Colin, Earl of Argyle, married to the widow of the Regent Murray, and was a great potentate there between 1572 and 1583.

A squire of low degree called Maciosaige married the elder daughter of Robert the Bruce, and received a thanage in the north from her brother, King David, which he retained many years after his wife's death. Maciosaig and the Brucean Princess had two daughters, one of whom married John of Lorne, and the other became a nun. The MacKessocks of Moray may therefore have after all gone to the north with Bruce's son-in-law. A branch of this Clan emigrated to Australia, and some of its members settled in Ayrshire. Ages have passed away, but he who is dead "yet speaks," and his example has not faded from the earth. Of Saint Kessog it was true what Goethe says—"Where thou beholdest genius there thou seest also the martyr crown." Sometimes the martyrdom is life-long, and sometimes, as in his case, it is crowned in death sharp and bitter! He was a follower of Christ, and he knew he must conquer and see in the "land where joys wear no shroud" the gems he won for the crown of the Redeemer!

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

The following Story gained first prize in the Gaelic Prose Competition at the recent Mod at Perth.

RUARAIDH MAC RATH.

Le "Eileanach."

(Christina MacDougall, Eilean Shona.)

(*Continued from page* 69.)

CHUIR Seònaid an uidheam-sgriobhaidh air a' bhòrd, agus thug i fhéin uice an rud a bha i a' figheadh, gun fhacal as a bial, ach bha i cho bàn ri anart.

Cha robh e idir fada ris an litir, agus an uair a bha i deas, thug e do 'n mhnaoi i, agus leugh ise a mach i mar a leanas.

"A mhic, fhuair mi do litir a nochd, agus tha e ag cur ioghnaidh ro-mhòir orm an naigheachd a tha oirre. Tha eagal orm gu bheil thu a' dianamh droch fheum de na tàlantan a fhuair thu, agus air leam gu 'n d' fhuair thu cuid mhath na 'n cuireadh tu gu buil iad, mar bu choir dhut. Tha fios agad fhéin, a mhic, gu 'n robh mise leigte ris, o'n rugadh tu, gu 'n rachadh tusa air aghart airson na ministrealachd, agus gu 'n do chuir mi air leth air a son thu o d' òige. Ach an déigh na rinn mi, is ro dhuilich leam gu bheil thu a' dol ealg-dhìreach an aghaidh mo thoil-sa, agus toil do mhàthar. Mur 'eil thu 'g ad' fhaicinn fhéin freagarrach airson na dréuchd so an dràsda, is e do dhleasdanas do dhichiollt a dhianamh a chum thu fhéin ullachadh ni 's fheàrr air a son. Is coltach leam nach 'eil thu a' dianamh sin; agus tha thu a' toirt airgiod uamsa, agus tha sin a dh' uireasbhuidh air an teaghlach air do shonsa. Cha 'n abrainn dad, na 'n dianadh tu mar bu mhath leam leis, ach cha 'n 'eil thu a' dianamh sin, agus a mhic, cha chuir d' athair sgillinn tuilleadh h-ugad, oir tha e a' faicinn nach dian thu ach do thoil fhéin, air cho math is gu 'n dian esan riut. Tha do mhàthair brònach mar a tha, ach tha Seònaid 'g a do sheasamh, ged is olc an airidh air thu.

Ach, a mhic, tha fios agam gu bheil feum agad air airgiod, agus nach urrainn duit a bheag a dhianamh as eugmhais, agus air a shon sin, tha mi a' cur h-ugad [an dràsda punnd Sasunnach. Cuir fios h-ugam an uair a gheibh thu e, agus innis dhuinn ciod a bhitheas ann do bheachd a dhianamh."

"Ni sin an gnothach, Iain," ars' a bhean, is i 'g a sineadh air ais da. Chaidh am punnd Sasunnach a chur innte, agus a dùnadh, air choinnimh a' ghille litrichean.

Faodaidh sinn Iain agus an teaghlach fhàgail car tacan, agus a dhol a dh' amharc Ruaraidh chòir—am fear a thog a' bhruithinn uile; ach airson sin féumaidh sinn caibideil eile.

An dara Caibideil.

Tha sràid ghoirid chumhann ann an Glaschu, a' tionndadh suas o aon de na sràidean mòra, agus is ann ann an seòmar a bha tri staighrichean os cionn na sràide a bha Ruaraidh Mac Rath a' fuireach aig an àm so. Bha an t-aon seòmar a' dianamh a h-uile feum dha; bha e araon 'n a' sheòmar cadail, bidhe agus ionnsachaidh, agus eadar a h-uile rud a bh' ann, is gann gu 'n robh àite gluasaid aige fhéin.

Bha e 'n a shuidhe taobh an teine, agus cha robh am fear sin mòr, agus cualach leabhraichean ri' thaobh, ach cha robh e a' toirt sùl orra aig a' cheart àm. Bha a cheann crom, is e ag coimhead anns na h-eibhleagan. Bha e mu bhliadhna no dha thar an fhichead; caol, àrd, agus falt fada dubh air nach faca deimheas o chionn iomadach latha; bha bathais fharsuinn, shoilleir aige, agns bha an t-sùil a bha foipe cho beò ris a' ghriosaich dheirg a bha mu choinneamh.

Chual e farum coise air an staighir, agus an ceann tacan thàinig fear de 'chompanaich, Alastair Mac-an-tòisich, fear a bha as an aon aite ris fhéin, agus a' toirt a mach an aon ionnsachaidh. Is e so am fear a bu docha leis de na bha anns an Oil-thigh uile, ged bha meas gu leòir aig a h-uile h-aon diu air fhéin. Bha iad còmhla o 'n bha iad 'n an cloinn, agus ged chuireadh iad a mach air a' chéile, is mairg a rachadh eatorra, oir bhiodh iad fhéin réidh gu leòir ann an tiota. "Cia ar son nach sgioblaich thu do chuid leabhraichean, a Ruaraidh," ars' am fear a thàinig a stigh, "seach iad a bhi 'bualadh 'n am chois aig a h-uile ceum?"

"Dian suidhe, Alastair, tilg na leabhraichean air an ùrlar, cha ruig thu leas suidhe orra, tha mi fhéin a' toirt droch dhìolachd gu leòir dhaibh, ged nach suidheadh tusa orra."

Dh' éirich Ruaraidh fhéin, agus thog e a' chathair a nunn a dh' ionnsuidh an teine, agus chuir e làmh ris fhéin i. Shuidh Alastair oirre, agus dh' fhèoraich e dheth an robh e trang.

"Cha do rinn mi car o chionn seachdain, ach mar tha thu 'g a m' fhaicinn. Tha mi 'toirt aon sùl thairis air an rud a dh' fhéumas mi o latha gu latha, ach sin na bheil mi a' dianamh."

"Is ciamar tha dùil agad a gheibh thu roimhe mar sin, a Ruaraidh?" thubhairt am fear eile.

"Cha 'n 'eil mi ag iarraidh faighinn roimhe an dràsda; dé dhianainn-sa ged gheibhinn roimhe? cha dianadh ach breugaire dhiom fhéin, oir tha fios agad fhéin nach 'eil de 'n chréud agamsa mar bu chòir dhi bhi, agus cha 'n urrainn mi gun sin a leigeil a mach ris an luchd-teagaisg, is cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e sin tri earrannan a rinn mo thilgeil aig a' cheasnachadh mu dheireadh."

(*To be concluded*)

JOHN MACGREGOR, CRAIGIE, PERTH.

IT is with great pleasure that we give this month a portrait of one of the most representative men of the Clan Gregor. Mr. MacGregor was born in the "Fair City" on 19th May, 1815. He received his education at Stewart's Free School, in virtue of his father being a Free Burgess of the city. He served an apprenticeship in a Land Surveyor's office, and in 1838, two years before the introduction of the uniform penny postage system, he received an appointment in the Post Office. It is interesting to learn that at that time a letter to Edinburgh cost 7½d., Glasgow 8½d., London 1 2½d., Belfast 1 5½d., etc. In 1870 Mr. MacGregor was promoted to the postmastership, and retired some ten years ago with a substantial and well merited pension. During those fifty years of active service he had seen and taken part in the introduction of those great developments in our postal service which to-day makes it an indispensible and educative minister to our daily wants, and it may be said to Mr. MacGregor's credit that he discharged his onerous duties with zeal and ability, gaining the respect and good will of all classes. He was the recipient of a handsome presentation from the postal staff at Perth; and from the Session of the Established West Kirk, of which he had long acted as Treasurer, he received a valuable silver salver, suitably inscribed.

Although thus leading an active life, he found time to take a practical interest in the public affairs of his native city, more especially those of a philantrophic and charitable nature, and notwithstanding his eighty odd years this sturdy son of Clan Alpine is still busily occupied with public duties, being a member of committee of management of the Bible Society, Prison Aid Society, King James VI. Hospital; besides being a member of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science, of which he was for many years Hon. Treasurer, etc.

There are few more enthusiastic members of the Clan Gregor Society than the subject of this sketch. He assisted at the resuscitation of the Society in 1886, and is at present one of its Extraordinary Directors. He is deeply learned in the history and traditions of his clan, and nothing gives him greater delight that to narrate some of the thrilling incidents relating to the wild days when the name of MacGregor was proscribed.

FLORA MACDONALD.

An Anniversary Sketch of the Jacobite Heroine.

By J. Hamilton Mitchell, L.A.

(*Continued from page* 78.)

Monkstadt House.

IT so happened, fortunately, that Sir Alexander was at this time at Fort-Augustus in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland. His place was well supplied by the presence of his wife and the genial old factor, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, both of whom were thoroughly loyal to the exiled family. Flora, accompanied by Neil MacEachan, now walked to Monkstadt to seek their aid.

Charles meanwhile sought refuge in a small cave above high water mark. After a hasty visit from Kingsburgh and the faithful MacEachan he was left alone in his hiding place for the night. The picture of the poor wanderer during all these long hours as he listened to the howling wind and the raging tempest outside is indeed a sad one—

> "Hard by a rock that juts into the main,
> Hid in a darksome grot, he pines away
> In want and solitude the tedious day;
> The sad retreat his followers dare not trace,
> The hostile pinnace anchors near the place;
> With hostile troops each neighbouring island swarms,
> And all the adjacent plain is bright with arms."

But who can say that even during that dreary night poor Charles did not feel happier under the care and protection of his loyal friends than did the foreign tyrant who so ingloriously filled the Stuarts' throne at Westminster, and who—

> " . . . reign'd not in the general heart;
> To fury's gripe resigned th' imperial sword,
> Nor heard when pity's feeble voice implor'd;
> Nor knew, exhalted on a distant throne,
> How delegated pow'r made mis'ry groan!"

It would be but reasonable to suppose that he did.

A consultation was held at midnight in Monkstadt House to determine what steps should now be taken for the safety of Charles. After some discussion it was finally decided that one of those present, viz.: Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, should at once set out for Portree, to be followed later by the Prince, Kingsburgh, Miss Macdonald, and Neil MacEachan. On the way thither Charles spent

JOHN MACGREGOR.

A Night at Kingsburgh House.

It was a late hour when he and his companions arrived, and Mrs. Macdonald was roused from her slumbers to prepare supper. Then followed a pleasant hour or two. At the table Mrs. Macdonald presided, having on her right the Prince and Flora Macdonald on her left. After supper, when the two ladies had retired, Charles produced a small black pipe which he humorously called his "cutty" and enjoyed a smoke while his host was busy getting the punch ready. After so many wanderings and undergoing so much fatigue the unfortunate Chevalier fully realised the comfort of his new surroundings, and his customary cheerfulness returned. He commended Kingsburgh on the excellence of the drink, talked merrily and showed no inclination to retire to rest. It was not indeed till his host insisted on breaking up the company that he finally consented. "After they had emptied the bowl several times," says Mr. Chambers, "Kingsburgh thought it necessary to hint to the Prince that as he would require to be up and away as soon as possible on the morrow he had better now go to bed, so that he might enjoy a proper term of sleep. To his surprise Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary he insisted upon another bowl that they might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh violated his feelings as a host so far as to refuse this request, urging that it was absolutely necessary that His Royal Highness should retire for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink, and after some good humoured altercation when Kingsburgh took away the bowl to put it by, His Royal Highness rose to detain it and a struggle ensued, in which the little vessel broke in two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands and Kingsburgh holding the other. The strife was thus brought to an end, and the Prince no longer objected to go to bed."

The bowl, it may be mentioned, was carefully preserved and neatly clasped with silver. It afterwards passed into the possession of Colonel Macallister of Glen Barr, Kintyre, who married Miss Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

Portree.

Next day the Prince proceeded on his journey, attended again by Flora Macdonald. Kingsburgh also accompanied them part of the way, carrying with him a new Highland suit which Charles at a certain part of the road exchanged for the serviceable but troublesome garb of "Betty Burke." The Prince then took leave of his loyal old friend in affecting terms, and after a long and dreary journey in a downpour of rain, the party reached Portree, where they were met by Captain Roy Macdonald and the young Laird of Raasay.

Last Meeting of Flora and the Prince

On the beach of Portree on the 30th June, 1746, the Prince took a last farewell of the brave girl who had so fearlessly risked her life and undergone so many perils and privations on his behalf. The parting was a most affecting one. Charles held Flora's hands in his, but words sufficient to express his gratitude would not find a way through the husky passage of his throat. With the tears rushing unbidden down the cheeks of his bronzed and now haggard face, he stood for some moments silently looking at her. He then handed her his miniature encased in a gold locket, and taking off his cap bent down and twice kissed her gently on the forehead. As he entered the boat which was to carry him away he turned towards her and said: "For all that has happened I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." The hope was not realised and they never met again. Charles, as everyone knows, escaped abroad to die in exile a broken hearted old man of sixty-eight. But a different and more glorious fate awaited his fair preserver.

Arrest and Imprisonment.

The Government when satisfied that their intended prey had actually escaped, at once proceeded to let loose its vengeance on all who had rendered him any assistance. Clanranald and his lady were imprisoned in the Tower, while the aged Kingsburgh was for some time confined at Fort-Augustus and afterwards in Edinburgh Castle. Flora on parting with the Prince visited her mother at Armidale, and after a stay of a few days there returned to her friends in Uist. She was not long back when she received a summons to appear before the authorities to answer the charges preferred against her. Her relatives, alarmed for her safety, advised her to seek refuge in the wilds of Heela, but glorying in the deed which she had just accomplished she obediently surrendered and freely confessed everything. She had no fear of the Government, she remarked, as she had done nothing of which anyone might ever be ashamed—

"No motive base my fearless mind could move,
Nor mad ambition, nor presumptuous love;
My kindred, peaceful subjects to your reign,
Against your pow'r have drawn no sword in vain;
Yet thro' the years our country's record trace,
Our ancestors obey'd the exil'd race;
And when they yielded to the frown of fate,
We mourn'd their hopeless fall from regal state.
To loyalty, by pious precepts led,
We ever sacred held the anointed head;

And thought each branch of that long hallow'd line
A partial sharer of the 'right divine'."

On her examination being concluded she was permitted to proceed to Armidale to take leave of her mother. Soon after she was placed on board a Government vessel and conveyed a prisoner to Dunstaffnage Castle. Thence she was taken to Leith Roads where she remained some weeks, being visited daily by large numbers of enthusiastic admirers

(To be continued).

ELLEN, MO RÙN.

Ellen, mo Rùn! See the sun is fast sweeping
Out from his star-covered tent of the night,
He calls to the flowers to wake from their sleeping,
He calls to the birds for a song of delight;
His beams in their glee,
Are calling on thee—
Ellen, mo Rùn.

Ellen, mo Rùn! in thy fair beauty glowing,
Never a sunbeam so bright as thou art,
My boat is awaiting, a soft breeze is blowing,
To bear thee away, gentle soul of my heart;
It comes from the sea,
And whispers to thee—
Ellen, mo Rùn.

Over the sea young Clanranald is speeding
With Ellen his love, from the isles of the west,
Onward they go their pursuers unheeding,
The wind in the sail and love filling each breast;
The waves sadly sigh,
As o'er them they fly—
Ellen, mo Rùn.

Their arrows are flying! their claymores are gleaming!
Ochone! for Clanranald protecting his bride,
A warrior he stands tho' his life-blood is streaming,
And falls at her feeet in his beauty and pride;
And with his last breath,
He murmurs in death—
Ellen, mo Rùn! Ellen, mo Rùn

Sunderland. WILLIAM ALLAN.

IN THE ISLE OF EE.

"Se 'n ceol a's binne
Guth mo luaidh."

Do you mind that day, best of days, Kirsteen?
When fate, smiling kind, linked our ways, Kirsteen,
By a moonlit strand where the fitful sea
From angry fret had turned to glee,
Now rippling laughed, now smiled serene,
At the thought of you by his side, Kirsteen.

Wearied Sol had gone to his rest, Kirsteen,
To his couch in the far, far west, Kirsteen,
And Luna bright in the halls of night,
In her robe of lustred silvern light,
Marched on, methought, a peerless queen,
I ne'er had seen *thee* then, Kirsteen.

I remember well the chime, Kirsteen,
Of a distant bell, telling nine, Kirsteen,
When low and clear to my wond'ring ear
A sweet voice came from the sea-brink near,
You thought yourself unheard, unseen,
As you sang that night by the sea, Kirsteen.

But it heard that night did the sea, Kirsteen,
And it lost its heart—like me, Kirsteen,
The tameless sea from its lawless caves
Came fain to thy feet with suppliant waves,
But all cannot win in love, Kirsteen,
So the sad sea moans and laments, Kirsteen.

Do you mind that day, best of days, Kirsteen?
When fate, smiling kind, linked our ways, Kirsteen,
In the Holy Isle, in the Isle of Ee,
The isle of my joy in the Western Sea,
Of earth's fair isles, the bounteous queen,
The isle that gave me thee, Kirsteen.

K. D. M.

GLENFARG.

When the pearly light of the sweet Spring day
Has banished the Winter's pain,
When the blackbird fluteth his tuneful lay,
And pipeth his love-lit strain,

Then the air is sweet with the blossomed spray
Of the thorn that stars the lane;
When the pearly light of the sweet Spring day
Has banished the Winter's pain.

I love to stray where the Farg in play
Sweeps singing to the plain,
To listen the blackbird's rondelay,
In the woodland's depths again;
When the pearly light of the sweet Spring day
Has banished the Winter's pain.

W. CUTHBERTSON.

PART IX.— (*Continued from page 68.*)

BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.—*Continued.*

THE night was cold and very frosty, and Sunday morning broke in mist and fog. The Highland army was at length seen advancing in order of battle, in a somewhat disorderly manner, yet animated with a loyalty that savoured of fanaticism. When the lines drew nearer it was seen that each had diverged too much to its right, so that the left wings of both were outflanked.

Argyll's right wing was fully formed, but a portion of his centre and left had not yet deployed into line. Mar perceived this and instantly resolved to attack. He put himself at the head of the right brigade of clansmen, and waving his hat led them on. The Chief of the MacLeans as he rushed to the front, cried, "Gentlemen, this is the day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands Mac-Cailean Mor for King George, here is MacLean for King James, charge! gentlemen, charge!" Flinging aside their plaids, they fired a volley, then dropping their muskets they charged, sword in hand, amid the smoke, and fell tumultuously with loud shouts and yells upon their opponents, who returned the fire with precision, by which, among many others, fell the young heir of Clanranald, mortally wounded. This was Allan Muidartach, famed in the Highlands to this day for an Ossianic degree of heroism, and almost princely magnificence. The fate of this heroic nobleman caused a temporary pause in the advance, till Glengarry, throwing his plumed bonnet in the air, shouted in his native language, "Revenge! revenge to-day, mourning to-morrow!"

Roused by this appeal, the Highlanders resumed their headlong charge, and breaking completely through Argyll's left wing drove it from the field with great slaughter, by sheer dint of claymore and dirk, and it would have been annihilated had not General Witham at the head of several squadrons checked the advance of Mar's horse by a charge in which he captured a standard. Mar followed in pursuit for half-a-mile, then halting to restore order in the ranks, and follow the enemy to complete the victory, but receiving intelligence that his left wing and second line had given way, and that his artillery had been captured, he retraced his steps and took up a position on the top of the hill of Kippendavie, till he could know the fate of his left wing.

This wing was the first to begin the attack. It opened fire upon Argyll's right wing when within pistol shot, then steadily advancing, the Highlanders poured a second volley into the enemy with a precision and effect not to be surpassed by the best disciplined troops, and then rushed up sword in hand to the very muzzles of their muskets. The struggle continued for some time without any advantage on either side. Argyll, apprehensive of being out-

flanked by some of the many masses in his front ordered a body of cavalry, amongst whom were the "Greys," to move along the morass and fall upon the left flank of the Highlanders. This movement was executed by Colonel Cathcart with skill and promptitude. Receiving the fire of the opposing cavalry he instantly charged them, and was met with great firmness, but the veterans of the wars of Marlborough, the "second to none," unused to defeat, soon bore down all opposition and forced the Scottish yeomanry to give way, and then turned upon the infantry. Argyll now seeing his opportunity pressed upon the Highlanders in front, who also were forced to give ground, and now foot and horse coming in contact they mixed together and a general rout ensued, yet the brave yeomanry of Perth and Angus, though roughly handled by Argyll's dragoons, attempted to rally and charge in their turn, but it was in vain. The veterans of Marlborough steadily advanced in regular order upon the receding multitude, repelling every attack.

These cavaliers made repeated efforts to stay or defeat their enemy, and in the course of the retreat made as many as a dozen attempts to rally and charge the advancing foe. To the brave stand made by these gallant horsemen may be ascribed the safety of the foot, who would probably have been cut to pieces by the victorious dragoons, notwithstanding the humane efforts of Argyll, who endeavoured by every means in his power to restrain carnage. "Oh! spare the blue bonnets" was his emotional order. He offered quarter to all, and was seen on one occasion to parry with his sword three strokes which a dragoon had aimed at a wounded Highland gentleman.

The MacRaes, under the command of "Donnacha Mor," made a desperate resistance, and are said to have died almost to a man. During the struggle, while his men were fast falling around him and before he himself fell, he was frequently seen to wave on high his reeking sword, and heard to shout, "Cobhair! cobhair! an ainm Dhia 's Righ Seumas!" (Relief, relief, in the name of God and King James). Before "Big Duncan" fell, fifteen of his opponents bit the dust. His hand, it is said, was so much swollen in the hilt of his claymore that difficulty was experienced in extricating it.

During all this time what was Mar doing? He had defeated Argyll's left without much opposition, having caught it when deploying into formation, and pursued it for half a mile, when he was informed that his left wing was giving way. He stopped the pursuit and took up a position on Kippendavie hill, and there remained without making any attempt to go to the assistance of his left. Then it was that an aged Highland warrior, enraged at the inactivity and incapacity of Mar, raised his eyes to Heaven, and in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed—

"Oh! for one hour of Dundee."

Had Mar returned to the field with his infantry and cavalry he would have won the fight. He had 4000 unwounded men, while Argyll had no more than 1000 horse and foot with him.

Neither commander at Sheriffmuir evinced any military skill. Mar had some military training, was possessed of a graceful and commanding appearance. but none of the decision of Montrose or Dundee, while Argyll, newly arrived from Flanders with well-earned honours as a Division General under Marlborough, evinced a want of capacity in promptly dealing with emergencies, and a want of vigilance in ascertaining in time the probable numbers and position of the opponents he was so soon to encounter. Had he taken the precaution his late Great Chief was wont to do when advancing on the enemy, Sheriffmuir would be otherwise sung in ballad and in song, than—

"We ran, and they ran,
They ran, and we ran."

Argyll was directing the pursuit of Mar's left when he was informed of the defeat of his own left. He immediately stopped the pursuit, put his men into order, and marched to the bottom of the hill, on the top of which stood Mar with 4000 men, while Argyll mustered no more than 1000. Mar showed no disposition to engage, and both as if by mutual consent began to retire from their positions. The Duke filing off to the right to Dunblane and Stirling, the Earl to his left for Ardoch and Perth. Both leaders claimed the victory. The advantage of the contest remained with Argyll.

On arriving at Perth the Highland Chiefs, enraged at the manner in which the Earl of Mar conducted the campaign, began to leave him. The Camerons, Mackenzies, and Gordons retired, while other clans melted away and went home to their mountain fastnesses.

(To be continued).

ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN ARGENTINE REPUBLIC was celebrated in grand style by the members of the Rosario St. Andrew's Society. We are indebted to the able Secretary, Mr. C. D. Macdonald, for a copy of the menu card of the anniversary dinner, which is beautifully embellished with designs of the Scotch thistle and other national devices.

Surgeon-Colonel JOHN MACGREGOR, M D.

MRS. JOHN MACGREGOR.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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MARRIAGE OF SURGEON-COLONEL MACGREGOR, LONDON.

THE name of Surgeon-Colonel MacGregor is so well known to our readers that we need not enter into any long details of his life here. His recent marriage, however, reminds us that he has been a contributor to this journal in both Gaelic and English verse from a very early date, and that a sketch of his life, with his portrait in Highland dress, has already appeared in one of our previous numbers. From that sketch we note as follows :—

He is the youngest and only surviving son of the late Mr. John MacGregor, Stornoway ; was educated at the Free Church School, Stornoway, and the University of Glasgow, and from the latter of which he possesses the degrees of M.B., C.M., and M.D. After leaving the University he was Medical Officer of Harris, of Morven, and of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. In 1876 he joined the Indian Medical Service, passed out of the Army Medical School first-class, and went out to India with special recommendation for professional ability. Since then he has held various Military and Civil appointments, was Civil Surgeon of Aden, Surgeon to the European General Hospital, and Professor of Materia Medica, Bombay, etc. He went through the later phase of the Afghan War, and was Senior Medical Officer with the Frontier Brigade at Bhamo, on the remote borders of China, in the Burmese War of 1885-1887, during which he was repeatedly going on expeditions, including the Mongoung Expedition, Retreat from Katraon (horse killed), Ambuscade of Thaphangain (horse and native groom killed), mentioned in despatches, medal and two clasps.

After a continuous absence of fourteen years, he reached home safely in 1890. In 1895 he paid a second visit to this country with the intention of retiring from the army at the expiration of his furlough, but afterwards returned to India for a brief period. In March last year he attained the rank of Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel, his name appearing in the official gazette first on the list of promotions for the year in his presidency.

Enthusiastic in all things, he is a world-wide wanderer, and a prominent Freemason. During the late critical period between France and Siam, he undertook to cross the almost unknown wilds of the latter country from Bangkok to the China Sea, a feat which he successfully accomplished, contrary to all expectation, and accompanied only by black native servants.

Besides numerous contributions to literary and scientific journals, he is the author of several books of travel and verse, such as *The Girdle of the Globe*, a descriptive poem in ten cantos (1890), *Toil and Travel*, a prose narrative (1892), *Through the Buffer State*, a record of recent travels through Borneo, Siam, and Cambodia (1896), while a volume of verse entitled *Songs Sung on Sea and Shore* may shortly be expected to appear from his pen. But above everything else he is a patriotic Highlander and a genuine MacGregor. Few Highlanders indeed, after such long and varied wanderings by sea and land, can say, like him, that they return to their native country with a better knowledge of the language of their ancestors than when they left it. In order to keep the language in his memory, he adopted the novel method of composing Gaelic songs for his own amusement, and he has now written such a lot of them that they will probably see the light in book form at no distant date.

On his return to this country in 1895, he at once identified himself with Highland affairs in the Metropolis, and among other Associations

with which he is connected, he is Vice-President of the Gaelic Society, and member of the Highland Society of London; Vice-President of the Highland Association (*Mòd*); Fellow of Society of Authors; Honorary President of the Lewis and Harris Association, and of the Paisley Gaelic Club; Honorary Patron, Edinburgh University Shinty Club; Director of the Clan Gregor Society, etc.

In October last he retired from the Indian army, and on the 22nd December, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, by the Rev. William Morris, M.A. (a friend of the bride), was married to Miss Mabel Phoebe Annie Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr Samuel Hyde Parrish, and niece of Mr. Coulson Douglas Parrish of Frizlands, near Romford, in the County of Essex. The young bride belongs to an old Northumberland family, with a sprinkling of Scottish descent. Since their marriage the happy pair have been travelling on the Riviera, Italy and Switzerland, and finished their honeymoon wanderings at the MacGregor Gathering held in Glasgow on the 27th January, where the subject of our sketch was unanimously elected Honorary Bard to the Clan Gregor Society. We are sure our readers will join us in wishing long life and happiness to the gallant Colonel and his newly wedded wife.

EDITOR.

A VISIT TO INCHKENNETH.

(Extract from a Diary.)

JUNE 10, 1896. To-day I visited Inchkenneth, a small island at the mouth of Loch-na-Keal, on the west coast of Mull. The island derives its name from the fact that one of the kings of Scotland—Kenneth M'Alpine—is buried in it. The island is oblong in shape, undulating, and very green and fertile. On its inner aspect, where it is divided from Mull by a narrow channel, there is a lovely expanse of sandy shore. Its outer side is bounded by steep cliffs, in which there are two splendid stalactite caves, but owing to the state of the tide at my visit, I was unable to explore them.

From the top of the island there is a grand sea view, studded with numerous islands. No less than twelve named islands can be seen from Inchkenneth. These are Mull, with its bold Gribun rocks and towering Ben-More; Eorsa; Ulva, immortalised by Campbell in his "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; Gometra; Little Colonsay; Staffa; Dutchman's Cap; Lunga; Fladda; Earnisceir; Iona and Reilein. In addition to these the sea round about is dotted with numerous smaller islets and rocks, giving the whole scene a romantic and picturesque look.

Inchkenneth, now the property of Mr. Clark of Ulva, formerly belonged to Colonel Macdonald, (known as *Coirneal-na-h-Innseadh*), who died somewhere about the year 1840. His family were also proprietors of Staffa, Ulva, and Gometra. He belonged to the Macdonalds of Boisdale, South Uist, a branch of the Clan Ranald family. Colonel Macdonald lived on the island, and built a splendid mansion-house on it some time before his death. This house, unfortunately, was recently gutted by fire, but its walls still stand intact as a memorial of its former glory. To the south-west of the ruined mansion-house, at some distance, there is a triangular wall or battlement, which was also erected by Colonel Macdonald, and in this situation it is supposed the old mansion house stood. Colonel Macdonald with his wife and daughter are buried on the island. Their place of interment lies to the west of the old cemetery, and is surrounded with a stone wall. No stone or inscribed tomb marks their graves, but there is a fine specimen of the Iona Cross propped up against the wall inside their place of burial. This cross is known as the "Cross of Inchkenneth." It used to stand on the highest peak of the island, and must have been brought there from Iona at some time or other.

The old burying-ground, of which Colonel Macdonald's tomb occupies the eastmost extremity, is full of interest. In the middle of it is the ruin of an old chapel, whose direction looks east and west. The eastern wall is in a fair state of preservation, and has two long narrow arched openings in it, where the windows were. The stones in the arches have hollows or grooves in them, thus shewing that iron window bars were used. The other walls have partially crumbled away, but there is the opening for a window on the south wall, while on the north side, at the west extremity, is the entrance to the chapel. Beside the little window on the south side, and near the eastern extremity, there projects a stone from the inside wall hollowed out in the form of a baptismal font. This font is in a fair state of preservation, although age and the elements have somewhat effaced the hollow in it. Inside the chapel the ground is studded with tomb-stones, most of them broken and their inscriptions very much defaced. There are several long flat stones with the same type of carving as the Iona Cross, and under one of them King Kenneth is supposed to be buried.

To the west of the burying-ground there are two very fine tomb-stones lying flat. One of these, belonging to the Macleans of Coll, shews the Coat of Arms of that clan, with its "Lion Rampant, Castle Galley, and Hand carrying the Cross." The stone bears on it the initials "H. M. L." and the date "1676," both very

distinct. The other belongs to the family of M'Quarrie, and bears date "1735," but otherwise is much effaced. At the east end there is another tombstone of the M'Quarries bearing the date of "1839," and here also is the tomb of the Mackinnons of Dunarich. There are many other old stones, but their inscriptions have become so worn as to render them wholly illegible.

In a little stone enclosure, outside the south-east end of the chapel, there is a fine upright headstone. On the one side of it is engraved a trumpet with the words, "Arise, ye dead." The other side bears the inscription, "Here lieth the corps of Donald Maclean of Brolos, who dyed the 23rd of Aprile, 1725, aged 54 years. Deservedly lamented by all who knew and understood his virtuous and heroick mind." Another upright stone here bears this inscription, "Here layeth the corps of Dam- Mary Macpherson, Lady Maclean, daughter to Sir Aenæs Macpherson, who dyed the year 17—, aged 30 years." To the right of these two stones there is a stone lying flat, carved in the form of a Highlander in full war dress. The left hand grasps a shield while the right hand holds a round ball. The head is surmounted with a

helmet, and by his side are claymore and dirk. The figure is complete with the exception of part of one of the feet, which has been broken off.

Old M'Quarrie of Ulva is buried here. He died at Callachley, near Salen, Mull, and was to have been interred in Iona. The funeral party started from Callachley, and put up at Tayinlone Inn, Killechronan, at the head of Loch-na Keal. Next day they started out in boats for Iona, but a storm arising they had to abandon the idea of getting to Iona, and put in for shelter at Inchkenneth, where they buried M'Quarrie.

I observed another stone with Coat of Arms in the form of the Manx Crest, and a Deer's Head, and two Arches or Castles bearing date "1758," and in memory of a Maclean, and on one of the stones of the outside wall of the chapel are carved the initials "H. M. J."

Mr. Macphail, who lives on the island, and takes a proud interest in its history, accompanied me on my visit through it, and I am indebted to him for much of the above information.*

Salen, Mull. DUNCAN MACDONALD, M.B., C.M.

* The above illustration, which is from a sketch kindly done for me by Miss Helen Greenhill Gardyne of Glenforsa, Mull, shews part of Inchkenneth to the right, with the peak upon which the "Cross of Inchkenneth" used to stand; to the left is seen the bold headland of Burg, Mull, and in the distance part of the Ross of Mull.—D.M.

THE RETURN OF THE FRASERS FROM BLAR-NAN-LEINE.

HIGHLAND history does not record a more stubborn or fiercely fought fight than that of Ceann Loch Lochy or Blar-nan-leine. In the summer of 1544 Huntly, Lovat, Mackintosh, and Grant with their followers marched into Lochaber against the Clan Ranald, and their allies the Camerons, who had plundered and laid waste Abertarf, Strath-errick, Urquhart, and Glenmoriston. The Clan Ranald kept out of the way of this strong force until the Gordons, Mackintoshes, and Grants parted with the Frasers, and the latter, 300 in number, were marching homeward. At Ceann Loch Lochy the Frasers were suddenly confronted with 500 of their foes. The day was hot, and the combatants striped to the shirt, fought until only half a dozen of the Frasers remained to tell the tale. Although the Clan Ranald gained the victory it was a dearly bought one, for their loss was even greater than that of the Frasers.

Up the great glen, limping, weary,
Came six clansmen stout and true,
Bearing ghastly marks of conflict ;
In their bonnets sprigs of yew.
Though the gladsome light of victory
Shone not in their troubled eyes,
Each one bore him like a hero
That unconquered lives or dies.
When they reached the Fraser country,
Eagerly from field and fold,
Farm-house, sheiling, cot, and mansion,
Gathered round them young and old.
Matted locks, and gory tartan,
Broken sword. and battered shield,
Told their mournful gruesome story
Of some bloody battle field.

"Tell, O tell us," cried the women,
"Tell us are your comrades slain?
Father! husband! brother! shall we
Ne'er your faces see again."
"Ah! my kindred," sadly answered
One of the small weary band,
"Those you ask for now are sleeping
Upon Ceann Loch Lochy's strand.
Sleeping on the gory heather,
But my sisters do not weep,
For a son of the Clan Ranald
Lies at every Fraser's feet.

When Clan Toisich, Grant, and Gordon
Left us early yesterday,
We no thought had of the conflict
That ere noon before us lay.
But our wily foes lay waiting,
Behind thicket, rock, and stone,
On the shores of Ceann Loch Lochy,
Till our allies all were gone.

Then from out their place of ambush
Full five hundred strong they sprang,
And the hills and crags around us
With their war-like slogan rang.
Although we were but three hundred,
Yet our hearts and arms were strong,
And our answering war cry echoed
From the mountains loud and long.
And we slipped our kilts, and at them,
For 'twas hot on yesterday,
And we knew the sons of Ranald
Were no cravens in the fray.

In the forefront of the battle
Flashed Mac Shimie's trusty blade,
Our unsullied banner waving
O'er him, with its antlered head.
And beside him fought the strongest
And the bravest of our race,
An avenging clansman springing
Into each slain clansman's place,
Hard set teeth and flashing claymore,
Forward step and crashing blow,
And our shout of "Aird 'ic Shimie"
Hailed each onset of the foe.

Not until the night had fallen,
And the bodies of the slain
Like the fallen leaves of autumn
Covered the red sodden plain ;
Till of chieftain and Duin-uasal,
And of all our kin bereft,
Did the bloody stubborn conflict
Cease, and we alone were left.
Though Clan Ranald won the battle,
Slain three hundred of them lay,
And no shout of exultation
Heard we as we limped away.

Weep, O weep not, wife or maiden,
Is it any use to weep?
Sobs shall not awake your loved ones
From their long and dreamless sleep.
The leal hearted and the dauntless
That have perished of our race,
God in his own way has taken,
And as surely shall replace ;
Though the broadsword reaps its harvest,
And the storms their fiercest blow,
The Clan Fraser still shall flourish,
And the yew unblasted grow."

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION. — The annual social gathering was held in the Queen's Rooms on 18th February. Count de Serra Largo presided, and among those present were Messrs. James Grant, president ; Fraser Macrae, vice-president ; William Grant, London Inverness-shire Society ; J. Mackenzie, Crofters' Commission ; Hugh Macleod, writer ; Dr. Gordon, Dr. MacPhee, Peter Grant, secy. The Chairman delivered a brief introductory address, in the course of which he stated that no matter where he had been in the course of his travels he had always come across a Highlander. A concert of vocal and instrumental music was afterwards gone through, the Inverness Select Choir contributing the leading items.

Colonel FRANCIS DUNCAN, C.B, R.A.

THE LATE COLONEL FRANCIS DUNCAN, C.B., R.A., M.P.

COLONEL FRANCIS DUNCAN, son of John Duncan, Advocate, Aberdeen, and Helen Drysdale Douglass, was born in Aberdeen on 4th April, 1836. He was educated at the West End Academy, the Grammar School, and at Marischal College and University, where he graduated "with honours" in 1855. He entered his father's office with the intention of becoming a lawyer, but his inclination seems to have been towards a more active profession, for, when spending a short holiday in London with a college companion in 1855, he and his friend—"for fun" as they said afterwards—entered for an examination for direct commissions in the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, and he was successful in being placed *first* of the 17 who passed for the Royal Artillery on that occasion.

Having taken up his military duties at Dover, he was in 1857 sent with troops to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and he was on duty there and at different stations in Canada until 1862. In 1858 he married May Kate, daughter of the Rev. William Cogswell, Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax.

He returned to England in 1862, and filled various military appointments there until 1876, when he was sent to Jamaica to take command of the Royal Artillery station there. On that occasion, at the request of the Colonial Office, he drew up a report on the Defensive Organization of Jamaica, for which he received the thanks of the Government and of the Colonial Office.

He published a "History of the Royal Artillery" (in 2 vols.), a most valuable contribution to the military literature of our country, followed later on by "The English in Spain: or the Story of the War of Succession between 1834 and 1840," which he dedicated by permission to King Alfonso XII. He was also the author of "Our Garrisons in the West, or Sketches in British North America," published in 1863.

In 1875 he was admitted into the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and became Director of the Ambulance Department therein. Here he threw his energies heartily into the scheme for reviving the Hospitaller work of the Order on a more extended scale, which led to the founding of the St. John Ambulance Association, which is now so well known throughout the country.

In 1877 he received a staff appointment at the Royal Military Repository at Woolwich, which he held for four and a half years.

In 1882, after the overthrow of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, the Government undertook to re-organize and train the native Egyptian army, and Duncan was sent to Egypt to take command of the Egyptian Artillery. He remained in Egypt for three years; training the native artillerymen (who have since taken part in the recent advance on Dongola); occupying and fortifying Assouan, Korosko, and Wady Halfa, in Upper Egypt; and performing important duties connected with the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon. In 1885, his work in Egypt being finished, he returned home, and as a reward for his distinguished services he was made a C.B., and was appointed to command the Royal Artillery in the southern division at Portsmouth, a post which he retained until end of January, 1886, when he was transferred to command of Garrison Artillery at Woolwich.

In November, 1885, he stood for Parliament (in the Conservative interest), and was returned member for Finsbury (Holborn division). He delivered his maiden speech in the House of Commons in March, 1886, and as Egypt was the subject of the debate he spoke with authority, and his utterances made a most favourable impression on the House. Mr. Gladstone spoke after him, and complimented him on his speech, which he said "tended to raise the Egyptian question out of the region of the controversies of party, and to direct the minds of the honourable members to it with something of a common object," and the Premier's favourable opinion was strongly endorsed by the whole press.

At the General Election in 1886 he was again returned member for Finsbury by an increased majority. At the re-opening of Parliament in February, 1888, he was selected to second the Address to the Throne in the House of Commons, and his remarks on this occasion were so opportune as to elicit further commendation from Mr. Gladstone.

In 1888 his health gave way, and when medical aid was obtained it was found he was suffering from liver complaint, which he had probably first contracted in Egypt, and the disease was too far advanced for even the best medical skill to be of any avail.

He died at Woolwich on 16th November, 1888, in the 53rd year of his age, and was buried in Charlton Cemetery with full military honours. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

The above brief record will be sufficient to shew that he was a son of whom Clan Donnachaidh might well be proud. His great and various abilities were given unstintingly in the service of his country, and the following extract

from his biography published a few years ago indicates the influence which his generous nature exercised on all with whom he came in contact:—"He was a man," said H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge a few months after Colonel Duncan's death, "much loved in Woolwich, in the army, and by myself, and all who knew him would have said the same. Above all he endeared himself to his friends by his loyalty, and by an affection which they felt to be as disinterested as it was strong and true."

FLORA MACDONALD.

An Anniversary Sketch of the Jacobite Heroine

By J. Hamilton Mitchell, L.A.

(*Continued from page* 98.)

The Heroine in Captivity.

BISHOP FORBES, the Episcopal minister of Leith, has left behind an interesting picture of the heroine during her captivity in Leith Roads. "Some," says he, "that went on board to pay their respects to her used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion, but with all their importunity they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again."

And again;—

"She has a sweet voice and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith Roads. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life—her fortitude and good sense—are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced.'

In London.

The ship, on board of which Flora was detained, set sail for London on the 7th of November, and after an uneventful passage arrived safely in the Thames. The heroine was then conveyed to the Tower; but her popularity was such that the Government very prudently resorted to no extreme measures and soon liberated her on parole. During this period of mitigated imprisonment she maintained as a rule a cheerful temper, and an easy, eloquent, and winning address, and was most agreeable to all her visitors. By the Act of Indemnity, passed in 1747, she at length regained her freedom, and immediately became the guest of Lady Primrose of Dunipace, where she was visited and loaded with honours by all ranks and classes of the nobility Royalty itself even came to see her, and when Prince Frederick, the father of George III., asked her how she dared to assist a "rebel" against his father's throne, she calmly but firmly replied, that she would have done the same thing for him had she found him in distress—

" . . . if the mighty hand that rules the ball,
And bids the heirs of empire rise or fall,
To *you*, dread Sire, the bitter cup had given,
From royal pomp to wretched exile driven;
If cast a suppliant on my native plain,
You never should have sought my aid in vain,
Nor should a Stuart prince have ever said
That treacherous Flora royal blood betray'd."

This reply was so striking, and yet so artlessly expressed, that the Prince, whose heart was always better than his head, at once interested himself on her behalf, and procured for her every possible comfort till she was ready to return to the Highlands. This she did soon afterwards.

Marriage and Subsequent Life.

The subsequent life of Flora Macdonald adds but further lustre to her name. She might, had she wished, have married into some distinguished family, but she chose rather to be united to the sweetheart of her early years; and on November 6, 1750, was married to Allan Macdonald, Yr. of Kingsburgh. The marriage took place at Flodigarry in the north of Skye, where Allan at the time resided. The bride, ever proud of displaying her Jacobite sympathies, was robed in a handsome dress of Royal Stuart tartan; and the guests present included not a few important and influential personages.

At Flodigarry many years of domestic felicity passed away amid kind friends and a growing up family, which ultimately numbered nine. Mrs. Macdonald, by her gentle and sympathetic nature, endeared herself to everyone whose privilege it was to enjoy her acquaintance and receive her hospitality. In all the different relations of her life she revealed herself the perfect woman; was a good mother, a benevolent mistress, a firm friend, and a loving and dutiful wife. Of her it has been truly said—

"With latent wisdom and endearing art
She stretched her blameless empire o'er the heart;
Her happy household rul'd with gentle sway,
And made it their first pleasure to obey."

Emigrates to America.

The death of the noble old Kingsburgh in 1772 caused Allan Macdonald to remove to the family residence, and Flora thus became the mistress of the very mansion where through her instrumentality Prince Charlie was sheltered for a night several years before. There she and her husband were visited in 1773 by Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell. Then followed embarrassing pecuniary circumstances which necessitated removal from the old home; and in August, 1774, the family sailed from Campbeltown, Kintyre, for North Carolina. As many of the colonists were of Highland extraction and of Jacobite predilections, the arrival of "Prince Charlie's Preserver" on American soil was made the occasion for many displays of popular feeling. She was on all hands accorded a truly Highland welcome, and festivities were got up in her honour at Wilmington and elsewhere.

The American War of Independence.

But the heroine's life across the sea was, unfortunately, not destined long to remain happy. The American War of Independence soon after broke out in all its fury; and in 1776 Allan Macdonald was elevated to the rank of Brigadier-General in the British service. Five of his sons followed him into the army; and for some time Flora followed their regiment and shared their fortunes till the capture and imprisonment of her husband by the rebels at Halifax, Virginia, rendered it necessary for her to seek a permanent home somewhere. To add also to this distress, two of her younger children were attacked by a severe typhoid fever, of which they died. At the earnest entreaty of her devoted partner she again turned her eyes towards Scotland, and sailed from Charleston in 1779, accompanied by her youngest daughter, Fanny. On the voyage home she met with the last of her adventures. The vessel was attacked by a French privateer, and during the engagement the indomitable courage of the heroine once more asserted itself. She appeared on deck, and while handing out ammunition to the men during the thick of the fight had an arm broken. Thus had she suffered, as she was afterwards heard to say, "both for the House of Stuart and for the House of Hanover."

In the Highlands Again.

Soon after her arrival in Scotland Mrs. Macdonald was joined by her gallant husband, and the declining days of their life were spent in the old home at Kingsburgh. Their daughters married well, and all the sons acquired distinction in the army and navy. As the remains of the eldest were lowered into the grave, Lord Macdonald made the significant remark that: "There lies the most finished gentleman of his family and name"—an eloquent and graceful tribute to one of the bravest soldiers who ever adorned the ranks of the British army.

Death of the Heroine.

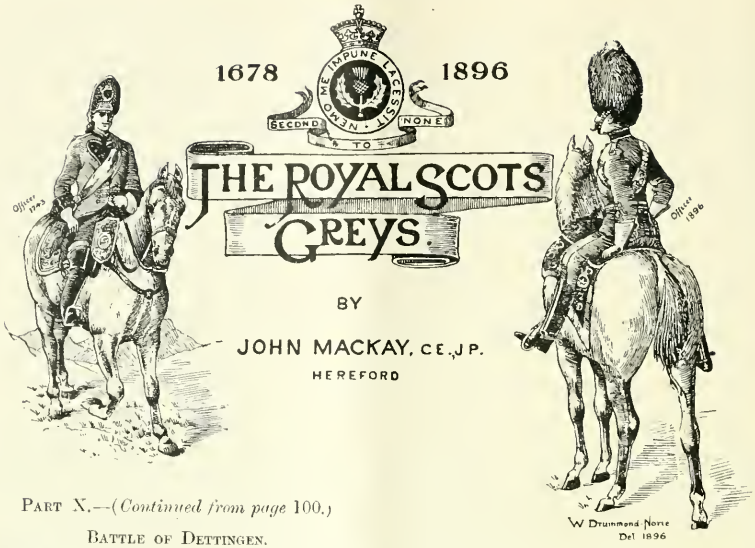
On March 5, 7190, the gentle Flora, after a short illness, calmly passed away in the presence of her husband and daughters. Her remains were wrapped in the sheet in which nearly fifty years before had slept the Stuart Prince, and consigned with all due honour in the family mausoleum of Kilmuir. There she now sleeps by the side of him on whom for forty years of her life she lavished all the wealth and generous impulses of a truly noble heart. Though no monument marks the last resting place of this brave woman, her own natural virtues and magnanimous deeds have acquired for her a glory and fame which time can never efface. In the memorable words of Dr. Johnson: "Her name will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity are virtues, mentioned with honour."

The following stanza from the well-known "Lament" by the Ettrick Shepherd is a true utterance of the sentiments she carried with her to her grave. Loyal in life, she remained loyal in death:—

"The target is torn from the arms of the just;
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave;
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes of the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant, the good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!"

[The End.]

The Scottish National Petition.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that the movement initiated by that most patriotic of Scots, Mr. Theodore Napier, to petition the Queen in regard to the term "England" instead of "Great Britain" being used in State documents, and by government officials, has been attended with a most encouraging measure of success, and that no less than 75 Town Councils have signed the petition to Her Majesty. Hundreds of copies of the petition have been sent to distant lands, and have been extensively signed. This is a matter that really affects Scottish national honour and rights, and we hope that every Highland society throughout the land will send for copies of the petition, and return them signed by the office-bearers and members. Mr. Theodore Napier, 25 Merchiston Park, Edinburgh, will be glad to supply copies. The movement has our heartiest sympathy, as it should of every patriotic Scot. We may add that Mr. Napier has offered a prize of £5 for the best Gaelic ode on the "Battle of Stirling," to be competed for at the Gaelic Mòd to be held at Inverness in October.



PART X.—(*Continued from page* 100.)

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

SOME years after the day of *Blàr Sliabh an t-Siorra*, it is related that a handsome Highlander, fully armed, as was then the custom, while following his herd of cattle to the south of Scotland sought quarters one night at the house of a Captain Macdougall, who had commanded a squadron of the Scots Greys at *Blàr Sliabh an t-Siorra* as it is named by Highlanders. The Captain questioned his guest as to his news from the north, and asked him if he knew a place in Kintail called "Corrie-Chuing," and the name of its owner. The Highlander listened unmoved while the Captain related the following anecdote, which was given in the *Inverness Courier* (1847).

"In the pursuit of that day," said the Captain, "with three well mounted troopers, I followed a stout Highlander, who, on perceiving our approach, faced about, took off his plaid, which he cooly folded and placed on the ground, that by standing on it he might have firmer footing. Desirous not to kill him but to to take him prisoner, we brandished our swords about him, but one of my troopers coming within reach of his claymore had his skull cleft in two. The others kept a more respectful distance, but one was unhorsed and slain. I questioned the Highlander as to he was, but he would only tell me that he was from Corrie-Chuing." "I know the man," replied the drover, "his name is Duncan MacRae." "I wish him no harm," replied the Captain, "but I have ever been curious to know the name of so resolute a fellow." "I shall duly tell him so," said the wary drover, who was no other than the identical Duncan MacRae from Corrie-Chuing.

After the day of Sheriffmuir, the rebellion soon died out in England and Scotland, and the "Scots Grey" retired to winter quarters in Srirling and Glasgow.

It was not till 1742 that the gallant "Greys" were again called into active service. War was declared by Great Britain against France, Bavaria, and Prussia, and 16,000 British troops were sent to the continent, amongst whom were the "Scots Greys," whom a news writer of the day justly described as "fine hardy fellows that wanted no seasoning—children of the glen and the loch, the river and the fell, whose gallant hearts and stalwart frames might contend with the choicest veterans of Europe."

Early in 1743 they commenced their march into Germany, and were employed in various military movements in Franconia and in the Upper Maine under the command of Marshal, the Earl of Stair, one of the veterans of the Marlborough campaigns; now advanced in years. In June, 1743, the British-Austrian army, 40,000 strong, were marching down the

River Maine to reach Hanan, where their stores were, and where they expected a reinforcement of 12,000 Hessians and Hanoverians. They had no sooner passed through Aschaffenburg than it was found that the French commander, Marshal Noailles, had occupied all the passes, and barred further progress. The allies were suffering greatly for want of provisions and forage. It was discovered that a large division of the French had crossed the river lower down, and were drawn up in battle array at the village of Dettingen to dispute the passage. "Dapper little George II." now took the nominal command. He perceived that he was cooped up in a position of infinite peril. His retreat was prevented by French posted in his rear at Aschaffenburg, on his left rolled the River Maine, on the opposite banks of which were batteries bristling with guns, on his front glittered the serried ranks of the French army, on his right extended a tract of wooded uplands. To attack the French seemed a most desperate enterprise, for their army was protected by a narrow defile and a dangerous morass, the village of Dettingen covered their right, and a thick wood their left wing.

Fortunately the self confidence and the arrogant impetuosity of the Duke de Grammont, who was in command, saved the British troops and "Dapper little George," their King, from being forced to surrender as prisoners of war.

De Grammont, the nephew of De Noailles and second in command at Dettingen, with 30,000 select troops, amongst whom were princes of the blood and a host of the *noblesse* of France, all eager for battle, passed through the defile and advanced into a small plain where the British and allies were drawn up in order of battle.

De Noailles, who was on the other side of the Maine, beheld this unexpected movement in advance with astonishment, grief, and anger, at the madness of De Grammont in foregoing all the advantages of his position. "De Grammont," he bitterly exclaimed, "has ruined all my plans." He hastened upon the scene, but it was too late to repair the fatal mistake.

It was now noon. On the approach of the French "Dapper George," in nominal command, ordered his first line of infantry to advance, and riding in front, he brandished his sword, shouting, "Now, my brave boys! now! for the glory of old England, advance boldly." During some movements in this advance His Majesty was nearly captured by the enemy, and would have been, except for the bravery of the 22nd regiment, who in remembrance of this feat wear a sprig of oak in their caps on gala days.

The battle soon became general, and Dettingen presented a scene of smoke, slaughter, and dreadful uproar, nevertheless the British and allies continued to advance in the face of a tremendous front and flank fire from the French.

On the left the French cavalry spurring their horses at full speed attacked the Anstrian cavalry, and many a hussar and cuirassier went down to rise no more. The Austrians were at once thrown into disorder, but the British and Hanoverian infantry, animated by the presence of their King, stood firm as rocks, and ponred out such an incessant fire that nothing could resist.

The Earl of Stair sent the King's and Ligonier's regiments of horse to the front; they were charged and driven back by the French, as were also the Horse Guards. At this moment General Campbell led forward the "Greys" against a line of French cuirassiers. They swept upon their steel-clad foes with the speed of a whirlwind. Horse met horse, sabre crossed sabre. The superior strength and prowess of the gallant Scots carried them through and through the enemy's disordered squadrons, and flushed with victory, then rode at the Household cavalry and drove them back pell-mell to the river bank, with the loss of their famous "White Standard." The "Scots Greys" then returned in triumph to the main body of their army, to be received with the cheers their prowess and heroism merited.

The third line of the French was now seen drawn up in splendid order. The Earl of Stair, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, the Earl of Dumfries, now rode up to the infantry and ordered them to advance. Three hearty cheers was the response, and once again the grand old British line went fearlessly on. The attack was made with such impetuous gallantry that the whole French army gave way, their confusion being increased by the Hanoverian artillery which came unexpectedly upon the scene, and suddenly opened fire upon them. Absolute terror now seized the French, "*Sauve qui peut*" was the cry on all sides. The British pursued the enemy, who made for the bridges across the Maine, where hundreds were killed or drowned. The Earl of Stair proposed, it being only four in the afternoon, to continue the pursuit, but "Dapper George" knowing his men were half famished contented himself with the victory, and made for Hanan, where he met with the expected reinforcements from Hanover, and abundance of provisions. In this spirited battle the French lost 5,000 men, the allies 2,000.

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give portraits, with biographical sketches of Captain William George Ross, Forres; Ex-Dean of Guild David Macdonald, Aberdeen; and Dr. Charles J. Sutherland, South Shields. The usual variety of interesting illustrated articles will appear.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Ninth Annual Social Gathering, which was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, on 11th February, under the presidency of Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan, was a most successful reunion. On the afternoon of that day a

RECEPTION AND DINNER TO LORD REAY

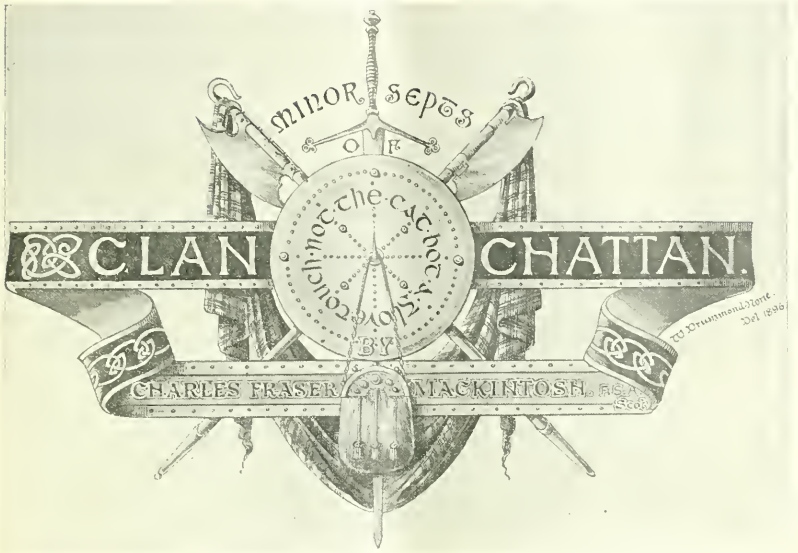
was given in the Grand Hotel, which was attended by clansmen from all parts of the kingdom. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, made an ideal chairman, and speeches were delivered by the Chief, Captain A. Leith-Hay Mackay, Major A. Y. Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, Messrs. James H. Mackay, London, Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, John Mackay, S.S.C., John Mackay (*Celtic Monthly*), Hon. Secy., D. A. S. Mackintosh, and others. The whole proceedings proved most enjoyable. Thereafter the large party adjourned to the Grand Hall of the Waterloo Rooms, which was crowded with a large gathering of Mackays and friends numbering about 1000 persons. Lord Reay presided, and was supported by many distinguished clansmen, as well as representatives of nearly all the Clan and other Highland Societies in Glasgow. Amongst those present might be mentioned, in addition to the names given above—Rev. Dr. John Maclean, Messrs. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, John Mackay, Largs, Major J. M. Campbell, Sunderland, Dr. George Gordon, Dr. Dingwall, Dr. Magnus Maclean, James Grant, Captain Mackintosh, Alexander Mackay, Aberdeen; Alexander Mackay, A. R. Mackay, John Mackay, and Donald Mackay, Edinburgh; Alexander Sutherland, Prestonkirk, Daniel Maclean, Jr., J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., and many others. Captain James Mackay, President, was unable to attend, but sent a cheque for £20 towards the funds, and subscriptions of £5 5s. each were received from Major A. Y. Mackay, George G. Mackay, Liverpool, and James H. Mackay, London. Lord Reay, on rising to address the gathering, was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. His address was worthy of the occasion, dealing with matters relating to the State and problems of every day interest, and concluded by giving a *resume* of the excellent work performed by the Society since its formation. Mr. Mackay, Hereford, also delivered a stirring address. Pipe-Major John Mackay and the pipe band of the Society (all Mackays) gave selections of clan music during the evening. The assembly was also largely attended; and altogether the proceedings bore amply evidence that the Clan Mackay Society is in a most flourishing condition.

CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The Annual Business Meeting was held on 27th January—Mr. Atholl MacGregor in the chair. The funds of the Society were stated to stand at £3187, and during the year £127 were expended in bursaries and charity. The membership is now 384.

On the same evening a Dinner and Conversazione took place in the Windsor Hotel, and among those present were Lady Helen Macgregor of Macgregor; Miss Murray Macgregor, Dunkeld; Surgeon-Colonel John Macgregor, M.D., and Mrs. Macgregor, London; Gregor Macgregor, S.S.C.; John Macgregor, Greenock; Captain A. Ronald Macgregor; Alexander Macgrigor, Hon. Secy., and others. Toasts were proposed by Bailie Macgregor, Perth; Surgeon-Colonel J. Macgregor (who was elected bard to the Society); Captain A. R. Macgregor; Gregor Macgregor, S.S.C.; and the president responded on behalf of the Society. He referred to the great number of Highlanders who are constantly leaving their native glens to find employment in the southern cities and in distant lands, and recommended the army as a promising career to the youth of the Highlands.

THE CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY held their Social Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms, on 5th February, Mr. Alex. K. Mackinnon, C.E., London, in the chair, who was supported by Messrs. Duncan Mackinnon, London; Andrew Mackinnon, Treasurer; Duncan Mackinnon, Ex-president; Rev. J. D. Mackinnon, Dumfries, etc. There was a good attendance. The chairman, who wore three eagle's feathers in his bonnet to indicate his claim to the chiefship, delivered a most interesting address, dealing with the history of the family since the forfeiture of the estates in 1746, and showing that he was the rightful chief of the clan. The narrative was a most interesting one, full of exciting episodes. The Rev. J. K. Hewison, M.A., also addressed the meeting, and the whole proceedings passed of most satisfactorily.

THE CLAN MACLEAN held a Social Gathering in Greenock on 5th February, Rev. D. C. Macmichael, B.D., presiding, which proved very successful.



No. II.—The MacBeans.

THIS important tribe of Clan Chattan is coming well to the front, two of its foremost men in Inverness at present being of this name, viz:—the Provost of Inverness, and the Rector of the High School, one of our first Celtic authorities. In the roll of names within the Burgh of Inverness, Macbeans are well represented, and they are found in considerable numbers over the Highlands and the larger Scottish cities. The Macbean territory lay chiefly in the parish of Dores, as may be seen from the preponderance of the name on the tombstones of the churchyard, represented by Kinchyle and Drummond as heritors. They were represented in Strathnairn by Macbean of Faillie, and in Strathdearn by Macbean of Tomatin. Kinchyle was undoubted head, and signs the Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan in 1609, the Bond of Maintenance of 1664, and finally, in 1756, the Letter of Authority from the Clan to Mackintosh, to redeem the Loch Laggan estate. According to the Rev. Lachlan Shaw, the first Macbean came out of Lochaber, in the suit of Eva, heiress of Clan Chattan, and settled near Inverness. The MS. history of the Mackintoshes says in corroboration, that "Bean vic Coil Mor (of whom the Clan Vean had their denomination) lived in Lochaber, and was a faithful servant to Mackintosh against the Red Comyn, who possessed Inverlochie, who was a professed enemy of Mackintosh." Again the manuscript records, that Myles Mac-Bean vic-Coil-Mor and his four sons, Paul, Gillies, Myles, and Farquhar, after they had slain the Red Comyn's steward and his two servants, Patten and Kissen, came to William Mackintosh, seventh of Mackintosh (son of Eva), in Connage in Pettie, where he then dwelt, and for themselves and their posterity took protection and dependence of him and his, as their chief. This occurring about 1334 establishes the Macbeans as one of the oldest tribes of the historic Clan Chattan. The Mackintosh history referring to the battle of Harlaw (1411) narrates that "Mackintosh lost in this battle many of his friends and people, especially of the Clan Vean." This loss so greatly depressed the Macbeans that I am unable to trace the succession from this period until the time of Gillies, about 1500. In 1609 Angus vic Phaol in "Kinchyle for himself, and taking the full burden in and upon him of his kin and race of Clan Vean," signs the Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan.

I.—This Angus Macbean received a feu of Kinchyle from Sir John Campbell of Calder, the superior, dated Auldearn, 18th May, 1610.

From this Charter in my possession, I observe that Angus is designed "Angus-Mac-Phaol-vic-William-vic-Gillies," whereby we arrive at the names of Angus' father, Paul; grandfather, William; and great-grandfather, Gillies; who may have lived about 1500. Angus Macbean, the first undoubted heritable proprietor of Kinchyle, in the year 1614 added to his estates by the acquisition of the adjoining kirk lands of Durris called Daars, both properties remaining in the family until the final sale. In 1626 Angus wadsetted from the Earl of Enzie the lands of Bunachton, also in the parish of Dores. Angus left two sons

II.—John, who made up no title to the estates, and at least one younger son, William,

KINCHYLE HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE

found in 1627. John is designed younger of Kinchyle in 1628, married Mary Macqueen, daughter of Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough, and witnesses a deed connected with the estate of Inverlochie, 31st August, 1619. He appears to have married a second time, Isabella Baillie. John was succeeded by his son.

III.—Paul, who on 11th May, 1664, receives from Calder, the superior, a precept of Clare Constat, as heir of his grandfather, Angus, Paul and Annie Urquhart, his affianced spouse, daughter of Alexander Urquhart of Kinudie, receive in 1655 a Charter from John Macbean (No. 2 hereof), Angus, another son of John, being one of the witnesses. In 1658 mention is made of John of Kinchyle, of Lachlan Mac-

bean, his brother, and of Paul, as "apparent" of Kinchyle. In 1663 Paul Macbean of Kinchyle, Gillies Macbean in Lagnalian, John and William, brothers to Paul, are mentioned.

Falling into pecuniary troubles, Paul had to relinquish his estates in 1685, when they were re-granted same year by Calder to "William Macbean in Kinchyle," probably son of Paul. This Paul Macbean had one brother, William, and I infer that the well-known Mr. Angus Macbean, Minister of Inverness, was either son or another brother of Paul's, more probably the former.

IV.—William Macbean succeeded Paul, he is infeft on precept from Calder in 1686. Lachlan, his brother german, Angus, Writer, Inverness, and John Macbean, N.P., are among the witnesses. In 1703 there is note of Angus and Donald, lawful sons of William Macbean, younger of Kinchyle.

Lachlan Macbean in Kinchyle is Attorney at the taking of William's infeftment, with Gillies Macbean in Wester Draikies and Alexander Macbean, lawful son to Paul Macbean of Kinchyle, as witnesses.

William married, 23rd December, 1688, Jean, second daughter of Donald Mackintosh of Kellachie, and left at least two sons, Eneas, who succeeded, and Gillies. One of the daughters married Alexander Grant, parents of Charles Grant, and grand-parents of Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert Grant. Another daughter described as Elspet, William's third daughter, married in 1716 John Macbean of Drummond.

V.—Eneas, the eldest son, married, 1711, Isobel Mackenzie, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle. A post nuptial contract was entered into in 1718, having the name of Gillies Macbean, brother of Eneas, as one of the witnesses. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by

VI.—Gillies, who does not seem to have served heir to his brother. This Gillies described as "in Bunachton," and latterly "in Dalmagarry," was Major in the regiment of Clan Chattan in the '45, and a man of great note and strength. Many authentic anecdotes of his prowess at Culloden are preserved. For instance, when the Campbells pulled down a shelter of stone wall forming a protection to the Highlanders, he threw himself into the breach made, and barricading the passage killed fourteen men before he fell. Another historian says that Major Gillies Macbean was killed at the first dyke west from the field. By his wife, Miss Macpherson of Lonnie in Petty, he left at least one son, a minor.

VII.—Donald, who on attaining manhood, entered Simon Fraser of Lovat's first regiment raised in 1757, and was appointed Lieutenant. He was served heir to his uncle Eneas in 1759, his friends and relations at the time being William Macbean, Attoroney-at-Law, London, and Captain Lieutenant Forbes Macbean, both sons of the Rev. Alexander Macbean, of Inverness. The estates which had been in the hands of creditors for many years, were sold judicially in 1759, and purchased by Simon Fraser of Gibraltar, who acquired at same time the adjoining estate of Borlum.

As the headship of the Macbeans is claimed by severals, I have given as many names as I have met with prior to the time of William 4th. All the male descendants of William 4th of Kinchyle are thought to be extinct, and their headship of the Macbeans must be looked for amongst the descendants of William's collaterals, or of his predecessors.

(To be continued.)

It is with sincere regret that we have to intimate the death of Mr. J. Murray Graham, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand. His funeral was attended by the members of the Highland Society and many friends, and a piper led the procession playing laments. The bier was draped with the flag of Scotland, and the whole touching ceremony showed that although far from the land of his birth (Island of Lewis), deceased was accorded a fitting burial by his many Highland friends.

"History of Clan Gregor."—This important work will be published shortly, and should prove of intense interest not only to clansmen but to all Highlanders. Intending subscribers will find full particulars in our advertising pages.

That most gifted of Highlanders, the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair of Belfast, P.E.I., has just published a most interesting and valuable collection of Gaelic songs, entitled "The Gaelic Bards from 1775 to 1825," with short biographical sketches. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

JENNY CAMERON.

By W. Drummond-Norie.

AMONG the stanchest supporters of the gallant but unfortunate Prince Charles were the wives and daughters of those brave men who had taken up arms in his defence, and although, by reason of their sex, they were unable (save in three notable exceptions) to offer him any physical assistance, they amply compensated for their inability to help in this direction by devoting their time and powers of moral suasion to infuse a spirit of intense enthusiasm in the breasts of their male relatives and clansmen, for the Jacobite cause and its noble leader.

The most notable of these exceptions was undoubtedly Flora Macdonald, the story of whose life is now being so interestingly told in these pages by Mr. J. Hamilton Mitchell; she is, and always will be, the heroine of the "Forty-Five"; but there was another lady who at the time attained even a greater notoriety, by her association with Prince Charles, than the fair Flora herself; this was the famous Jenny Cameron, over whose personality there hangs a veil of mystery almost as thick as that which envelopes the form of Pickle the Spy.*

That there was a personage of this name attached to the Prince's army is beyond a doubt, for in the letter written by Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle, shortly after the battle of Falkirk, he writes, "We have taken about twenty of their sick here, and the famous Miss Jenny Cameron, whom I propose to send to Edinburgh for the Lord Justice Clerk to examine, as I fancy she may be a useful evidence against them, if a little threatened." The question therefore arises, who was the fair Jacobite whose capture afforded satisfaction to the Hanoverian Commander-in-Chief, and who was considered of sufficient importance to be dubbed "famous" in an official military dispatch?

JENNY CAMERON RAISES THE CLAN CAMERON FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

The popular version of her history is contained in a note to a collection of Jacobite ballads, edited by Macquoid†, and is as follows: "The spirit shown by some of the Highland ladies was wonderful. Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessary, when she heard the news of the Prince's arrival, finding her nephew, the laird, a minor, a youth of no capacity, immediately set about rousing the men herself, and when a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charlie's headquarters (Glenfinnan) at the head of two hundred and fifty followers of the clan. She herself was dressed in a sea-green riding habit with a scarlet lapel trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose curls, with a velvet cap and scarlet feathers. She rode a bay gelding decked with green furnishing, which was trimmed with gold. Instead of a whip she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage she arrived at the camp." Upon her arrival the Prince went out to meet her, and the narrator informs us that "Miss Jenny rode up without

* In spite of Mr. Andrew Lang's so-called discovery, I assert that the identity of Pickle has not been satisfactorily established.

† It is to be regretted that Macquoid does not state from what source the narrative is taken.

the least embarassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and addressed him thus—that as her nephew was not able to attend the Royal standard, she had raised the men and now brought them to his Highness ; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped there was nothing womanly about them, for she found so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought and quite extinguished the woman. 'What an effect then,' added she, 'must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the encumbrance of female dress ! These men, sir, are yours ; they have devoted themselves to your service ; they bring you hearts as well as hands ; I can follow you no further, but I shall pray for your success.'" We are then told how the men were ordered to pass in review before the Prince, who expressed himself well satisfied with their appearance, and that afterwards he conducted Miss Cameron to his tent and treated her with the greatest courtesy. Up to this point the narrative is fairly consistent with the version given by members of the clan Cameron and other Highlanders who were more or less associated with the rising of the '45 ; but the narrator goes on to say that she continued in the camp, marched with the army into England, was taken prisoner at Falkirk, and committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and afterwards freed.

Now it is evident from the Duke of Cumberland's letter that a woman of some importance, bearing the name of Jenny Cameron, was captured at Stirling, after the battle of Falkirk, and sent to Edinburgh, but beyond the coincidence of name there is nothing to connect her with the Miss Cameron of Glendessary, who is stated to have been present at the raising of the standard in Glenfinnan. The anti-Jacobite writers of the period were of course only too glad to take advantage of this coincidence, and maliciously used it to blacken the character of the Prince by publishing scandalous and purely imaginary biographies of Jenny Cameron in the approved Grub Street style, embellished with fancy portraits of the lady herself, evolved solely from their own weak brains. That Miss Cameron of Glendessary did not follow the Highland army is certain, if we can believe the statement of Mr. Æneas Macdonald, one of the Highland gentlemen who accompanied Princes Charles to Scotland, given in the "Lyon in Mourning" MS. Describing the raising of the standard, he says, "Here a considerable number of both *gentlemen* and *ladies* met to see the ceremony ; among the rest the famous Miss Jenny Cameron, as she is commonly, but very improperly called ; for she is a widow nearer fifty than forty years of age. She is a genteel, well-looked, handsome woman, with a pair of pretty eyes, and hair as black as jet. She is of a very sprightly genius, and is very agreeable in conversation. She was so far from accompanying the Prince's army that she went off with the rest of the spectators as soon as the army marched. Neither did she ever follow the camp, nor was ever with the Prince but in public, when he had his court at Edinburgh." It will be observed that no reference is made in this account to the incident described in Macquoid's note of the bringing in of the Glendessary men, or of her somewhat theatrical speech to the Prince, and we are forced to the conclusion that the story, pretty and romantic as it is, is open to grave doubt. This doubt is increased by a statement made by Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassefern, the nephew of Lochiel of the '45, in which he says, "The lady who made so much noise in 1745-6 as Miss Cameron, was a daughter of Cameron of Glendessary. She had married an Irish gentleman named O'Neil, with whom she lived several years in Ireland, till obliged by his brutal behaviour to divorce him. She then returned to Inverness-shire, where her original name was given to her. At the time of the insurrection she managed the estates of her brother, Cameron of Dungallon* who was *out*. She sent the Prince a present of cattle at the time of his raising the standard, but *never saw him herself*. She was a woman of beauty and fashion, of good manners, and masculine understanding."

Conflicting as these stories are, they nevertheless agree in one point, viz :—that Miss Jean or Jenny Cameron of Glendessary was closely associated with the Jacobite rising of '45, and it is difficult to believe, even in spite of Sir Ewen's statement, that she was not present at the raising of the standard, as the event occurred in the immediate locality of her home, and would have proved a powerful attraction to one so closely connected with the family of Lochiel. The *Scots' Magazine* records the death on 27th June, 1772, of Mrs. Jean Cameron, sister to Captain Allan Cameron of Glendessary, at her house, Mount Cameron, Lanarkshire. Of the other Jenny Cameron, all that we know is, that after being kept a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle until 15th November, 1746, she was liberated on bail with the Duchess of Perth. Chambers, in his "History of the Rebellion" says, "This fact, which the newspapers of the day make certain, would seem to imply that the lady taken at Stirling was really a woman of figure, and some political consequence." The question remains, who was she ?

* The Camerons of Glendessary and Dungallon trace descent from Donald, son of Alein Mac Iain Duibh, XVI. Chief of Lochiel, and a daughter of Stewart of Appin.

ALEXANDER CAMERON, ERRACHT.

MR. ALEXANDER CAMERON, the present tenant of the historical farm of Erracht, was born at Keil, Ardgour. While yet a youth, his father, Donald Cameron, rented the farm of Inchree, in which the subject of this sketch spent his earlier days. In the year 1850 the father and son took over the farm of Erracht, and after a long and active life there, the father died in the year 1876. Donald as a cattle dealer was second only to Corrychollie. He also, along with his only son Alexander, farmed largely in Argyll and Inverness-shires, but although holding large farms in different parts of the country they always made Erracht their home. As a business man, Donald was one of the smartest, and at the same time one of the most respected men by rich and poor in the North of Scotland, and although extremely keen in making the best of his opportunities, he was never loth to help younger and less successful men than himself, both with sound advice and a well filled purse, and not a few well-to-do cattle dealers and farmers of that day owed their success in life to Donald Cameron's support. And one thing which can be said of him, and likewise of his son Alexander, is that although both were eminently successful and extremely pushing as business men, they never yet interfered with or disturbed a crofter or a poor man in his holding, and neither can a dishonourable or a mean action be laid at their door. Descended from the Strone family, a sept of the Macgilonie branch of the Camerons, Alexander Cameron has the best blood of the clan running in his veins. His forefathers for long held land from their chief at the head of Loch Arkaig. About the end of the eighteenth century, John Cameron, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, entered as tacksman on the farm of Keil, Ardgour. John was also an active and energetic member of society. It is said that in a dispute which arose between the Erracht family and the Lochiel of that day as to the sale of Erracht and Glenloy, Lochiel having regretted his bargain, John Cameron led a party of young men from Locharkaig and deforced the officers who arrived to take possession on behalf of the Erracht family, and chased them beyond Glenfintaig. It seems the officers were from Inverness. For this escapade John suffered outlawry for a year and a day. And it may be in the way of natural compensation that the grandson now lives in peace and prosperity in the land that his grandfather was instrumental in retaining for his chief.

Although Alexander Cameron has given up all his farms except Erracht, he always leads an active, useful life among his flocks and herds. As a judge of black-faced sheep he was recognised as one of the leading men in the district, and to see him on a "fank day" sort and shott his thousands of sheep and lambs would certainly increase your respect for the sharp eye and quick decision of the clever farmer.

As an amateur athlete, Alexander in his younger days was never beaten, that is in a friendly competition in the Clachan Strath; he never at any time competed in public. He was also a capital exponent of Highland dance; he can still sing a good Gaelic song, and his mind is well stored with the folklore of his beloved country. I firmly believe that there is not a man in broad Scotland who, in a busy active life, has made fewer enemies than *Alastair na h-Earrachd.*

P. A.

THE WHITE CZAR.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

BY ALICE C. MACDONELL.

IT was from old 'Rob Ruadh' (Red Robert) I heard the tale, sitting by the side of a peat fire in a Highland shepherd's bothy.

I had been out deer-stalking that day, and all the excitement I had of it was a thorough drenching to the skin, and, well as I thought I knew the mountains, a narrow escape from going head foremost over a precipice in the mist. A clutch from behind, and a howl of fright from Rob's collie, being the first intimation I had of any danger.

Afterwards we both had a chat over a pipe and a steaming 'cauker' of whisky-toddy, the excellence of which, with its peculiarly mellow flavour, made me doubt—ah! well—its no business of mine, and those excisemen are just an expense, as the old lady remarked about her late lamented.

We had been talking, among other things, over the recent grand doings at Balmoral, and the Czar Nicholas II.'s magnificent reception. Perhaps it may have been the mere fact of his being a Russian that aroused the half forgotten tradition in Rob's mind; yet, his comment at

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

the end of his tale was strange, so strange indeed, that I demanded an explanation. None, however, was forthcoming. Rob merely remarked that he had told me an old 'sgeul' (story), and added that my clothes were now dry and the warm heather bed made ready for my reception, with the needless rider, 'that it was not very far to walk, just across the floor!' I, myself, felt no ill or disturbing effects to my equilibrium from that last bumper. I give the tale as Rob told it to me, minus the diversions, as he heard it handed down traditionally from Merran, the nurse's own descendants.

PART I.

"Ochon! ochon! Maisie 'a rùn' (my love), and have ye turned up your nose at all our own lads, fine stalwart lads as ever walked in shoe leather, or without, for the matter of that, only to fall a victim at last to a tallowed-faced Rooshian? 'Mo creach 's mo leir! (my misfortune and sorrow) to think of it, our bonnie 'Miss Maisie bhan a ghlinne' (fair Maisie of the glen) to lose head and heart for the likes of *that*." And the speaker, an elderly woman with silvery hair, and a clear cut cast of countenance in which shrewdness and benevolence were equally blended, gave an angry jerk of the head towards the open casement, commanding a fine view of the harbour, crowded with vessels of every shape and size, anchored peacefully at rest. Her companion, a young lady of a singularly interesting type of beauty, entirely dependant on the mood of the hour for its every varying charm, graceful, and winning in manner, knelt in front of the fire in her old nurse's cottage, listening with a smile of amusement to Merran's out-spoken comments, at the same time following the direction indicated by the indignant jerk of the head, with those deep violet eyes wherein lay the chief charm and fascination of her countenance, out to where a foreign merchantman stood outlined against the red glow of the evening sky.

Snatches of strange melodies floating across the harbour reached the ears of the two listeners. As the girl listened, her eyes became fixed and dilated as if in the distance she had seen some strange vision. A psycological moment, in which she seemed to see the glory and the pain of an unknown future, without the key to read its meaning.

"Hear at them now!" exclaimed old Merran, singing of their gibberish as if any Christian could understand them Why don't they learn to sing us the Gaelic? 'Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoideach' (my nut-brown maid). Now there's a song that would fit you well 'mo bhron' (my little one). Oh! me, what would my leddy say if she knew?"

"My lady!" ejaculated Maisie with a bitter sneer that was ill to see on so young a face, "what place have I in my lady's heart? nor alas! in my father's, since he married *her*. It is all Norah now. Norah is ever right and Maisie wrong, and well I know that both of them will be glad to have me out of their sight. You know the old proverb, Merran, 'Two's company but three's none.'"

And the young girl laid her head down on Merran's knee, that she might not see the tears swelling up in her eyes. For Maisie had all the pride of her old Scottish ancestry, and hated herself for the show of emotion she tried hard to conceal. The petted and spoilt child of her father, Lord Shotto Douglas, it had been a hard blow when a few years previously, he had taken to himself a second wife, a beautiful but frivolous creature, who hated and resented the presence of a step-daughter, and had gradually succeeded in weaning, if not the affections, the interest of the father's heart from his child. Poor Maisie, day by day saw herself treated more as the stranger without the gates cut off from all sympathetic affection. Little wonder that the motherless girl, cut off from nearly all social intercourse with those of her own rank (for the Douglas's were too poor to move much in their own sphere, and too proud to move in a lower), found the ready warmth of home-life by the cosy fireside of her nurse and foster-mother, irresistible. At times seeking among the lovely glens and the wild sea shore the heart sympathy mother nature never denies her 'ain bairns,' when they seek her to understand her soul speaking silence.

"O, m' eudail bhochd! (O! my poor treasure), exclaimed the nurse, stroking with her kind withered hand the silky tresses of her foster-child, "m' eudail bhochd! it's ill for the young to stand by quiet, and see the love they have a right to, pass them by, like the snell winter winds. Ill, ill, to hear the bleat of the lamb on the lone hillside, and the mother far away. O mo creach, mo creach 's mo leir!" And old Merran's eyes filled with the tears of ready sympathy, "But why, 'mo cheist' (a term of endearment), do ye no tell them the truth? If he is a honest man and fit for the likes of you, they'll no be sorry but glad for you to go (by your own telling), tho' it's hard to think *that* of our bonnie Miss Maisie."

"But," she added after a pause, "Indeed it's not one of the old Douglas blood should be stealing away like a thief in the night from the midst of us, and with a sailor man from the Rooshians, ochon! ochon!" she sighed heavily, "I will have no hand or part in it. Deed no, deed no. Please God! I never will."

"Oh! Merran!" cried Maisie grasping the old woman's hands, "you also to desert me! you cannot be so cruel? am I to go to my dead mother's grave this night to tell her that not one of all those she used to be so good to here, are willing to take her place for one short hour. O, Merran! I cant, I wont believe you to be so cruel."

"M' eudail, if it was one of our own lads your heart was set upon, I would not say you no, but a foreigner and a Rooshian—what gaed you to think of him at all lassie? Coming from God knows where to steal our bonnie blue-bell from her native soil, ochon! ochon!"

"But, you will stand by me, Merran, 'a ghaoil?' (love)" cried Maisie, gazing up into her old nurse's face with all the witchery of her large pathetic eyes.

"Deed, deed, m' eudail, it's ill against my heart to say you yes. But if I canna prevent it, I must just e'en stand by and see you marrying yon thing! And what may his black name be? I never can keep it in my mind a meenite."

"Ivan Ivanovitch," answered Maisie, a proud and happy light coming into her eyes at the mere mention of the beloved name. "Or just to make it sound more homely, Ian MacIan in our own tongue, Merran, 'a ghaoil.'".

"Huts! it's no just so ill to think of him as Ian MacIan, it seems to bring him a bit nearer." And the old woman brightened considerably, as she found the dreaded name within range of both intelligence and tongue. "But I wish it had been an honest Scottish lad you fancied 'a ghraidh' (dearest). And to think when yon big ship sailed into the harbour last June, it was filled with the 'buidseachd' (witchcraft) that was to set a spell on my bairn, and wean her from our midst."

"Oh! Merran, if you knew! If I only dared tell you who he is, even you would be satisfied. It is just like one of the old fairy 'sgeuls' you used to tell me over and over again."

"Eh?" queried Merran, curiosity and the love of mystery gaining the master over her prejudice, "what now m' eudail, may he be in his own country? A great Lord may be? But why can't he tell? Is one of the old Douglas blood not good enough to mate with a King?

"It is not him, Merran. If it only depended on him. But he is surrounded with enemies and with danger, and we must keep silence for a wee whilie, and wait his opportunity to speak."

"A wee whilie! when they ask for silence for a wee whilie m' eudail, it is but seldom the silence is broken this side of eternity. I like it little—the silence and the foreign ways of him. O, me! if he goes to break the heart of you, 'a ghaoil,' there's not a lad on the old Douglas land but would tear him limb from limb. Aye, deed would they."

"Hush! Merran, you don't know how you hurt me with such doubts. He is good and true, and will you not be in the church yourself to see us married?"

"And is it Mr. MacTaggart that'll be marrying you, 'a ghraidh?" queried the old woman, drawing her chair close in to the peat fire.

"No, no, not Mr. MacTaggart. No one must know who cannot be trusted to hold his tongue. It is his own priest that will marry us."

"His own—what! deil a one of them Rooshian bodies here, the Lord be thankit. So he'll jest heve to get Mr. MacTaggart or nobody."

"This very night, Merran, one of his own priests will come all the way from Russia, disguised, so that no one may know but that he is some passing stranger." "See! see!" cried the girl excitedly as she sprang towards the window, "Did you see that rocket go up from the 'Anna,' that was the signal *he* was to give, that the good Father Vassili had arrived, and to-morrow—to-morrow night—oh! my own glen, my own glen, I shall never see you more." And the girl sobbed as if her heart would break.

It was now the old nurse's task to speak words of soothing encouragement where she had formerly chided.

"Come, come, 'mo bhronag,' we'll hev out the teapot and toss the cups to speir your fortune with, this very minute." So saying Merran, assisted by Maisie, bustled about preparing the tea for the great function. Lord and Lady Douglas were both absent from the castle for a fortnight, so that the secret marriage and premeditated flight was in no danger of interruption. I do not go into all the doubts and fears (grave enough) which induced the proud daughter of a Douglas to consent to this outré step, yet it is those very outré events that really go to make history, not the meagre outlines conventionally known as such.

I have touched before on the isolated condition of Maisie, and her lone wanderings by mount, and glen, and shore. It was in one of these wanderings she first met with the Russian, 'Ivan Ivanovitch.' The 'Anna,' presumably a Russian merchantman, had put in at the quiet harbour town, in the month of June, for repairs. It was now the month of October, yet she lingered on for no ostensible reason.

Ivan Ivanovitch, by some said to be a rich Russian nobleman in search of adventures,

held sufficient sway over both captain and crew as to induce them to remain, whilst he travelled far into the country and among the mountains, picking up the language and studying the people, always accompanied by one chosen companion, a young officer of a daring and adventurous spirit, and his huge mastiff.

(To be continued).

The following Story gained first prize in the Gaelic Prose Competition at the recent Mod at Perth.

RUARAIDH MAC RATH.

LE "EILEANACH."
(CHRISTINA MACDOUGALL, EILEAN SHONA)

(*Continued from page* 95.)

"NACH cuir thu na beachdan iongantach sin agad air chùl, no cum agad fhéin iad, cha ruig duine sam bith a leas an cluinntinn mar togair thu fhéin, agus dian mar tha sinn uile a' dianamh; cha 'n 'eil fear cho comasach riutsa, agus is math tha fios agad fhéin air a sin, a Ruaraidh."

"Tha sin ceart, Alastair, "arsa Ruaraidh," ach cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhios innte. A' bheil thu an dùil gu 'n urrainn mise dol as àicheadh nam beachdan a tha nis air fàs mar chuid de m' fhéin; cha 'n iarr mi air duine eile an gabhail a stigh, oir cha robh latha toilichte agamsa o'n ghabh mi fhéin rompa, ach gidheadh cha chuir ni as mo cheann nach i an fhirinn a tha agam, ach is mise a fhuair an tàir inntinn mu 'n do threig mi an creidimh anns an d' fhuair mi m' àrach. Cuir rait fhéin a' cheist, ciamar bu toigh leat a bhi searmonachadh fhacal anns nach robh thu a' creidsinn?"

"Ach, a Ruaraidh, nach creid thu ann, cha 'n 'eil aon againn a bhitheas idir a' fiachainn ri bhi beachd smuaineachaidh, nach tig uair is uair teagamhan dorcha a stigh 'n ar n-inntinn, air an dùusgadh leis an nàmhaid, ach bu chòir dhuinn an cur air chùl le ùrnuigh agus le bhi rannsachadh nan Sgriobtur."

"B' àbhaist dòmhsa ùrnuigh a dhianamh, ach cha do rinn i feum dhomh, dé tha ann an ùrnuigh ach mi-mhodh. Ma tha Dia ann do 'n aithne na h-uile rud, cha ruig sinne leis ùrnuigh a dianamh ris. Tha fios aige fhéin ni 's fheàrr na tha againne ciod air a' bheil féum againn, agus cha ruig sinne leis a bhi ag innseadh dha Air an taobh eile, mur 'eil an Dia sin ann, thoir an aire, cha 'n 'eil mi ag ràdh *nach 'eil*, ach *mur 'eil*. is mur 'eil ann am fear-cruthachaidh an t-saoghail ach dadmunn, gun fhaireachadh sam bith, tha ùrnuigh diamhain mar an ceudna."

"A Ruaraidh, a Ruaraidh," thuirt a chompanach, "tha eagal orm gu 'n deach thu tuilleadh is fada far na slighe cheart. Ciod an toileachadh a bhiodh anns an t-saoghal na 'm biodh fios againn gu 'm b'e so a' chrìoch, agus nach robh cumhachd sam bith os ar cionn. Seall an neo-ionannachd cothrom agus crannchur a tha air feadh an t-saoghail Tha aon neach a' tighinn a stigh do 'n t-saoghal, agus tha a h-uile ni a' feitheamh dha; tha gach comhfhurtachd agus cothrom aige bho 'n chiad latha, agus tha iad a' leantainn ris a dh' ionnsuidh an latha mu dheireadh. Tha aon eile a' tighinn do 'n t-saoghal, agus cha 'n fhaigh e ach air eiginn comas gluasaid ann; tha droch nàbuidheachd aige, tha droch chompanaich aige, agus cha 'n 'eil e a' faighinn cothrom fòghlum, oir tha e ag iomairt e fhéin a' chosnadh, aig an aois aig an ionnsaicheadh e rud. Tha gach aite is toirteile air a thoirt do na daoine is cothromaiche, tha sin 'g an leantainn o linn gu linn, agus is ann le fìor thapachd a bheir duine sam bith eile bhuapa iad. Mur biodh againn ach an saoghal so, gun chumhachd 'g a riaghladh, cha b' urrainn duinn cur suas leis na rudan sin, b' fheàrr dhuinn fhàgail uile."

"Is e sin an rud nach urrainn mise thuigsinn," arsa Ruaraidh, "c' ar son a tha sinn a' fulang a leithid de dh' eadar-dhealachadh crannchur, no c' arson, ma tha Dia gràsmhor ann, nach 'eil e a' toirt cothrom do 'na h-uile duine!"

"Bhitheadh e duilich a thuigsinn mar biodh againn ri coimhead ris ach an saoghal so, ach àite déuchainn, far a' bheil sinn a' faighinn cothrom air na buaidhean a tha againn a' leasachadh, chum abuchadh ann an ionad is fheàrr. Cha 'n 'eil an saoghal so, a Ruaraidh, ach mar tha am bogha-frois a chì thu anns an spéur aig àmannan. Cha 'n fhaic thu ach earrann de 'n bhogha-fhrois; cha 'n fhaic thu 'thoiseach no dheireadh; ach tha fios againn gu bheil e cruinn, ged nach 'eil e comasach dhuinne a' chuartag fhaicinn uile. Is ann dìreach mar sin a tha ar beatha an so; cha 'n fhiosrach sinn cionnus no c' àite, ach gu bheil Dòchas 'g ar seòladh suas gu nithean is fheàrr na an saoghal aimsireil so."

"Tha mòran firinn anns na bheil thu ag ràdh, Alastair, ach an déigh sin, cha 'n urrainn mise dhol sìos leat," fhreagair Ruaraidh, "Ach ciamar is urrainn mise chreidsinn gu bheil Dia ann, an uair nach urrainn mi 'dhearbhadh. Cha 'n urrainn duine sam bith a' ràdh gu bheil ni sam bith eu-comasach do nàdurr a dhianamh; ma tha neo-ionannachd crannchur dhaoine a' togail bochdainn eucoirean, agus ciontain de dh' iomadh seòrsa, tha iarrtas nàdurra aig gach neach air a staid anns an t-saoghal a dhianamh ni 's fheàrr; agus tha sin 'g am brodachadh gus na cnaip-starraidh a tha anns an rathad orra a ghlanadh gu buileach air falbh; agus na 'm

bitheadh so air a dhianamh, bhiodh an saoghal mar nach 'eil e. An uair a dh' amhairceas sinn air na bheil de mhi-cheartas, de dh' eucoir, de thinnaes agus de nithean oillteil air feadh an t-saoghail, ciamar a chreideas sinn gu bheil cruthadair ann, do 'm b' urrainn na nithean so a' leasachadh, agus gidheadh, nach gluais méur gus an leasachadh."

"Mar thuirt mi ruit a cheana, a Ruaraidh, cha 'n 'eil sinne a' faicinn ach earrann glé bheag de 'n chruinn-ché, is cha 'n 'eil fios again ciod e is ceann-aobhair de ni, ach glé bheag, de na bheil a' tachairt. Cho math is gu bheil eòlas agus fiosrachadh, cha toir iad ni ni' dlùithe sinn air Diomhaireachd mhòir na doimhne. An uair nach 'eil thusa a' tuigsinn ciamar is urrainn Dia a bhi ann, o'n tha leithid de dh' olc air feadh an t-saoghail, tha thu mar bha am Frangach ag ràdh—Tha an déideadh orm; uime sin cha 'n 'eil Dia ann."

Rinn Ruaraidh glag gàire, agus anns a' mhionaid thug e 'n aire dha fhéin.

"Cha b 'e gaire bu chòir dhomh a dhianamh, Alastair; ach fhuair thu a' chuid is fheàrr dhiom an dràsda; ach cha 'n urrainn mi faicinn le do shùilean-sa. B' fheàrr leam na rud cuimseach gu 'n robh an darra leth de d' chreidimh agam. Ach, tha mi a' faicinn, ged nach 'eil mi freagarrrach airson na ministreileachd, gu 'n dianainn lighiche math, ged is e mi fhéin a tha 'g a ràdh, na 'n aontaicheadh m' athair leam. Ach fhuair mi litir bhuaithe an diugh ag innseadh nach robh e a' dol a thoirt an còrr airgid dhomh, o nach robh mi dianamh mar bu mhiann leis fhéin, agus leis a sin, cha 'n 'eil fios agam ceart ciod e ni mi."

"Cha 'n urrainn mise do chomhairleachadh," arsa Alastair, "o nach 'eil thu fhéin a' faicinn freagarrach a' mhinistreileachd a leantainn, agus is ann a tha mi 'g a d' mholadh, a chionn gu bheil thu ' leantainn do chogais."

Anns a' bhruidhinn a bh' ann, thàinig bean-antighe gu dorus an t-seomair, agus litir aice do Ruaraidh, a dh' fhàg post nan ochd uairean.

"Is ann o'n tigh a tha i," ars' esan ri Alasdair, "agus is e sgrìobhadh Seònaid a th' oirre. Na caraich gus am faic mi dé an naigheachd a th' aice."

Thug e sùil chabhagach thairis air an litir, agus ghlaodh e.

"Alastair, fheudail, fheudail, is olc an airidh mise air a' leithid de phiuthair a bhi agam; leugh fhéin siu."

Bha an litir ag innseadh, ann am briathran goirid, an trioblaid inntinn anns an robh iad uile aig an tigh mu thimchioll, agus gu sònraichte 'athair, agus gu 'n d' rinn e suas inntinn nach dianadh e 'n còrr cuideachaidh ris mur robh e 'dol a leantainn na dréuchd a chuir e mu choinnimh. Bha Seònaid a' tuigsinn ni b' fheàrr na duine sam bith ciod e 'bha 'cumail Ruaraidh air ais, agus na 'm biodh e ris an obair a bu mhiann leis, gu 'm biodh e 'n a thoileachadh do na bhuineadh dha.

An uair a chaochail a seanamhair—mathair a h-athar—dh' fhàg i dà fhichead punnd Sasunnach aig Seònaid, agus chaidh fhàgail anns a' bhanca 'n a h-ainm, gus an cuireadh i féum air gu tochradh, no gu ni sònraichte sam bith eile.

Bha Seònaid an déigh fios a chur a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhanca, an dà fhichead a chur am an ainm a bràthar, air son toiseach math a thoirt da ann a bhi a' toirt a mach inbhe lighiche. Rinn i so, mu 'n do dh' innis i do a h-athair e, agus ged nach robh e toilichte an toiseach, cha b' urrainn da gun fhaicinn cho math agus cho féin-aicheadhach is a bha Seònaid, agus cho beag suim is a bha i fhéin a' cur anns an rud a rinn i.

Dh' atharraich Ruaraidh gu buileach, an uair a thòisich e air an obair ùir agus a chuir e cùl ris a' mhinistreileachd. Cha robh aon de chomh-sgoilearan a rachadh air thoiseach air, agus le thapachd fhéin thug e mach de dh' airgiod cuideachaidh na bha 'g a chumail gu math, cuide ri airgiod Seònaid.

Dh' fhàs Iain Mac Rath ni bu réidhe ri cuisean a bhi mar bha iad, an uair a bha e a' leughadh mu mhac a bhi bitheanta a' faighinn onairean anns an oil-thigh.

Cha robh na bliadhnaichean fada 'dol seachad, agus fhuair Ruaraidh àite math mar dhoctair sgire, gun bhi astar mòr o 'n Chnoc bhàn. Phàigh e tochradh Seònaid a stigh do 'n bhanca dà uair. Cha chreid mi nach do chuir e mòran de na teagmhaidhean a bh' aige air chùl; co dhiu, cha robh mòran anns an sgìre a bu fhritheiltiche air an eaglais na 'n doctair, mur biodh dad eile anns an rathad; agus cha robh aon idir ann a b' fheàrr a fhrithealadh do dh' uireasbhuidhean spioradail na feadhnach a bhiodh tinn, no ann an trioblaid sam bith is foghnaidh sin fhéin mar innis air.

Chaochail ministeir a' Chnoic bhàin, agus is e Alastair Mac an Toisich a fhuair iad 'n a àite, agus théid mi 'n urras gu 'n robh e air a dheadh lìonadh.

An uair mu dheireadh a chuala mise iomradh air, bha e fhéin agus Seònaid Nic-Rath a' dol phòsadh; agus bha h-uile duine ag ràdh gu 'n robh e a' faighinn mnà a bha neo-ar-thàing ris fhéin anns gach rathad.

[A' CHRIOCH.]

"THE WEAVING OF THE TARTAN." — This beautiful song by Miss Alice C. Macdonell of Keppoch, which appeared some time ago in our pages, has been set to a most appropriate air by B. Handel Garth. The song is very suitable for Highland gatherings, and we have no doubt that before long it will be a favourite on Celtic Societies' programmes.

WILLIAM GEORGE ROSS.

MR. AND MRS W. G. ROSS.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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WILLIAM GEORGE ROSS, FORRES.

HITHERTO, the ancient Clan Ross has not been too frequently represented in our "Gallery," so that it is with special pleasure we present our readers this month with the portrait of a prominent and estimable member of the clan, in the person of Mr. William George Ross, St. Ternans, Forres.

Mr. Ross was born at Tain, Ross-shire, where he was educated at the Royal Academy, and afterwards at the Collegiate School, Edinburgh. He is the third and only surviving son of the late William Baillie Ross, M. D., Surgeon, 7th Dragoon Guards, and his grandfather was the late Rev. Walter Ross, Minister of Clyne, Sutherland. On his mother's side he is descended from two notable Sutherland families — his mother being a daughter of the late Gabriel Reed of Trantlebeg and Kilcalmkill, whose wife was a daughter of the late George Mackay of Bighouse, one of the most important chieftain families of the Clan Mackay, and descended from the chief, Hugh, father of Donald, 1st Lord Reay, famous in the annals of the great Thirty Years' War. Mr. Ross can thus claim an intimate connection with both Ross-shire and Sutherland.

On leaving the Collegiate School, he entered into the service of the Union Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh for several years. In 1875 he joined the 4th Highland Company Queen's Rifle Volunteers as Lieutenant, and became Captain in 1885. The Highland Companies at that time wore the kilt, a dress subsequently discarded for a uniform by no means so picturesque. In the same year Captain Ross passed through the School of Instruction, Wellington Barracks, London.

Mr. Ross married Marie, daughter of the late Hugh Christie Paterson of Glasgow, and widow of the late Patrick Murdoch, a charming lady whose portrait we are pleased to give on the accompanying plate.

Those who have the pleasure of Mr. Ross' acquaintance know how intensely Highland his sympathies are, and summer and winter he delights in wearing the Highland dress. Recently he donned the "trews" to attend a ceremony, and was astonished to find that his friends failed to recognise him! The change of dress acounted for the loss of identity! We would advise our friend to "keep to the tartan," for there are few who wear the kilt more gracefully.

Mr. Ross is at present interested in the formation of a Clan Ross Society, which we hope soon to see established and flourishing.

Editor.

ANNIE'S LAMENT.

I'VE felt the sorrows
Of Love's weary morrows,
Since Alastair whispered, "I'll come back to thee,"
Thro' long days of sadness,
Hope's bright beam of gladness
Gave solace when life had no pleasure for me.

The wind on the mountain,
The voice of the fountain,
The bird that is warbling in grove or on tree,
Seem singing and sighing,
And ever are crying,—
"Annie! Poor Annie!" in pity for me.

The glen is deserted,
The wives broken-hearted,
The shade of Culloden lies dark on each lea,
Oh! deep is the mourning
For men unreturning,
My Alastair never will come back to me.

Sunderland. William Allan.

No. II.—The Macbeans.

Part Second.—Macbeans of Drummond and others in the Parish of Dores, etc.

Macbean of Drummond.

In 1663, Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder feus the lands of Drummond to Alexander Macbean, who with his wife, Effie Shaw, are infeft in that year. She was daughter of Angus Shaw, styled of Knocknagail. In 1670 Alexander is dead, and John Macbean — probably Alexander's brother — is found designed Tutor of Drummond. Reference is made same year to a son of the Tutor, but the Christian name is not given. Upon 26th April, 1687, John Macbean enters into a bond for himself and on behalf of his tenants, Evan Macpherson, Donald Gray, John Fraser, weaver, John Bain, Duncan MacConchie, junior, and Finlay MacWilliam, to repay James Dunbar, Merchant in Inverness, such seed as they required of him, in order to lay down their crops, to the extent of 14 bolls bear. The agreement was, against Martinmas 1687, to furnish Mr. Dunbar with 18 bolls of the produce, and by a marking, it would appear, the obligation was implemented in full, prior to February, 1688.

In 1692 John Macbean, above mentioned, as eldest lawful son and heir of Alexander Macbean, is infeft in Drummond. In 1716 John Macbean enters into a contract of marriage with Elspet, third daughter of William Macbean of Kinchyle. This was his second marriage, for Andrew Macbean, lawful son of John Macbean of Drummond, is one of the witnesses to the contract, as is also the notable Gillies Macbean, son of Kinchyle.

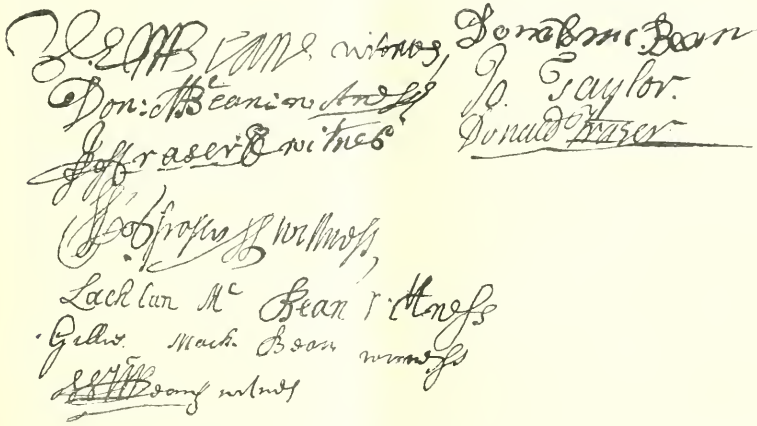
There appear to have been questions between the Macbeans of Drummond, and their immediate neighbours, the Frasers of Erchite, as to the casting of peats and cutting of divot. This led to repeated Instruments of Protest and Interruption against the Frasers of Erchite. Although Erchite extended from Loch Ness to Achnabat and Loch Duntelchaig, it had no peat-moss, and the disturbances which are recorded as occurring in 1697 and 1711 generally took place at Glaic-na clach-blea, near Duntelchaig. The marches between Drummond and Erchite had been in dispute of old, but settled by a jury on decree of perambulation on 31st May, 1669. A deed to which Donald Macbean, who had succeeded John as third of Drummond, is a party, has a goodly number of Macbean signatures. It is written by Ensign William Macbean in Daars, and signed at Drummond, 6th June, 1721, in presence of

William Macbean of Kinchyle, Donald Macbean of Faillie, John Fraser in Dunchea, John Fraser, Tacksman of Duntelchaig, Gillies Macbean, son to Kinchyle, and the said Ensign William Macbean. From the number of Macbean signatures, and particularly that of the famous Major Gillies Macbean, these signatures are photographed.

Prior to 1751 the Macbeans, who had fallen behind in their estate, parted with Drummond to my great-great-grand-father, Angus Mackintosh, Merchant in Inverness, who is found as owner in that year. Angus Mackintosh was succeeded by his only son, Phineas Mackintosh, Provost of Inverness, who to his after regret, was tempted by a very high price to sell Drummond to William Fraser of Balnain, Clerk to the Signet, who acquired step by step all the lands in the Strath of Dores, from Borlum to Inverfarigaig, now comprehended under the general name of Aldourie. Provost Phineas Mackintosh, who, as I have said, repented his parting with Drummond, so soon as he was enabled to acquire other lands, bought Drumdevan from the Town of Inverness, and called his new purchase Drummond, in remembrance of his own and his father's original property of Drummond Durris.

MACBEANS OF DAARS, PART OF KINCHYLE.

In 1664 Paul Macbean of Kinchyle, Wadsets Daars, part of Kinchyle estate, to Donald Macbean in Durris, and Margaret Mackintosh, his spouse, and they are infeft same year.



FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURES TO MACBEAN DEED OF 1721.

In 1687 Donald Macbean is dead, as also his wife, and there being no sons of the marriage, Kinchyle as superior grants an entry to Donald's five daughters, Marjory, Katherine, Margaret, Mary, and Agnes Macbean as heiresses portioners. In 1702 Kinchyle redeems the Wadset, when it is found that all the daughters, except Margaret, the second, are married.

The monuments in the churchyard of Dores, if carefully examined, testify strongly to the numbers and influence of the Macbeans within the parish, and there are still several substantial representatives of the clan.

The Macbeans spread in and about Inverness at an early period, and still flourish; one of the tenants on the estate of Mackintosh of Holme, Donald Macbean, is found in 1807, predecessor of the late worthy and honourable Bailie Alexander Macbean of Inverness, father of William Macbean, who presently fills with such credit the position of Provost of Inverness.

BEFORE LEAVING

THE MACBEANS OF DORES AND INVERNESS PARISHES,

the family of the Rev. Angus Macbean, and of the Rev. Alexander Macbean, both of Inverness, must not be overlooked. The former is generally admitted to have been a younger son of Kinchyle, but neither his propinquity nor that of the Rev. Alexander Macbean has been hitherto absolutely established. From Mr. William Mackay's valuable Inverness and Dingwall Presbytery Records, it is shown that Mr. Angus Macbean is on 17th October, 1683, described as Student in Divinity, and on 19th December, presented to Inverness

by Strichen, and with the approval of Colin, Lord Bishop of Moray, he is inducted as successor of Mr. Alexander Clerk, to the church of Inverness. By 1687 Mr. Macbean's views had changed, and he absented himself from church meetings, it being recorded that at the meeting on 3rd August, he had been three times absent. The brethren seem to have dealt considerately with him, and appointed a small committee to see and converse with him. The committee reported 7th September, *inter alia*, that Mr. Macbean asserted that "Presbytery was the only government that God owned in these nations." As also that "Mr. Macbean in his public lectures and sermons did so reflect upon the government of our church, and was like to make such a schism at Inverness, as could not be endured by any affected to the present government." At the request of the Magistrates of Inverness, that all process should be delayed till the next meeting, and that they should use their endeavours to persuade the said Mr. Angus to be more orderly, and to meet with his brethren and satisfy them; which if he would not do, they resolved to leave him to himself if he would not follow their advice; the matter was adjourned till 5th October, 1687, when it is recorded that Mr. Angus still wilfully absented himself, and neither the Magistrates nor his other friends had in the least prevailed with him. A final effort was made on 19th October; another deputation was appointed to confer with Mr. Macbean, but by the minutes of meeting of 7th December matters had come to a crisis, it being reported that Mr. Macbean publicly in a service in the Highlands "disowned the Church Government established by law, and publicly demitted his charge of the ministry under the present government, and wilfully deserted his flock, and at same time did publicly exhort and intreat all men whatsoever to abstain from speaking to him any more in that affair." Mr. Macbean was regularly deposed at Edinburgh 27th February, 1688, being personally present, and as late as 27th March, 1688, the Presbytery endeavour "to persuade Mr. Angus to return to his duty." The Records of Presbytery are wanting from 19th September, 1688 to 1702, and the latest reference to Mr. Macbean is on 2nd May, 1688, when the sentence of deprivation and deposition of 27th February is ordered to be registered. The after history of Mr. Macbean is well known, and his early death. It has been stated that he left a son, Mr. Alexander Macbean of Inverness, which may be true, though not absolutely authenticated. Mr. Alexander Macbean, like Mr. Angus, was certainly connected with the Kinchyle family. Mr. Alexander—a good man in many respects, termed the "John Knox" of the North — was an overzealous Hanoverian, for which he got at least a credit from that Government, not vouchsafed to President Forbes. Mr. Alexander Macbean, who had been at Fort-William, Douglas, and other places, including Rosemarkie, which received him so ill that he demitted, before being finally settled at Inverness. He married one of the daughters of John Macbean, Sheriff Clerk of Inverness To the marriage contract of the Sheriff Clerk, and his second wife Marjory Baillie, sister of John Baillie of Leys, near Inverness, dated 9th, 15th, and 23rd June, 1732, the Rev. Alexander Macbean is a witness. As the Rev Alexander Macbean undoubtedly belonged to the church militant, it is not surprising that his descendants, the Forbes-Macbeans have been and continue hereditary warriors.

Next paper will deal with the Macbeans of Faillie, and of Tomatin.

(*To be continued.*)

SNOWDROPS.

Now you are here, with dainty air,
With slender stems and blossoms fair
To deck the path of Lady Spring,
Old Winter must be on the wing!

Before you came, I doubted sore
This bare brown earth could bloom no more,
But now the garden is bedight
With tenderest green and snowy white.

I dare believe, now you are here
In all the treasures of the year—
That June's red rose will blow again,
The valleys laugh with golden grain.

My snowdrops, see, to welcome you,
From yonder cloud the sun breaks through,
And overhead the skylarks sing—
Old Winter must have taken wing,
Now you are here!

R. F. Forbes.

DAVID MACDONALD, J.P.

DAVID MACDONALD, J.P., ABERDEEN.

MR. MACDONALD is unquestionably a self-made man, and a brief biographical sketch of his life should prove very interesting reading indeed. He is a native of Woodside, Aberdeen, where at an early age he was employed in a cotton mill. He was afterwards apprenticed for five years in the counting-house of Messrs. Gordon, Barron & Co. Mr. Macdonald was a contemporary of the late Sir John Anderson of Woolwich, both the lads being employed at the same works, and receiving their rudimentary education—at the close of their day's work, after eight o'clock—at the same school. For many years Mr. Macdonald held the position of book-keeper at Messrs D Hogarth & Co. of Aberdeen, the friendship of whose firm he still warmly retains. He afterwards became a merchant on his own account in Aberdeen, and in recent years he has assumed his sons as partners in the well known firm of D. Macdonald & Sons.

In Aberdeen Mr. Macdonald for eleven years discharged faithfully and with great business perspicuity the duties of a Town Councillor and Harbour Commissioner, and of that time he was for over six years a Bailie. During his term as a Councillor, he was Convener of the Gas Committee, and it was while he occupied that chair that most of the recent improvements with regard to lighting by gas originated. He was also Convener of the Fishery Committee of the Harbour Board. It was on his motion and by his direct perseverance that the electric clock was got for Aberdeen; and it was also on his motion that the Prince of Wales' presents were brought to the Town and County Hall for exhibition. This exhibition proved a great success, financially and otherwise, and this, too, notwithstanding the adverse opinions of certain wiseacres of the city.

Mr. Macdonald was the first to suggest an Art Museum for Aberdeen, although his proposition was to have an Industrial and Art Museum combined In the summer of 1879, Mr. Macdonald addressed a letter on the subject to the Editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, urging the necessity of taking active and immediate steps to form such a museum in their midst. He yet lives to see part of his scheme given effect to, and we trust that the Industrial portion, as well, is in the near feature. To Mr. Macdonald's enterprise the Aberdonians owe the experiment of lighting a portion of the city by the "gas" of the future—the electric light

Mr. Macdonald is a director of the Aberdeen Lime Company, the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, the Aberdeen, Newcastle, and Hull Steam Shipping Company: Chairman of the Aberdeen Steam Laundry Company; and president of the Aberdeen Property Investment Building Society, the largest society of the kind in Scotland. This does not exhaust the list of the many important public offices held by Mr. Macdonald, for it must be added that he was for six years Lord Dean of Guild of the City of Aberdeen.. He was made a Justice of the Peace a few years ago.

Mr. Macdonald, who has thus won his way to the front in the commercial world, comes of a fighting stock. His grandfather fought in the great American War of Independence, and his father was at the battle of Waterloo, and was one of the Queen's oldest pensioners. Both these relatives served in the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch).

We may mention that Mr. Macdonald was the founder of the Highland Association of Aberdeen, of which he was Chairman for many years, and on its resuscitation by Mr. Hugh Macdonald, its present able secretary, Mr. David Macdonald was elected Senior Chieftain and vice-president.

"OLD WIVES' TALES," FROM MACLEOD'S COUNTRY.

[OLD ERIC MACDONALD, DUNVEGAN, SKYE, INTERVIEWED AS TO THE FAIRIES, ETC.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY
LOCKHART BOGLE.

Q. Did you ever see the Gruagach?

A. He used to be seen between Orbost and Roag, at a place called Lag-an-t-searrag. I saw him when I was about twenty years old. He was a nice-looking (grinn) man dressed like a minister in black.

Q. Had he fair hair?

A. I don't know as to the hair, with the fright I got. At 11 o'clock, he was standing on a bank above a well. I thought it was one I knew. "Is that you, Mr. Dunbar," I asked. I asked him three times but he did not answer. He had a little stick in his hand putting it round in the well. I went away when he did not answer me, and he followed me, and I could hear the noise of his shoes on the heather. I am sure enough he followed me for a quarter of a mile. When I got to the brae above our own house he was not there, and I ran home. It was then I got the fright, and I dashed cold water on my face. My father asked me if I had a stitch or was it fright. I said it was the fright. He asked me what frightened me, and I told him all about

it. "Idiot," said he, "that was protecting you. It was the gruagach You need not have run from him, but if you had said a bad word he would have been cross."

Down in Elan, Islay, I heard he had killed a girl.

Q. Was it before you were born?

Yes, but not before my father. It was a widow and her daughter living in Elan, Islay, keeping cattle for the "Major," the father of the present proprietor. There were no other houses but their own on the island. Well the girl was putting in the cattle, and she used an oath (droch conail ort), and he was there and struck her with the stick and she was dead, and she fell. He himself and the mother took in the body. He was blessed (beannuicht). He was one of the fallen angels. He was standing at the fire, which was almost out, and red only on one side of the peat, and he would turn the peat with the stick and say, "O peat, won't you make light for me" (O chaorain nach dean thu solas dhomh). These were the only words he was ever known to speak. When he would speak, the peat would burn like a candle. People who were living near the place told me this often. He is living yet. If people were living in the glens now as they used to be, they would see him often, often. He was living since the beginning of the world, and I daresay he has to do with the fairies. The gruagach used also to haunt Ramasaig, Idrigill, and Lothairgill. It's in the caves he would be living at night, and he would be seen about the time of evening when the cattle were returning home.

Q. Would he be courting?

A. I don't know if he is a man or woman. If he would, very likely it's with the fairy girls. I think there would be only one gruagach from all time, and people would be seeing the same one.

ERIC MACDONALD'S OPINIONS ABOUT SERPENTS.

The serpents will have a nest just like the birds, and a lot of them in it too. You would see them on the knolls in the heat. In the nest is the stone, and the serpents will be twisting around it. They likely laid it, for the stone is marked and pocked (breacachadh), just as they are themselves. Amongst them is always a white serpent. I possess a small round perforated stone called a serpent stone, long used in Glenelg for the curing of cattle.

Ferchair Leigh, in Highland story, obtained a universal knowledge of medicine by boiling a *white serpent* in a pot, and tasting the bree, etc. (see *Campbell's West Highland Tales*.

It was believed in the North that at the time of the "resurrectionists," many years ago, when

THE BLACK PLASTERS.

bodies were sold to doctors for dissection, murders were frequently committed. It was believed that the victim was rendered unconscious by the application of what was called in the Highlands "na plaistairean dubha," or the black plasters.

"Another girl and I went to a neighbouring village to get our sun bonntes washed, to work in them on the Monday at harvesting. We were then 15 or 16 years of age. Whom did we meet on the road but two fellows—one of them was very ill-looking—and they made up to us and wanted our company on the road. After we had passed a tigh-toll (toll house), and it was dark with trees, they tried to catch us in their arms, and the other girl called out, 'na plaistairean dubha,' and we both ran away as hard as we could, and took another way back home."

Q. What did they use to do with the black plasters?

A. The black plasters were dashed on the face of the person; it was like tar and would never come off.

Q. What was the bean-nighe?

A. The bean-nighe was a sort of bana-bhuitseach (female witch).

If she met a man, and he would not speak to her, she would kill him. If one would catch her, he could force her to give him three desires to let her go—luck, cattle, or money. She was little and very old. She would be always striking the water as they strike clothes in the water, to wash them. It is in rivers and burns she would be always working.

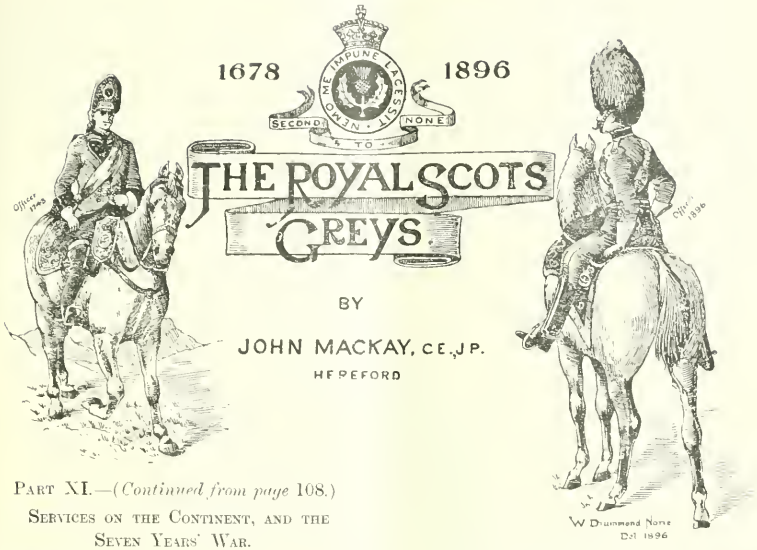
There was an awful beast that used to be about Varkasaig, Bikeri, and other places in my grandfather's time. No one ever saw her, but the voice was heard at night saying, "'Fhadsa bhios Biast-a-chliseadh beo, cha bhi ceo 'n gleann fo thùath' (whilst Biast-a-chliseadh is alive there will be no smoke in a glen of the North). When we would be fishing and come ashore, those in front would cry, "'Fhads a bhios Biast-a-chliseadh, etc.,' and we would all run past the place we were afraid she would catch us. If we fell, we would'nt stay to rise, but just run on. She never showed herself.

Q. How did you know she was a beast?

A. We did not know. It was herself gave the name to herself when she spoke. *Cliseadh* means gates.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE ST. COLUMBA GAELIC CHOIR hold their annual concert in the Waterloo Rooms, on 24th March, Dr. Magnus Maclean in the chair. We anticipate a large gathering, as a splendid programme has been arranged by the able conductor, Mr. Arch. Ferguson



PART XI.—(*Continued from page* 108.)

SERVICES ON THE CONTINENT, AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

THE Earl of Stair very soon afterwards resigned the command of the army. At the Hague he met Voltaire, who asked his Lordship what he thought of the battle of Dettingen. "I think" said the old Scottish warrior, "that the French made one great mistake, and the British two. Yours was, in not standing still; our first, entangling ourselves in a dangerous position; our second, failing to pursue our victory."

On the 11th May, 1745, was fought the famous battle of Fontenoy. The allies were defeated but with no loss of honour. Had the Dutch fought as well as the Austrians and British, the result would undoubtedly have been different. At this battle the cavalry had done little. The Greys, in covering the retreat, lost their gallant commander, General Campbell, and 15 men killed, 1 officer and 11 men wounded. The allied army lost 6,000 men; the French, who seldom or never give their real losses, owned a loss of 5,000 men, 4 generals and 2 brigadiers.

In 1746, the British contingent serving with allies had been reduced to 3 regiments of cavalry (one of which was the Greys) and 7 of infantry. At the battle of Roncoux, the Greys and other cavalry regiments remained inactive but impatient spectators of the sanguinary struggle. But as soon as the victorious French came in pursuit into the open ground, they rushed upon them with furious ardour, broke up their array, and chased them back to the covert of thicket and hedge, and the allied forces then retreated unmolested, crossed the Meuse, and encamped near Maestricht.

The details of these continental campaigns can have but little interest for the reader. Marches that led to nothing, counter marches equally futile. Manœuvres that accomplished but little, battles that had no definite results. It must be admitted that while our soldiers displayed the greatest daring and the most resolute courage, their generals were equally conspicuous for incapacity.

In the battle of Laffeldt, 1st July, 1747, The allies were commanded by the Duke of Cumberland of "Culloden renown." The battle was severely contested. At length the French gained considerable advantage, when the cavalry of the left wing was ordered forward. The Scots Greys, with General Sir John Legonier at their head, led the attack with distinguished gallantry. Having overthrown the enemy's first line, they continued the charge and routed the second line with equal vigour. Then mixing fiercely with the French cavalry, the dragoons used their broadswords with terrible effect, and captured several standards Animated by this tide of success, the Greys continued the pursuit too far, and received a volley from some French infantry posted in a hollow and behind hedges, which brought down many men and horses.

Sir John Legonier's horse was shot, and himself afterwards taken prisoner. The Greys and other dragoons turned from pursuing the cavalry, and fell sword in hand upon the infantry whom they chased from behind the hedges and out of the hollows, but the next moment a new line of opponents came upon the scene; these were at once attacked and soon dispersed by the gallant dragoons. While this success attended the charges of the dragoons on the left, the French broke through the centre of the allies, and maintained their ground in that quarter. The Duke of Cumberland then ordered the victorious squadrons to retire. In reluctlantly retracing their steps the enemy poured down upon the rear, and one squadron of the Greys having been put into disorder by a party of Dutch horsemen flying before the French, lost its standard. However, four French standards were captured in the first charge which the gallant Greys led with such indomitable bravery.

In 1749 the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle ended this wearisome and most unprofitable war; and the Greys returned to England and were stationed in the midland counties. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was little better than a truce. The only gainer by it was Frederick the Great, who kept Silesia, to the secret anger and vexation of Maria Theresa. In North America and India even the outward appearance of friendship between Britain and France was not maintained, and 1756 was memorable for the breaking out

From the Royal Scots Greys] [*By W. & A. K. Johnston.*

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."

of the "Seven Years' War." Maria Theresa could not console herself for the loss of Silesia. She was determined to recover that province by forming against Frederick a coalition that would reduce Prussia to its original dimensions as the electorate or marquisate of Brandenburg. Russia, Sweden, Saxony, the Germanic body, were parties to the arrangement. France joined the coalition to dismember Prussia. Frederick, alive to danger, secretly obtained intelligence of the machinations intended to destroy him, and in consequence made preparations which his foes little expected. Amongst other means of safety he negotiated an alliance with Great Britain, destined to be productive of important results to both nations. Leaving Frederick for a year or two to deal with his enemies on the continent, the British government attacked the French on sea, and all along the American continent and India, and in 1758, a British army of 12,000 men was dispatched to the aid of the Great Frederick of Prussia. In the meantime the Scots Greys formed part of the detachment that landed at St. Malo and destroyed its shipping and stores, and afterwards assisted at the capture of Cherbourg. Its fine basin, the labour of 30 years, costing £1,200,000, was completely destroyed; all the bastions along the shore were blown up; 166 cannons were flung into the sea, and two mortars and twenty-two beautifully polished brass guns were carried away. The Scots Greys lost 25 men and officers

killed, and 30 wounded. Another attempt to land at the bay of St. Cas ended in disaster, being grossly mismanaged.

In 1759 the Greys formed part of the army sent to the assistance of the Great Frederick, and were in Westphalia under the command of Prince Ferdinard of Brunswick, a general second only to Frederick himself. At the various battles fought during the three campaigns in Westphalia and Hesse, the Greys vindicated British valour, and evinced the most satisfactory proofs of their admirable conduct and discipline. At the battle of Minden, had Lord George Sackville obeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand to launch the British cavalry after the French, Minden might have been a Blenheim. Nevertheless, the Greys with their old Colonel Preston at their head, leaving a troop on the field with some Prussian hussars to protect the wounded from the "death-hunters," and to superintend the interment of the dead, went with other cavalry in pursuit of the French. Aged as the Colonel of the Greys was, none was so active in the discharge of his duty as the brave Preston and his gallant Scots Greys, who for many miles continued the chase, capturing hundreds of prisoners, part of the military chest, and all the splendid equipages of the Prince of Condé and Marshal De Contades fell into the hands of the Greys. At the capture of Zirenburg, in which the Greys had their share, their old Colonel received more than a dozen sword cuts harmlessly on "his stiff buff jerkin."

On the whole, Minden proved a glorious victory. In the retreat several French corps were annihilated. Many prisoners and a vast quantity of baggage were taken.

(To be continued).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

AN OLD PIBROCH.

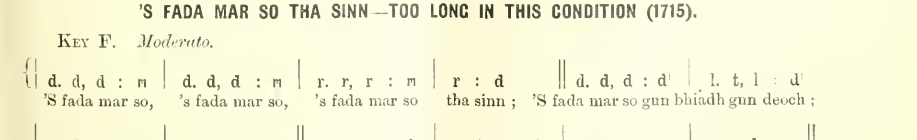
THE well known Pibroch—*Is fada mar so tha sinn* (Too long in this condition)—has a doubtful origin. According to Donald Macdonald, who published his "Collection of the Ancient Martial Music of Caledonia, called Piobaireachd," in 1806, this tune was composed by Patrick Mor Mac Crimmon, piper to Macleod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, after being stripped of all his clothes at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. According to other authorities it was composed by Donald Mor Mac Crimmon, the father of Patrick Mor Mac Crimmon, on the occasion of his flight to Sutherlandshire, on account of some depredation (see Mackay's Collection of Pipe Music, 1838, p. 2). Mac Crimmon having entered the house of a relative named Mackay, who was getting married that day, he sat in a corner unnoticed and unattended. When the piper began to play, Donald was fingering his stick, and the piper observing this knew that he could play. He asked him to do so, but Donald said he could not. The whole company asked him, but he again refused. At last the piper said, "I'm getting 7s 6d for playing at this marriage; I will give you one-third of it if you will play." Donald took the pipe and struck up—

'S fada mar so, 's fada mar so,
'S fada mar so tha mi;
'S fada mar so, gun bhiadh gun deoch
Air banais Mhic Aoidh tha mi.
'S fada mar so, 's fada mar so,
'S fada mar so tha mi;
'S fada mar so, gun bhiadh gun deoch
An tigh Mhic Aoidh tha mi.

He played so well that all the company knew that this was the great Donald Mor Mac Crimmon, and as he made the pipe speak Gaelic, they understood his complaint, and he was loyally entertained. FIONN.

'S FADA MAR SO THA SINN—TOO LONG IN THIS CONDITION (1715).

KEY F. *Moderato.*


d. d, d : m | d. d, d : m | r. r, r : m | r : d || d. d, d : d' | l. t, l : d'
'S fada mar so, 's fada mar so, 's fada mar so tha sinn; 'S fada mar so gun bhiadh gun deoch;
s. l, s : l | r : d || r. r, r : l | s. l, s : l | m. m, m : s | r : d ||
'S fada mar so tha sinn; 'S fada mar so, 's fada mar so, 's fada mar so, tha sinn.
d. d, d : d' | l. t, l : d' | s. l, s : l | r : d ||
'S fada mar so gun bhiadh gun deoch, 's fada mar so tha sinn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1897.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Dr. Charles J. Sutherland, South Shields; Mr. James Grant, president of the Clan Grant Society and the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association; and Mr. Roderick Macrae, Beauly. A portrait and sketch of Mr. Neil C. Colquhoun, secretary, Clan Colquhoun Society, will also be given; and we hope, in addition, to present our readers with a special plate, showing a correct representation of the Clan Macbean tartan, in colours.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES: HISTORICAL, GENEALOGICAL AND SOCIAL (SECOND SERIES), INVERNESS-SHIRE, PARISH BY PARISH, BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A. SCOT. This most valuable contribution to Highland literature has just been published by Messrs. A. & W. Mackenzie, and in our opinion it is the most interesting work that has yet emanated from the pen of its gifted author. The volume extends to nearly 500 pages, and contains a perfect mine of information relating to Inverness-shire. The volume is one which every Highlander should possess. The edition is already pretty well exhausted, and it is intended to increase the price shortly. Copies may still be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow—Demy 8vo, handsomely bound, 25s 6d; Demy 4to, large paper, fine margin, 42s 9d, post free.

CEOL MOR.—Part I. has now been sent out to all subscribers, and part II. will be ready in a few days. Copies can be had, price 4s per part.

SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY.—Full particulars regarding this work just published, with press notices, will be found in our advertising pages.

THE CLAN MACKAY BURSARY (£20 per annum, tenable for two years) will be competed for in June, by lads under the age of seventeen, who have attended school in Sutherland and Caithness for not less than two years. It is only eligible for a Higher Secondary or Grammar School, or a Technical College. Full particulars can be had on application to Mr. A. R. Mackay, 10 Graham Street, Lauriston, Edinburgh, not later than 3rd April, 1897.

GAELIC TEACHING IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—We trust the Gaelic Society of London will not rest content with the unsatisfactory reply which they received from Lord Balfour. They may depend upon the support of all the Highland Societies in Glasgow, as well as those in other places, and when they again interview his lordship, they will undoubtedly be supported by many of the school boards in the Highlands. We were delighted with the scathing reply to the Scotch Secretary's speech, which the Rev. D. J. Macdonald, of Killean, published in the *Herald*. One only requires to read Mr. Macdonald's letter to understand what nonsense even a member of the Government may utter, when speaking on a subject regarding which he is only imperfectly informed.

Mr. JOHN MACKINTOSH, SECRETARY FOR THE GAELIC MOD, who has just started business as a solicitor in Inverness, was presented with a handsome dressing case by the members of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.—We feel assured that our readers will join with us in congratulating this distinguished Highlander on the honour just conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen. No one of the Highland race is more worthy of it, and one wonders why he did not receive this recognition years ago.

THE CLAN CAMPBELL SOCIETY have had a most successful session, the membership and finances having increased considerably. The Annual Social Gathering takes place in the Trades' Hall, on 31st March, Colonel Campbell Hannay, 91st A. & S. Highlanders, in the chair.

THE CLAN MACLEAN held a most successful concert and dance in the Waterloo Rooms, on 12th March, Mr. C. J. Maclean in the chair. The meetings have now closed for the season, and the members may congratulate themselves on the excellent progress made during the past session.

THE CLAN LAMONT made their first public appearance in the Bath Hotel on 22nd February, when Mr. Norman Lamont, Yr. of Knockdow, read a paper entitled "Sketches of Clan Lamont from the earliest times till 1663." There was a large attendance. The Society is collecting material with the object of publishing a history of the clan.

CLAN GRANT SOCIAL.—The council of the Clan Grant and friends are having their dance on the evening of 26th March, in the Alexandra Hotel.

GOVAN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—The annual reunion was held in the Govan Hall, on 18th March, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Chief of the Association, in the chair. A most attractive programme was submitted, and the proceedings proved most enjoyable.

THE IRISH GAELS have decided to hold a Gaelic Mòd in Dublin on 17th May, after the style of those of the *Comunn Gaidhealach*.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.

AUTHENTIC history casts but a dim light upon the race or races that first peopled the Highlands of Scotland. We are assured by weighty authorities that we cannot claim absolute purity for our Celtic tribes; that in fact the original population must have received at different periods a large admixture of foreign blood. The present inhabitants of the Highlands may be traced back to the Picts, who no doubt largely intermingled with colonists from Ireland called Scots. For the earliest historical notice of our northern ancestors, we must go back to the time of the Roman Invasion. The Caledonians, with whom the Roman legions came into contact, were distinguished by "ruddy locks and lusty limbs." They subsisted on milk and the flesh of their flocks, together with the produce of the chase; and were nearly destitute of clothes, their bodies being tatooed or painted, doubtless in a similar fashion to the North

GALGACUS ADDRESSING THE CALEDONIANS ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

American Indians of our own day. Like the latter, too, they were divided into clans or tribes, and lived in a state of constant feud with one another. The march northwards of Agricola, however, united for a time the scattered clans, and in the summer of 84 A.D. a battle was fought at Ardoch between an army of 30,000 Highlanders and about 20,000 Romans, which, as might be expected, ended disastrously for the former. Primitive in their manners and customs, the Caledonians were not altogether destitute of the arts, for in the battle referred to they employed war chariots of a rude kind, requiring the skill of artificers in their construction.

ORIGIN OF THE GAEL.

The Highlanders are, no doubt, of Celtic origin; but from the ninth down to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Highlands and Islands were subjected to continual incursions from Scandinavian hosts, who appear to have intermarried with the natives, and this mixture of races must have contributed much to produce the hardy sons of the mountain, who afterwards made themselves powerfully felt in the political

life of Great Britain. The best proof of the influence of the Norwegians and Danes is the fact that nearly one half of the names of places on the west coast of Scotland are Scandinavian. Again, at a later period, there seems to have been a considerable infusion of Norman or Teutonic blood. The Cummings, which were the most powerful sept in the North of Scotland, are said to have been wholly of Norman descent; the Gordons, the Frasers, the Chisholms, and several other clans are also said to have been originally of the same stock, though undergoing continual change through intermarriage. Moreover, the climate and physical features of a country have no inconsiderable effect on the temperament and constitution of its inhabitants, and no doubt it had its due effect on the Highland clans of Scotland. Certain it is that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Highlanders differed materially from either the French or Irish, who are known to have undergone less mixture with other races.

ROMAN CONQUEST A FAILURE.

Little is known, however, of the Highlands from the period of the recall of Agricola, in 85, down to the year 138, when the great Roman general was appointed governor of Great Britain. This general constructed the celebrated Roman wall, extending from Carriden on the Forth, to West Kilpatrick on the Clyde, a distance of thirty-six English miles. The wall, formed of earth on a stone foundation, was twenty feet high and twenty-four feet wide, having a ditch on the side forty feet wide, and twenty-feet deep, forts being constructed at intervals of two miles along the rampart. For about fifty-five years afterwards, the Caledonians appear to have remained quiet, but in 183 they broke through the wall, defeated the Romans, and killed the general in command. They were ultimately driven back, only, however, to repeat the same tactics a few years afterwards. In the year 207, the Roman Emperor took the field against them, and traversed the Highlands with a large army. The Highlanders, who avoided a general engagement, however, it is said, succeeded in cutting off, in conjunction with other causes, as many as fifty thousand men. Though the Caledonians sued for peace, they do not seem to have remained long in a quiescent state. They broke through their treaty with the Emperor, and repeatedly ravaged the country held by the Romans. At length they formed a plan for expelling their civilized neighbours from North Britain, and the Picts and Scots having formed an alliance in the year 364, their united forces ravaged the country as far south as London. From that period to the middle of the fifth century, the Caledonians made repeated incursions into the Lowlands, when the Romans, who were suffering from internal troubles at home, withdrew from Great Britain altogether. While the southern part of the country was subjected to Roman rule, the Caledonians remained unconquered, and in repeated battles they learnt the art of war in a way they never would have done had they not come in contact with the first soldiers in the world. About the middle of the sixth century a colony of Scots settled in Argyllshire, and Christianity was introduced by Columba. This was the turning point in the history of the Highlands.

THE DRUIDS, AND THE DANISH INVASIONS.

The system of religion taught previously is supposed to have been the same as in other parts of Britain at an earlier period, namely, Druidism. What the character of this religion was may be best understood by the duties performed by the priesthood. These consisted in attending to divine worship, performing public and private sacrifices, and expounding matters of religion. The Druids were the teachers of the youth of the country, and the judges in the matter of law and justice. Their decisions were final in all cases, and those who declined to submit to their authority were denied the privileges of religion. They did not go to war, nor pay taxes. Their laws and doctrines were handed down from age to age, without the aid of writing, a practice long continued in the Highlands, and which may afford a clue to the origin of the mass of poetry gathered by Macpherson as the poems of Ossian. The system of religion was, therefore, not unlike Christianity in the middle ages. Indeed, it is possible that the system which prevailed in Great Britain before the Christian era, may have had some effect in shaping the form which Christianity assumed in the dark ages, when King, Emperor, and subject were at the mercy of the successor of St. Peter. For a hundred years after the Romans left Great Britain, the country was in a state of anarchy, and the scene of constant wars between the Scots and Picts, and the Britons and Danes. In the year 839 the Norsemen invaded the Pictish territories, and slew the King, an event which brought about a union between the Scots and Picts, and for two centuries after this union the kingdom flourished, and extended its boundaries north and south. The extension of the Scottish kingdom southwards was not favourable to the progress of the Highlands, which seems to have been to a great extent left to native chiefs, and from that period onwards, for several centuries, it was in great measure beyond the control of the Scottish kings. It is true that whenever they chose to put forth the strength at their disposal, and marched into the Highlands, they were generally irresistible; but this was not always easy of accomplishment, and only resorted to in cases of flagrant hostility.

HIGHLAND CLANS AT BANNOCKBURN.

The battle of Bannockburn—the great leading landmark in the history of Scotland—not only secured the independence of Scotland, but order and respect for the King's authority at home. The only chief who held out after this battle was John of Argyll, who was an ally of England; but the West Highlands was quickly subdued, and the chief of the Campbells made prisoner. History says little about the exploits of the Highlanders during the war which led to the independence of Scotland under King Robert Bruce ; but the following chiefs and their retainers took part in the battle of Bannockburn : —Mackay, Mackintosh, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Sutherland, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Munro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie—eighteen in all. Unfortunately the details of this battle are of the scantiest description ; but there is good reason to believe, from narratives which have come down subsequently to this event, that the Highlanders contributed in no small degree to the victory. It is rather remarkable that such a large proportion of the Highland clans should have been prominently engaged in a battle which placed Bruce firmly upon the throne, and that, four hundred years afterwards, the Highlanders should have shed their blood, and parted with their estates in defence of the last scion of the same dynasty—Charles Edward Stewart. On the death of Robert Bruce, another revolt was attempted by John of the Isles, and a number of chiefs ; but David the Second, though far inferior to his predecessor in all the attributes of a king and a man of war, immediately collected a strong force and marched to Inverness, where he succeeded in overawing his troublesome subjects, and in obtaining hostages for their good behaviour. From the year 1,300, the history of the Highlands for several centuries is a history of feud and civil strife—a narrative of ravages committed by one clan upon another. These feuds frequently arose from claims of precedence, and, in consequence, clans connected by blood were frequently thrown into an attitude of the deadliest hatred.

(To be continued).

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—An "At Home" was held in the Shepherd's Hall, on 18th February, Mr. W. G. Davidson, secretary, in the chair. There was a good turnout of members, and a pleasant evening was spent.

CLAN CAMERON.—The concert held on the 18th March, in the Waterloo Rooms, Chieftain John Cameron, J.P., in the chair, was well attended, and an excellent programme was submitted. We understand the Society has had a prosperous year.

A TRADITION OF GLEN NEVIS.

BY W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

THERE is perhaps no more lovely spot in our beautiful Highlands than the ancestral home of that branch of Clan Cameron, known in Gaelic as *Sliochd Shomhairle Ruaidh* (the race of Somerled the Red), or in English, as the Camerons of Glen Nevis. Situated amidst the most picturesque and romantic surroundings, with the mighty monarch of British mountains rearing his snow-capped summit to the clouds, as a dominant feature in the landscape, and the murmuring Nevis flowing swiftly at his feet over moss-clad boulders and between banks of feathery fern, overhung with hazel and rowan; the ancient stronghold of *Soirlie Ruadh* was a worthy cradle for a race of Highland chiefs, whose deeds were famed throughout Lochaber for many centuries.

The origin of this family is obscure, and it has been maintained by some authorities that the Clan Soirlie was not a sept of Clan Cameron at all, but came of Macdonald stock. In support of this theory we find that by a charter dated 20th April, 1466, John, Lord of the Isles, granted a davock of Glen Nevis to one Somerled* (Soirlie), who was probably a Macdonald. On the other hand, Mackenzie, in his exhaustive history of Clan Cameron, traces the descent of the Glen Nevis Camerons from John, second son of Sir John de Cameron, who lived in the reign of Alexander II., A.D., 1214-1249.

Whether Camerons or Macdonalds, it is quite certain that the Clan Soirlie were in constant feud with the Camerons of Lochiel, and even as late as the 17th century we read of the death of Alastair Cameron of Glen Nevis, who was killed whilst assisting the Earl of Huntly's son against Lochiel. They also appear to have been at feud with the powerful Clan Chattan, and it is in connection with this quarrel that an interesting tradition is still current in the district.

A short distance from the present farmhouse of Glen Nevis, there is a small grass-covered knoll, which was at one time apparently surrounded by a ditch or moat, hence its name *Dùn Dige* meaning, the ditch (surrounded) mound. This *Dùn* is believed to have been the stronghold of the MacSoirlies until the date of the story referred to, when it was destroyed, as we shall see. For diplomatic reasons, the chief of the Glen Nevis men was anxious to make peace with his erstwhile foes of Clan Chattan, and with that object invited a number of them to *Dùn Dige* to discuss the terms of a bond of friendship, such as were common in the Highlands in those days. The tradition states that the Clan

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* *Vide* C. Fraser-Mackintosh: Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Vol. XVII. page 34.

Chattan men were mostly Macphersons, and that they were received with the greatest hospitality by MacSoirlie, who feasted them to their hearts' content, and all was mirth and jollity. As the hour for their departure drew near, MacSoirlie ordered his piper to play a tune to speed the parting guests; but, to his dismay, instead of a peaceful farewell, the piper, probably in revenge for some private wrong he had suffered at the hands of the Macphersons, seized his pipes and with full power of lungs skirled out the war tune of his clan. For a few minutes all was confusion, amidst which the voice of MacSoirlie could be heard trying to silence the revengeful piper, but it was of no avail, the mischief was done, and with looks of bitter hatred on their faces, the Macphersons grasped their weapons and departed. They halted a few yards beyond the chief's

From original painting. *[By Lockhart Bogle.*

THE MIDNIGHT RAID ON GLEN NEVIS.

dwelling, on a small hillock since known as *Cnocan na mi-chomhairle* (the knoll of evil counsel), where they swore a terrible oath on their dirks to avenge the insult without delay. The same night, when MacSoirlie and his household were wrapped in peaceful slumber, the Macphersons descended upon the glen, set fire to the house, and put to the sword all who attempted to escape, save two. These were a faithful retainer of the chief (some say his foster-brother), also known as Soirlie (Samuel), and the infant heir, who at the time of the attack was peacefully sleeping in his cradle. Seizing the child and hastily wrapping him in a plaid, Soirlie escaped from a back window, made his way along the hills to the cave on the banks of the Nevis, beyond Achriabhach, still called *Uaimh Shomhairle* (Samuel or Somerled's Cave). Here they lay

concealed for some time, and when danger was no longer to be feared from the Macphersons, Soirlie disguised as a beggar took the child in his arms, and sought shelter in the house of the chief's sister at Inverlair. Their identity was not disclosed at first, but one day it was noticed that the boy was being fed by his protector with a silver spoon, which the lady of Inverlair recognised as her brother's property. Explanations were demanded and the truth revealed. The lad remained in the charge of his aunt until he arrived at the age of seventeen, when he set out to a meeting of the heads of the Clan Cameron held at Mucomer, and presided over by Lochiel Boldly advancing to the chief he made known his claim, and sufficient proofs being forthcoming, he was established as the rightful heir of Glen Nevis.

The date of this story is uncertain, although some local narrators associate it with the famous *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*, natural son of Ewen Cameron *(Eoghan Beag)* XIV. of Lochiel (about A.D. 1547). In this version the lad's protector, Soirlie, after living in the cave for a considerable time, made his way to the Earl of Huntly, in whose charge the heir was left, and he to avoid suspicion travelled down to Cowal, where he supported himself by working as a tailor, and from this circumstance his descendants became known as the sons of the tailor.

The burying-ground of the Glen Nevis Camerons is a fir-clad mound, situated on the right hand side of the road, a few hundred yards before reaching Glen Nevis House; it is known as *Torr eas an t-sluineìn* (the Knoll of the waterfall of the shoulder).

A vanish'd race lie here—an ancient clan
Sprung from the loins of Somerled the Red;
Who in Glen Nevis—so the legend ran—
Ruled long and wisely, of his foes the dread.

Cradled amid the hills that saw their birth,
Where giant Ben Nevis rears his snow-crowned head,
They rest in peace beneath the kindly earth,
Whilst o'er their graves the verdant branches spread.

W. D.-N.

HEATHER AND PINE.

There's nothing like the heather braes
That sweep up to the sky,
Like the purple waves of a sunset sea
Lifting their heads on high.
The breeze that blows over the heather
Is strong, and glad, and free;
I think if I felt its breath on my face
There still might be life for me.

I'm so weary—I try to be patient,
But day and night I long
For its voice as it sweeps across the hill,
Full of sweetness and song,
Sweet with the fragrance of honey,
Full of the music of bees,
Sobbing and singing in fitful mood
Among the sad pine trees.

The hills—if I could but reach them!
Although it were but to lie
Helpless and weary as now—although
Only to see them and die!
I would bury my face in the heather,
Do you think that I would care
Though its rough brown stems should sear my cheek
You used to call so fair?

It was fair once—it is faded now;
My life is fading too;
I'll trouble nobody long, mother,
But one thing you must do.
You'll carry me back, when I am dead,
To where the hill slopes west,
Where the pines toss high their mighty arms
You'll lay me down to rest.

Where the sunlight lingers longest,
And the light winds come and go,
And the wood-dove, in the summer dusk,
Sobs tenderly and low,
And while o'erhead in the solemn sky
The stars a still watch keep,
Among the hills and the heather
I'll sleep my long, last sleep.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES MACDONALD
(ISOBEL W. COUSIN).

May, 1886

A HIGHLAND MAIDEN.

MY heart's old tenants haunt its chambers still,
About each corridor there flits some ghost,
And all the walls with pictures dim are hung,
That image forms and scenes that I have lost.

Within its inmost and most hallowed room,
Long since I hung a picture wondrous fair,
A girl's sweet face, her dear eyes fathomless,
Snow-white her neck, the raven's wing her hair:

A daughter of the hills, and in her mien
The inborn Gaelic dignity and grace,
The Celtic passion, yet the tenderness,
And all the strange, sweet graveness of the race.

Dear Highland maiden! oft in dusk's still hour,
Th' enchanted image from the wall steps down,
Becomes thy living self, and speaks with me,
And brings me back the grace of years long flown.

Ah me! I was a heartsome schoolboy then,
And thou the queen of girls, twelve summers old,
And mutual love did bind us, while, in dreams,
We gilded all the coming years with gold.

Fond dreams! for youth itself's the Golden Age,
Its fresh first-love holds life's chief ecstasy,
Its careless, love-lit, hope-enchanted years:
Than this what age of gold can fairer be?

And still in fancy as of yore I tread
The myrtle-scented moor, the purple steep,
By mountain rills that murmur thoughts of thee,
By silver tarns that down the dark crags leap.

And still the love-dreams live. For fain I'd think
Thy hopes, like mine, spring from our common past,
That in thy nightly prayer is breathed my name,
And that thy earliest love is still thy last.

ECHERN.

ARCHIBALD MACNIVEN, MANCHESTER.

THE Islayman's love of his native isle is characteristic, and this sentiment is a distinct trait in the character of the subject of our sketch. That "his heart is true—his heart is Highland" will be fully endorsed, not only by his old West Highland friends, but also by the larger circles which have gathered around him since he first left "green grassy Islay."

Mr. Archibald Macniven is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Macniven of Islaville, Dunoon, and late of Ballygrant, Islay. Leaving Islay about the age of sixteen, he continued his studies at the Andersonian University, Glasgow, and he subsequently joined the staff of the Head Office of the Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society, where he received a thorough training in all the intricacies of Life Assurance. In 1892 he was appointed Resident Secretary of the Manchester branch of that well-known Society. After successfully filling this post for upwards of three years, he was selected from a large number of applicants to fill his present important position of District Manager of the Manchester Branch of the Sun Life Office.

He is a member of the Council of the Insurance Institute, and a Vice-President of the Insurance Association, before the members of which he lately read an able paper on "Competition in Life Business," which was published in the Insurance Press, and created a widespread interest.

During his career in Glasgow he took a warm interest in all Celtic matters, and specially in the work of the Islay Association, of which he was Vice-president for a number of years. He was an energetic member of the executive committee which erected the beautiful obelisk monument in memory of the late J. F. Campbell, of Islay.

His old comrades of the 1st Lanark Rifle Volunteers will recall his long service in that crack regiment, in which he proved himself not only a marksman, but was known to be imbued with the *esprit de corps* so characteristic of the Regiment.

As in Glasgow so in Manchester. His sympathy is "aye ready" on behalf of every good and patriotic cause. He is an active member of both the St. Andrew's Society and the Caledonian Association, and to the members of the latter only recently he read an interesting account of a trip to the U.S.A. and Canada. It is well known to his friends that he is a lover of the Fine Arts, and in this connection is a member of the Arts Club, Manchester.

Fond also of outdoor sports, his great delight is to hie to the Highlands and fish the familiar lochs and streams, or visit the beautiful golf links at Machrie. He has been an enthusiastic member of the Anson Golf Club since its formation—his Scots fervour and all-round good qualities being much appreciated both in the councils of the committee, and in the matches on the green.

Sympathetic and easy of approach, his sterling qualities have endeared him to rich and poor alike, and in Lancashire (not less than in his native Scotland) he is popular because he is known to be genuine, or in Lancashire phrase "jannock."

Glasgow. JAMES GRANT.

SHINTY NOTES.—The contests for the Association Cup have taken a most unexpected turn. Kingussie and Glasgow Cowal, who were the finalists last year, have been defeated by Brae Lochaber and Beauly respectively. The meeting of these clubs at Inverness in the final will no doubt be a sensational one.———THE EDINBURGH CAMANACHD CLUB have defeated the University Club, and secured the Edinburgh League Championship. We hope, now that these local engagements are over, they will play the long deferred match with the Glasgow Cowal.———It is said that Inveraray have arranged to play the Kingussie club at Ruthven: that is a match we would go many miles to see.———THE COWAL CLUB'S CONCERT on 11th March (Commissioner Sharrocks in the chair) was a splendid success, the Waterloo Rooms being filled.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—At the concluding meeting of the session on 18th March, Mr. Alex. Mackay, Vice-president, presiding, it was unanimously agreed to support the petition protesting against the use of the word "England" instead of "Britain" in state documents, etc. The surplus from the recent Reception and Gathering exceeds £11. Four applications for relief were considered, and donations given.

DONALD MACRAE ("Balallan") TESTIMONIAL.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to organize a Testimonial to Donald Macrae ("Balallan"), in recognition of his services on behalf of the Highland people. Contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. K. Macdonald, Town Clerk, Inverness; Mr. Dugald Cowan, 81 Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh; Mr. Donald C. Fraser, 19 Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.; or by the hon. secretary, Mr. Donald Murray, 337 Holloway Road, London, N.

ARCHIBALD MACNIVEN.

THE WHITE CZAR.

A Strange Coincidence.

By Alice C. MacDonell.

AT first the Highlanders looked at them askance, but the gracious manner of him who was evidently the leader so won upon them that he managed to break down all reserve. Sitting for an hour at a time by some old wife's fireside, drinking a cup of tea at her hands, and making gallant attempts (soon to be marvellously successful) in mastering the Gaelic tongue. His companion, of a more reserved disposition, seemed hardly to relish such undue familiarity with those he considered as inferiors. But his remonstrances—for such the people took them to be by his expression—were always met and combated by Ivan in a laughing, yet at the same time, a commanding tone. It was in one of these rambles, as I mentioned before, that Ivan Ivanovitch and Maisie met. A trifling incident led to an introduction, and afterwards by one of those mysterious laws of gravitation, the two young people were drawn irresistibly towards each other. The first meeting led to others, and as often as not, the old nurse's cottage was the chosen rendezvous.

The Russian officer had completely won the heart of Merran, until the knowledge of how affairs stood came home to her. Then words were too feeble to express her fears and mistrust, yet she had been won over in the end, and we find her actually a willing assistant in aiding the culprit, and consenting to 'toss the cups' for her future welfare.

"Eh! but it's the grand fate that I'm seeing for you, mo cheist; grandeur, and state, and joy, but whew! there's a black cloud behind. Seven beautiful children will you have, but you'll lose them, every one but the seventh, and he will rise, and rise, and rise, and the more he rises, the further will he be from you. 'a rùn.' I don't understand it, but there's joy for you, and sorrow—black, black sorrow!"

The face of the expectant bride turned pale under the Highland woman's earnest words, as if the vision of the evening was being spread out before her eyes.

"And have I no place by his side, Nursie? by the side of this son of mine!"

"Alas! no, m' eudail. I see his form and the form of Ian M'Ian (for so Merran ever after designated this person), but there is another shape by his side—that of a woman. His head is turned away and he seeks you, but the son, the son seeks the strange woman."

A shriek broke from Maisie's lips, as she snatched the cup away. "Enough, enough, Merran, I will not believe it. Horrible, vile superstition. Oh! why did I ever toss the cups at all."

"Deed, m' eudail, you'll no need to be believing it. But oh, mo creach!" she whispered in a low tone to herself, "I saw it, every word of it."

"Merran, a ghaoil! I fear to go so far alone. My Ivan—I love and trust him above all the world—and yet, to have no face of my own kin to look upon, never to hear the tones of my own tongue again—oh! it's hard, hard."

Then the old dame did a strange thing. Rising and standing erect, she flung open her door to the wailing blast, and twisting an old tartan plaid round her head, silently beckoned her foster child to follow.

Without a word, Maisie went, a spell upon her spirit. The howling of the high, dry wind, coming down the deep mountain ravine, seemed filled with strange unuttered words. Up they climbed the steep winding brae that led to the old churchyard, half way up the hill.

Here in the clear light of the moon, Merran paused in front of the white tombstone engraved with the names of her husband and his three brave sons, who had all perished in a storm, just within sight of land. Raising her hand and standing erect, the woman spoke.

"Husband of my heart, and three dear sons brought to me cold and white out of the cruel waves of the sea, forty long years syne,—night after night have my old eyes watched your white tomb glistening on the lone hillside—night after night have I counted the days and the hours till the old weary woman might lay down her burden, and sleep by your side. But it is not to be. Hear me, my dear ones, and hear me, my sainted mistress, whose one ewe lamb stands at my side: kinship is to the fourth degree, but fosterage to a hundred. Where thou goest, mo dhalta (my foster child)," laying her hand on Maisie's head, "I go, in sickness and health, in joy and in sorrow; never shall we two part more till the grave closes over the one or the other."

The pale light falling on Merran's face made it look weird and white beyond expression, until she seemed like an inspired druidess of old. Kneeling by the graves of her dead, she gathered with reverence a handful of earth, and tied it carefully in a corner of her kerchief. Slowly, without another spoken word, she turned to retrace her steps towards her cottage home.

Overawed, and not daring to disturb the silent anguish of her foster-mother, Maisie followed with heavy heart and troubled thoughts.

Often and often did she take a last long look at the hill standing out clear, jagged, and sharp, against the sky; with the white moon-beams resting on the whiter tombstones. How often in after years must the quiet spot have arisen before her mental vision, and she have wished to rest beside her own folk, where she was never destined to be laid.

By the same hour the following night, the huge Russian merchantman steamed slowly out of harbour, carrying away with it two loving Scottish hearts, one a joyous young bride, but sick with the home sickness of the mountaineer, gazing her last on the silence of the everlasting hills. The other, an older woman, with the bitter tears rolling down her aged cheeks, leaving behind her kith and kin for the sake of her foster child.

PART II.

YEARS had passed away, and the events I speak of had become an old story. The chief centre of interest at the moment lay in the long newspaper columns devoted to descriptions of the wedding festivities of the then Czar of all the Russias. The extreme dignity of the head of the great house of Romanoff, and the modest demeanour of his fair young bride! Ah, well! an eye-witness of the ceremony described how the great Czar looked to *his* eyes. Not as if he were assisting at a joyous ceremony, but cold, stern, and sad; his young bride, shrinking by his side, seemed already to feel the chill cold of her future home strike to her very heart. Only once did any sign of emotion stir the rigid features of the great white Czar, and that was as the stately bridal procession wended their way down the centre aisle of the church. From a dark nook in the gallery, where stood a shrouded figure draped in black, a delicate spray of white mountain heather came fluttering down, down, to the feet of the great Czar of all the Russias.

There the head of the house of Romanoff stopped, even in the bridal march, and stooping down raised the delicate mountain spray to his lips, whilst his eyes sought the dim recesses of the gallery in search of the unknown donor.

'A wonderful tribute of graceful courtesy,' said the newspapers of the hour, 'So full was the heart of the little white Father of happiness, that he could not let pass even the slight token of an unknown well-wisher.' Yet the bride shivered as if an icy blast from the snow-clad Steppes had pierced her through.

A year after, an heir was born to the house of Romanoff, and an aged woman from a distant country installed as head nurse. It was the Czar's command, and no one dared to say him nay, although the heart burnings of the Russians on the subject were many and sore.

The Czarina, with the strict etiquette of the Russian court of the time, had few opportunities of devoting her attentions to her child, which would have done much to heal the ache in the lonely heart that beat beneath the ermine. It was an open secret that the Czar neglected his young wife, spending the most of his leisure in wild sports among the mountains, where he had built himself a magnificent castle. One wild night of storm and snow, he appeared unexpectedly at the Castle of St. Petersburg, carrying in with him the cold outer winds, and as the sentry on duty afterwards declared, an animal of some sort wrapped in his cloak which gave out strange cries.

The next time the Czarina visited the nursery, her surprise was great indeed on beholding, for the first time since his birth, the Czar with his son in his arms, walking up and down the room, a lovelight shining in his eyes she had never seen there before. His cheek laid caressingly against that of the little one, crooning strange snatches of song in an unknown tongue.

Standing spellbound, the Czarina gazed from her husband to the old nurse. Advancing timidly to where he stood unconscious of her presence, with slow uncertain steps, until she drew aside the cloak in which the little one was enveloped.

It must have been a moment of joy and expectancy to the young wife to see the lovelight awakening in those clear, cold eyes. Surely, surely, the one tie that bound them to each other would awaken a little love for her also. No sooner did the Czar feel her touch than he started back, a strange look of defiance on his haughty features, still clasping his little one to his breast. Long, long, did the mother gaze on the softly rounded cheek, and the long dark lashes, dark as night, resting on the rosy cheeks.

Why does she gaze in the Czar's face as she has never dared to do before? Doubt, terror, horror, following each other in rapid succession.

The little Russian undernurse, a girl from the country, trembled with fear at the long unbroken silence between the Royal pair—broken at last by a long low wail, as the Czarina sunk unconscious to the ground.

* * * * * * * *

The young heir of the Romanoffs grew into boyhood, a beautiful, brave child—impetuous, haughty, and lovable. The heart of the Czar seemed centred in him alone, whilst his mother scarcely seemed to heed his presence, and yet he would have loved her well. Did she resent the overweaning love of the father for his child, in which she seemed to have no part? No one knew, but year by year the stately, cold woman seemed to clothe herself more and more with the mantle of snow of her adopted country, until

those who knew her best said she had buried her own heart beneath.

* * * * * * * *

'What had recalled the story to his memory?' asked old Rob; 'oh, it was just an old story, and that day he had seen the Czar Nicholas II. received as Colonel-in-chief of the Royal Scots Greys, dressed in their uniform, a kilted regiment as his escort, and a Scottish regiment as his own bodyguard. Well! well! it is a queer, strange world; and it was a strange, queer coincidence.

Pressed for an explanation, old Rob remarked that the hour was late, adding the rider which I shall not repeat; and that it was not always very safe to give explanations of every old *sgeul* one told.

His tale set me thinking strange thoughts, and the last I remember was just before dropping off to sleep, asking myself the question, 'Who then is Nicholas II., the great white Czar of all the Russias?'

[THE END.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHIEFTSHIP OF THE CLAN MACKINNON.

Sir,—A copy of the *Oban Times* of the 13th ult. has been forwarded to me, with a report of the proceedings at the recent Gathering of the Clan Mackinnon Society. The Chairman of that Gathering was Mr. A. K. Mackinnon, C.E., who is described as wearing in his bonnet the badge of a Chief, and who appears to have devoted the whole of his speech to an account of his family history, laying special stress upon a claim he put forward as to the Chiefship of the clan. Into the merits of that claim it is not my present purpose to enter, as they have been fully and convincingly disposed of through the medium of the book entitled "Memoirs of Clan Fingon," edited by the Rev. D. D. Mackinnon, and a second edition of which it is hoped may be published ere long. That a claim such as this should be made by this gentleman on the strength of the Chiefship having descended to him through his grandmother, who happened to marry a Mackinnon who was not even in the direct line, is fairly preposterous, and cannot, I feel sure, be entertained by the large majority of the clan, but that it should be advanced by him at a meeting of the very Society which has acknowledged my father as the Chief, calls for the strongest protest on my part.

I ask you, sir, to publish this letter in your next issue, in the interest of the present Chief, recognised as such by the Clan Mackinnon Society.

Yours faithfully,

F. A. MACKINNON.

Sir,—A communication from Major F. A. Mackinnon to the *Oban Times* of the 6th inst., compels me reluctantly to reply thereto.

The honourable and impartial action of the Directors of the Clan Mackinnon Society in inviting me—the last representative of the direct line of the Mackinnons—to take the chair on the occasion of the Annual Social Gathering of the 5th February, has been applauded by all unprejudiced persons, and the result was a very enthusiastic reception by the gathering of Mackinnons on that occasion.

In my letters to the *Celtic Monthly* of May and August, 1894, I stated that there were five or six claimants to the honour of chiefship. That it was desirable that these should meet and submit their claims to experts, and resolve once for all to recognise one head of the clan.

I am strengthened in my contention by the schism that exists generally on this topic, and from two works published. In Gregory's "History of the Western Highlands of Scotland," p. 224, it is stated:—"the honour of being male heir to this ancient family is disputed between W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. for Lymington, and Lachlan Mackinnon of Letterfearn, nor is the evidence relied on by either party conclusive on this head."

In "Antiquarian Notes," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, just published, it is evident that he leans to the Corry family, and next in importance to the direct line of the chiefs. And lastly, Sir W. A. Mackinnon, K.C.B., considers he has rights to the Chiefship.

The work referred to ("Memoirs of Clan Fingon") is by a relative of Mr. F. A. Mackinnon, and he has availed himself in it for fulsome laudation of his relations, and abuse and contempt of mine. This is not the way history is written, and it is to be hoped that these defects may be eliminated; but anyhow, I shall reply to the second edition announced in a true and impartial account of the clan, which I am preparing.

I am, etc.,

ALEXANDER K. MACKINNON.

GENEALOGY OF THE FORBESES OF CULLODEN.

Sir,—I shall be indebted to any of your readers who can give me the following information:—

(1) Captain James Forbes (second son of Duncan Forbes, first Laird of Culloden) married *circa* 1650, Agnes Munro, daughter of Rev. George Munro of Pitlundie (elder brother of Sir Alexander Munro of Bearcrofts), and settled in Caithness. In what parish did he settle, and what descendants did he leave?

Surgeon John Munro (second son of Sir Alexander Munro of Bearcrofts) is stated to have married *circa* 1695 *his cousin*, Miss Forbes, a niece of the Laird of Culloden, by whom he had an only son 1697, Dr. Alexander Monro, the celebrated Professor of Anatomy in Edinburgh. Was Miss Forbes the daughter of Captain James Forbes? Was David Forbes, writer in Edinburgh, her nephew? The cautioner named in his bond of notary in 1735 is Daniel Forbes, son of Daniel Forbes in Lybster, Caithness. David Forbes used the arms of the Culloden family, and was intimately associated with

Dr. Alexander Munro. He married *circa* 1762 Helen, daughter of William Dalmahoy of Ravelrig, and grandaughter of William, second Lord Saltoun, and died in 1796 aged about 90.

(2) Captain Duncan Forbes (third son of Duncan Forbes, first Laird of Culloden) of Assynt, married *circa* 1650, Isobel Ruthven, daughter of Patrick Ruthven, Dundee. What descendants did he leave, and what became of them ?

(3) Thomas Forbes (a third son of John Forbes, second Laird of Culloden) lived at Rait Castle, Nairn, and married *circa* 1695, Jean Cuthbert, daughter of David Cuthbert, Inverness. What descendants did he leave, and what became of them ?

Edinburgh, 20th February, 1897. J. FORBES.

HIGHLANDERS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir,—It must ever be a matter of interest to your readers as to the welfare of the Highlanders and their descendants in countries away from Scotland. It is well known that Highlanders or their descendants have filled the highest positions in the gift of the people of America. A Monroe, a Buchanan, and a Grant have been President of the United States of America. On the 3rd of November last the people called William M'Kinley to the Presidency by the largest majority ever heretofore cast, save where Washington was chosen twice in succession unanimously.

It may be of satisfaction to know how many Highlanders are in the Civil Service. Every two years the "Official Register," (commonly called the "Blue Book") is issued giving the name, salary, etc., of every one in the legislative, executive, judicial and postal departments. The county or state wherein every one was born is also given, save in the postal. The last issued was that for 1895. That for 1897 will not be out for some months to come. It will thus be readily seen how different nationalities are represented in the Civil Service of the national government. The various States of the Union do not issue these official registers, although department reports give their respective officers. The same is also true with counties and cities.

The official register shows that in the service and pay of the United States general government there are 6,680, whose surname begin with "Mac." Of the leading clans, we have Buchanan, 71; Cameron, 74 ; Campbell, 365 ; Chisholm, 20 ; Colquhoun, 0 ; Cumming, 108 ; Drummond, 22 ; Farquharson, 11 ; Ferguson, 174 ; Forbes, 36 ; Fraser, 110 ; Gordon, 139; Graham, 217 ; Grant, 130; Gunn, 26 ; Lamont, 11 ; Macallister, 48 ; Macaulay, 56 ; Mackintosh, 43 ; Macbean, 7 ; Macbeth, 4 ; Macdonald, 342 ; Macdougall, 23 ; Macduff, 3; Macfarlane, 91 ; Macgillivray, 3 ; Macgregor, 24 ; Mackay, 144 ; Mackenzie, 72 ; Mackinnon, 22 ; Maclachlan, 157 ; Maclean, 118 ; Macleod, 55 ; Macnab, 13 ; Macnaughton, 7 ; Macneil, 74 ; Macpherson, 40 ; Macquarrie, 2 ; Macqueen, 20 ; Macrae, 37 ; Mathieson, 8 ; Menzies, 3 ; Munro, 94 ; Murray, 243 ; Ogilvie, 4 ; Robertson, 153 ; Ross, 198 ; Shaw, 223 ; Stewart, 469 ; Sutherland, 40 ; Urquhart, 6

In this list I have excluded "Robinson," which greatly preponderates over "Robertson." In the other names I have included the various spellings.

It will be noticed I do not include the various septs, which would greatly augment the number.

In all probability the figures give the relative proportion the various clans sustain to each other in America.

It should be borne in mind that in Mr. Cleveland's administration the Irish element largely enters. It It must be remembered that his supporters came largely from that class. There are in the list an even 1,200 whose names begin with "O'." The O'Briens, O'Connells, O'Connors, O'Neils, are numerous.

Yours respectfully,

J. P. MACLEAN.

Greenville, O,
17th February, 1897.

We are indebted to our friend, Mr. Frank Adam of Java, author of "What is my Tartan ?" for the following :—

Copy of an inscription on a grave-stone in the cemetery at Probolingo, Java.

"SACRED to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel James Fraser and Captain James MacPherson of His Majesty's 78th Highland regiment, who were barbarously murdered by a band of insurgents near Probolingo, on the night of the 18th of May, 1813.

This monument is erected over their remains by their brother officers as a mark of the high esteem in which they held their worth and virtues."

"THE THIN RED LINE.—Sutherland men will be sorry to learn of the death of John Mackay, the old Crimean veteran, well known as a guide at Edinburgh Castle. He saw a great deal of active service in the Crimea, in the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders and during the Indian Mutiny, and stood in the famous "line of red, tipped with steel" at Balaclava. The last time we had the pleasure of meeting this stalwart clansman was at a recent meeting of the Clan Mackay Society, when he treated the members to a spirited rendering of Rob Donn's song, *Brigis 'Ic Ruairidh*.

SKYE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Donald Nicolson's lecture on "Skye : its early history and scenery," illustrated with eighty lime-light views, was greatly enjoyed by the large audience who filled the Athenæum Hall.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION. — The annual reunion, which was held in the Shepherd's Hall, was a great success. Addresses were delivered by Bailie Alexander Murray, president ; the Rev. Robert Munro, M.A., B.D., and Dr. John Gunn.

A GAELIC CHOIR has been started under the auspices of the Perth Gaelic Society. The influence of the Mòd is making itself felt.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—At last meeting two excellent papers were read, "The Restoration of Erchless," by Miss F. Mary Colquhoun (a frequent contributor to our pages), and "Some Brave Sons of Skye," by Lieut.-Colonel John MacInnes, Glendaruel.

JAMES GRANT.

Mrs. JAMES GRANT.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 8. Vol. V.] MAY, 1897. [Price Threepence.

JAMES GRANT, GLASGOW.

THE Corrimony branch of the Clan Grant, which ranks in seniority next to the Earls of Seafield, has perhaps given to the world more distinguished men than any other branch of that clan. To exemplify this, we need only mention the names of James Grant, the author of "The Romance of War," who was the lineal head of the Corrimony family, and Lord Glenelg, who attained a position as a statesman which has not been equalled by any other Highlander within recent times. James Grant, whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue, is descended from the same branch through a younger son of John IV. of Corrimony, by his wife, Katherine Macdonald, of the family of Sleat.

His ancestors have lived for over 450 years in Glen Urquhart, where his father and mother, who celebrated their golden wedding last August, still reside, passing their declining years in contentment and happiness, and in no home in the Highlands are the old ideas of Highland hospitality more faithfully observed than at Oakbank, Glen Urquhart. This worthy couple have had the satisfaction of seeing their family, of whom there were six sons and a daughter, all prosper in the world. They have also the satisfaction of hearing from their children the acknowledgment that the success which has attended them has been due, in a great measure, to the influences for good which were exercised by their parents over them as children. James Grant, who is the eldest of the family, was born at Glen Urquhart on the 13th of April, 1847, so that he has just completed his fiftieth birthday, an event which was celebrated on that date by a few of his intimate Highland friends, at a dinner given to him in the Central Hotel, Glasgow, and the present is thus a fitting opportunity for his appearance in this magazine Coming to Glasgow about 27 years ago, he entered the warehouse of Messrs. Arthur & Co. Ltd., where he has risen step by step, until he is now one of the most respected and trusted representatives of that large establishment. Mr. Grant is a large-hearted man, and nothing pleases him better than to do a service to his fellow-countrymen, especially to young Highlanders who desire to get a situation. So great is his reputation for getting them employment that scarcely a day passes without some person being recommended to him for that purpose, and many a Highland lad owes his advancement in the world to Mr. Grant taking him in hand at the beginning of his career. Mr. Grant is an enthusiastic Highlander, and is a member of several associations in London, Glasgow, and Inverness. He is President of the Clan Grant Society, and of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association. He delights in Highland music and Gaelic songs, and his well-known appreciation of these makes him a most welcome and popular chairman at the Saturday Gaelic Concerts. His affability, frankness and modesty endear him to every person with whom he comes in contact, and if, as has been said, the respect in which a man is held be the best tribute to his virtue and character, the subject of our sketch has no reason to be dissatisfied with himself; for we question if he is not the most popular Highlander in Glasgow. Mr. Grant is fond of sports, and he is never so much in his element as when playing a well-contested game at golf. On the 24th November, 1885, Mr. Grant married Emily,

daughter of Mr. Thomas Warwick, Sherwood, Nottingham, a lady who enters into all his Highland sympathies, and who shares with her husband his great popularity. Their family consists of four pretty little girls, We trust that they all may long be spared to enjoy the esteem and respect of all who know them.

ANGUS FRASER-MACRAE, M.A.

PART XI.—(*Continued from page* 129.)

SEVEN YEARS' WAR, AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE, for disobeying the orders of his superior at Minden, was tried in England by court-martial, and declared unfit to serve in any military capacity. In the campaign of 1760, 25,000 British troops assisted Frederick. In the battles of Korbach and Warburg the British infantry and cavalry greatly distinguished themselves by the brilliant way in which they charged, broke and routed the French. At the surprise of Kloster Camp, the British cavalry, consisting only of detachments of the Greys and Inniskilliners, and five battalions of infantry, performed the most dashing service, and equally so, two months later, at Campen.

Now appear on the scene Keith's Highlanders, who though raw recruits from Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Argyll, greatly distinguished themselves by their intrepidity and good conduct After the Battle of Warburg, in which the French were defeated with great loss, Prince Ferdinand reporting to George 2nd said "that the loss on his side fell chiefly upon Maxwell's brave battalion of British Grenadiers, and the regiment of Scots Highlanders, who did wonders."

At Zeirenburg another affair soon occurred, of which the Prince reported. "The Scots Highlanders mounted the breaches sword in hand supported by the chasseurs. The British Grenadiers advanced in good order and with the greatest silence. In short the service was complete, the troops displayed equal courage, soldier-like conduct and activity." This was a night attack. The French were surprised, and taken prisoners.

At the Battle of Fellinghausen, in July, 1761, the French were defeated with a loss of 4000 men, while that sustained by the British and Germans did not exceed 700. Prince Ferdinand in a general order, states, "His Serene Highness is generously pleased to order Colonel Beckwith to signify to the brigade he has the honour to command, his entire approbation of their conduct on the 15th and 16th July. The soldier-like perseverance of the Highland regiments in resisting and repulsing the repeated attacks of *the chosen troops of France* has deservedly gained them the highest honour. The ardour and activity with which the Grenadiers pushed and pursued the enemy, and the trophies they have taken, justly entitle them to

the highest encomiums. The intrepidity of the little band of Highlanders merits the greatest praise." The gallant Colonel in communicating the Prince's approbation of the services rendered by the brigade, added that, "the humanity and generosity with which the soldiers treated the great flock of prisoners they took, did them as much honour as subduing the enemy."

At Graibenstein, in June, 1762, the British troops, under the command of the Marquis of Granby, "behaved with a bravery not to be paralleled, especially the Grenadiers and Highlanders." In 1762 were fought the battles of Wilhelmstahl and Landwehr-hagen, in which the British troops again acquired great distinction, cavalry and infantry. Early in 1763 the "Seven Years' War" was brought to a termination by treaty signed in Paris.

The Highlanders from the peculiarity of their dress and the great distinction they won in these different encounters, attracted the notice of the Germans. They had formed the most extraordinary notions of them. In common with the English then, "they looked upon the Highlanders as savages, and believed

SCOTS GREY—UNIFORM OF PRIVATE, 1815.

them to be strangers to Christianity." Further acquaintaintance with the so-called "savages" soon dissipated the illusions under which the Germans laboured.

The French too had their own illusions about the Highlanders. At first they were disposed to treat them with great contempt, but having frequently met them and seen them in the front of so many battles, they believed there were twelve battalions of them instead of two.

On the conclusion of hostilities in November, 1762, the Highlanders were ordered home. In these campaigns they had earned great distinction for bravery and good conduct, and so great was the estimation in which they were held by the Dutch that in their march through Holland they were welcomed by acclamation, the women presenting them with laurel leaves, no doubt prompted by the friendly intercourse that had existed previously between the people and the Scots Brigade. On their march to Scotland through England they received the most marked attention, particularly at Derby, whose inhabitants presented the men with gratuities in money. The most probable reason that may be assigned for this remarkable predilection is,

a sense of gratitude for the respect shown to the persons and properties of the inhabitants by the Highlanders of the '45.

Peace was concluded in February, 1763. It was memorable as confirming Great Britain in the possession of Canada and its dependencies, and as closing one of the most successful European wars in which the country had been engaged. It was not, however, a peace acceptable to Great Britain. It was indeed honourable and advantageous to the country, yet not considered so honourable nor so advantageous as the country was entitled to demand, after a long and almost unbroken series of victories by sea and land in every quarter of the world. Pitt then directed the State helm.

The Greys in February, 1764, left Germany and returned to England. For many years its services were confined to movements from one part of Great Britain to another, and its annals record nothing more important than continuation of good conduct, strict attention to discipline and duty, as well as changes in its costume and equipment.

The great war of the French Revolution broke out in 1793, in which Great Britain employed all her strength and resources for upwards of twenty years on land and sea, and from which she eventually emerged triumphantly with a large accesion of influence, power, and territory, and at one period contending single handed against all Europe. The French Republic having invaded Holland, a British and Hanoverian force, under the command of the Duke of York, proceeded to the aid of the Dutch. Four troops of the Scots Greys formed a portion of the expedition. They landed at Ostend on the 16th July, marched to the frontiers of France and joined the army engaged in the siege of Valenciennes. On the capture of this city they marched to the coast, and were engaged in covering the siege of Dunkirk. They afterwards moved to Ghent. In February, 1794, they were stationed in Bevern. In the folllowing campaign they were actively engaged in repeated skirmishes with the enemy.

On the 10th May the British army, then in position on the heights of Tournay, was attacked by a superior French force commanded by Pichegru, which tried to turn its left. Repulsed in this attempt they opened a heavy cannonade, and the French columns were then hurled on the British centre. This assault was received with wonderful firmness, and a brigade of cavalry, including the Greys, was directed in turn against the French right flank. Forming in line under a heavy fire, they rode through a densely planted corn field, still maintaining their orderly array and fell upon the enemy with such astonishing vehemence that they drove them into the greatest confusion. The whole British army then swept upon the disordered ranks and inflicted a complete defeat. Pichegru rapidly retired with the loss of many men and thirteen guns.

In December, 1795, the Greys were recalled to England, and remained attached to the home establishment for several years Its strength was now raised to 1125 officers and men, and remained for two years at Canterbury, as a convenient point from which to act in case the French invasion was attempted.

In 1795 they shared in the various operations of the campaign in Holland, operations which elevated the character of the British soldier for devotion and courage, but equally manifested the incapacity and lack of military ability of his leaders. For the modern reader a record of these operations would be utterly devoid of attraction. Nothing indeed can be less interesting than a mere narrative of marches and counter-marches, skirmishes and sieges, unrelieved by any flash of genius, or superb manifestation of heroism. War becomes a dull and profitless drama when no great soldier rules the scene, and no memorable victory lights it up with undying lustre. When the battle music ebbs into silence, and the plumed helm of the conqueror no longer sweeps through the cloud and shadow like a destroying meteor; when genius no longer orders the array, and the enthusiasm of success ceases to elevate the trooper into a hero; how dark and gloomy the spectacle of the "tented field," how black and barren the annals of the strife.

It is only when a Marlborough or a Wellington, a Campbell or a Havelock, a Wolseley or a Roberts occupies the stage, that the drama draws upon it the eyes of the world, or has any special and enduring interest for posterity. It is only when war summons into action the highest powers of a bold and comprehensive intellect that it can excite the speculation of the philosopher, or amuse the fancy of the student and the reader.

The gallant "Scots Greys" was represented at the funeral of Nelson by two squadrons, on the 8th of January, 1806, and were much admired in the procession. The fear of invasion having now been dispelled by the Battle of Trafalgar, the strength of the regiment was reduced to 954 men and officers.

The story of the Greys has, however, several incidents of the most stirring interest and splendid romance to be yet related, especially Waterloo and the Crimea. To these the attention of the reader will be directed subsequently.

(To be continued.)

RODERICK MACRAE.

RODERICK MACRAE, BEAULY.

PRESIDENT, BEAULY SHINTY CLUB.

THE subject of our sketch was born at the farm of Backlenan, Strathconan, in 1825 His forefathers belonged to Kintail, and removed to Strathconan several generations ago. His mother, Margaret, was a daughter of Mr. John Matheson of Milton, Strathglass, an old and respected family. Her brother Roderick was a Captain in the British army, and took part in the war with America—Mr. Macrae being called after him. He received his education in the local school, and in course of time could read English well—but did not understand a word of what he was reading! The teacher could only speak English, the children only Gaelic, and the result may be easily imagined! When young Roderick was twelve years of age he entered into service in the low country, and when, after six months' absence, he returned home with his wages (£2) in his pocket he felt himself to be the richest boy in the strath! It was at this time that the people were evicted from the south side of the river, the land being turned into a deer forest. The misery which this harsh treatment occasioned may be readily understood, and the Macrae family were ordered to remove from their holding to make room for one of the factor, Mr. Rose's, favourites. Mr. Macrae went to his uncles who held the farms of Clunvachie and Kellachie, and spent two winters with them, eventually entering the service of Mrs. Matheson of Hedgefield, mother of that distinguished Highlander, Sir Alexander Matheson, and one of the handsomest women of her day. Mr. Macrae owes much of his success in after years to the kindness of this lady. When he earned his first wages she put £1 of it in the bank, adding £2 of her own to it, and she continued doing this during her lifetime, the passbook being handed back by her to Roderick on her death bed. On presenting it at the bank he was told that out of some thousand depositors his was the largest amount in their possession. Thereafter Mr. Macrae spent five years at Ardross Castle, and two years with Mr. James Mackenzie, who leased the Lovat Arm Hotel and stables at Beauly, followed by a three years' experience as a meal and corn merchant. He was then asked to take over the Lovat Arms stables and horses, and some years ago he acquired the business of Mrs. John Grant at Inverness. In partnership with Mr. Deck the business has prospered exceedingly, their present extensive premises being one of the most complete posting establishments in Scotland.

Mr. Macrae's enthusiasm in Highland matters is well known in the north, and as President of the Beauly Shinty Club he is naturally proud that his club, by defeating the Brae-Lochaber, should have won the final for the Shinty Association Cup, and the Championship.

"OLD WIVES' TALES," FROM MACLEOD'S COUNTRY.

THE FAIRY SWEETHEART.

TAKEN DOWN FROM ERIC MACDONALD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY LOCKHART BOGLE.

(*Continued from page* 126.)

I KNEW a woman, she was an old maid and had a fairy sweetheart, her name was Marsallie Stunsail, dairymaid to Fear Roag sin Mac Suinn. People would see him going in at night and coming out in the morning. They say that he was bonnie in the face. An old man, Norman Morrison, used to see the fairy sweetheart going into the house, Greepland. He was the only one who saw it, and he put it about the country.

Q. Would that not give her a bad name?

A. She became wild and queer, and did not see people. People did not give her a bad name. They did not mind those things so much then. They used to hear the fairies calling on the hens. My father has heard them calling "Diùc bhui, diuc bhàin." It's in the night we would be hearing the fairies calling on the hens. Its likely our night would be their day.

The fairies would be taking away earthly human children and putting bodachs (old men) in place of them, with whiskers. The mothers would leave the bodachs all night where two roads cross, and in the morning the real child would be there.

A TALE OF A LITTLE FAIRY MAN.

In Uist a woman was one day passing a knoll, and she was tired and hot and very thirsty. She said, "O that my thirst was on a dairymaid (she could at once quench it, and it would be away from me), or that my thirst was allayed." She heard a voice, and was astonished to see a little fellow, red haired and bonnie, with a "kuman" of milk in his hand, coming along the road. He was dressed in breeches and apron, and his arms were bare like a woman's,

as if he had just come from the churn. He begged her to drink from the "kuman," and at first she was afraid, but as he went on asking her, at last she took a good drink from the "kuman."

ANOTHER STORY OF THE MACLEODS, TAKEN FROM DONALD ROY MACLEOD.

This story seems to have some appearance of antiquity about it, but I question if it dates back to the clan period, for then the chief would have had more regard for the meanest of his clansmen than is shown here.

A Macleod gentleman who had Ose farm used to be called "Captain Ose" in the old days before my time, but I heard many a tale of him from people who had been in his service. I am telling you what smartness and bravery were in the men of that period. The Captain went droving to Duntulm, where the morair (landlord) was, and he was *murcachd air each* (riding on a horse), and a boy on a horse following him as servant. Well, when they were down at a place called *Carn's gobhair* he saw hunters with big hounds on the brae above him, and they heard the hunters setting the dogs at them. Well, Captain Ose told the boy to keep behind him, and he struck the first dog with his stick and killed him, and the second dog he killed too with the stick, and when the

THE "GRUAGACH."

hunters, Lord Macdonald and his men, came down, they said they thought it was a poor man, and they were sorry it was the Captain, and he was invited to Duntulm and would not go, but he changed his mind and went, for he would let no one say that he was afraid to go there.

BLACK MARGARET FROM BRACADALE GAVE ME THE FOLLOWING:—

I asked her if she knew anything of the Fenian or Fingalian Ballads. She said she did not, but that Diarmid killed Fionn with the torc nimh (poisonous boar). This shows how quickly the heroic tales and ballads die out, and become corrupted amongst the peasantry. Campbell of Islay, who took down many fenian ballads, tell us how Fionn compassed Diarmid's death by getting him to measure the boar by placing his feet against the bristles, which were poisonous.

These detached tales are given exactly as received from the poor but decent old men and women who supplied them. They serve in a measure to show a phase of superstition as it actually exists in the mind of the peasant. They are not the prettily rounded tales of a Hans Anderson, they are the real article.

[THE END.]

THE FAMOUS WHITE BANNER (*A' Bhratach Bhan*) OF THE CLAN MACKAY is in danger of being sent to London. The Clan Mackay are determined to prevent it passing into alien hands, and the case is likely to be heard before the Sheriff. They wish this venerable relic to be placed in St. Giles Cathedral, where two Mackay regimental flags are already deposited.

THE REV. DR. J. ABERIGH-MACKAY, D.D., Chieftain of the Clan Aberigh, is staying in Switzerland at present. His son, Colonel J. Livingston Aberigh-Mackay, of the 8th Bengal Cavalry, is in Scotland, and intends paying a visit to the old seat of his family, Achness, in Strathnaver.

THE OBAN AND LORNE ASSOCIATION have just completed the session, with a balance of £40 on hand.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.

(*Continued from page* 133).

THE EARLDOM OF ROSS.

IN 1411 an invasion was attempted by Donald, Lord of the Isles, who laid claim to the Earldom of Ross The Governor of Scotland declining to sustain his pretensions, the Lord of the Isles raised an army of ten thousand men, and assisted by a fleet from England, he carried everything before him. He received a temporary check at Dingwall by Mackay of Farr and his retainers, but Mackay was taken prisoner, and many of his followers slain. Donald pursued his victorious career through the counties of Inverness, Nairn, Moray, etc., etc., with the intention of marching on Aberdeen, and burning that city. In Strathbogie, and round the district, the rebel army committed great excesses; and the inhabitants of Aberdeen were in considerable alarm at their approach. Their fears were, however, to some extent allayed at the appearance of the Earl of Mar, and a choice body of knights, men-at-arms, etc., on the scene. The Provost of Aberdeen with five hundred burgesses also contributed to swell the army of defence, but notwithstanding all this, it did not amount to more than a tenth of the host opposed

to them. The two armies met at the village of

HARLAW.

The result of the encounter was most disastrous for both sides; but Mar's army from the smallness of its numbers suffered most. Donald, however, took alarm at the obstinacy with which he had been met and retreated during the night, leaving the Earl of Mar master of the situation. On the return of James I. from his captivity, he found the country in a fearful state of anarchy; and he is said to have made the remark that if his life were spared he would render life and property throughout his dominions secure, a promise which to a very great degree he fulfilled. In 1427 he arrived at Inverness, attended by his Parliament, and summoned the principal chiefs before him. From whatever motive, his mandate was readily obeyed, and about forty placed themselves in his power. They were immediately seized and imprisoned, and were not allowed either to hold converse with one another or their friends. Some of those who had been most conspicuous in their attacks on their neighbours were executed; others imprisoned for lengthened periods, and afterwards hanged. The Lord of the Isles, who had also been imprisoned, was treated with greater leniency, and received his liberty; but this haughty chief returned the forbearance of the

King by raising the standard of revolt against him, and when marching southwards he was surprised in Lochaber, and routed. The unfortunate chief afterwards surrendered to the King, by whom his life was spared. The records of the feuds of the Highland clans during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries are profuse and interesting, and show the gradual approach to a higher degree of civilization.

Scenery of the Highlands.

The Highlands of Scotland is separated from the Lowlands by the Grampians, a chain of mountains running across the country from the north of the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, to the cities of Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, and Dundee, excluding the greater part of Nairn, Elgin, and Banffshire, and the counties on the eastern coast south of the Moray Firth. The country is picturesque, and the scenery exceedingly varied in character. At one time the hills rise with Alpine abruptness, presenting bare rocky precipices, dotted here and there with trees, or covered only with brown heath. Again, they appear in gentle slope, richly wooded, hill overlapping hill, nature and cultivation combining to give them an inexpressible charm. Waterfalls and streams gush down mountain and hillsides, dashing over rocks—sometimes a distance of a hundred or two hundred feet—until they reach the quiet romantic glen where they gild with silver the green and golden landscape; while the rivers, fed in this way, either pursue their course to the sea, or empty themselves into lochs. The latter are numerous, and some of the finest views of Highland scenery are obtained in sailing along their shores. Nature has done much to adorn the "land of the mountain and the flood," and the progress of civilization has, without doubt, increased to a great extent its attractions. Among these are the imposing country seats which are now scattered over the land, and which form the favourite resort of Royalty and rank of every grade. The railway, too, has opened up facilities for the visit of many to whom otherwise the Highlands would be necessarily closed.

Hardihood of the Highlanders.

The Highlanders have ever been imbued with feelings of deep romantic attachment to their native hills and glens. Cradled in wild rugged fastnesses, dwelling together in clans of families for mutual support and protection, and for many centuries exposed at all times to the vicissitudes of war, they cultivated every quality necessary to produce a hardy indomitable race; and generally they were characterized by remarkable prowess, courage, fidelity, self-respect, and love of independence. The mass of poetry which from time to time has been collected in the Highlands, shows that chivalry and romance were joined to the sterner arts of war. In general the Highlanders were tall, robust, and well formed. To a great degree they were indifferent to cold, and when from home they slept in the open. It was a usual practice in the winter time when sleeping in the snow to dip their plaids in water in order to keep in heat more effectually. It is said that in 1745 the Highlanders could not be prevailed on to use tents, and a Highland chief is reported on one occasion to have given offence to his retainers by forming the snow into a pillow, the act being construed into a sign of degeneracy. Things have altered very much in this respect during the present century, and we fear that if the Highlander of 1700 could visit the earth, he would be appalled at the inroads of civilization on his degenerate sons.

(To be continued.)

CROCUSES.

THE crocus is everywhere lifting
Its chalice upon the air,
For Spring has breathed o'er the garden,
And all the borders are fair.

How they fling the sun a challenge,
And offer him gold for gold,
Those dauntless yellow flowerlets,
Shining and overbold!

Yet methinks the white are sweeter;
Like vestals they stand, a row,
With hardly a hint of colour
To stain their robes of snow.

And fairest of all are the purple,
Dyed deep with the hues of life,
Its violet tones of mourning,
Its glowing heart of strife.

But why should a flower's perfection
Any doleful message bear?
Enough that Spring's in the garden,
And all the borders are fair.

18th March, 1897. R. J. Forbes.

Shinty Notes.—Mr. John Campbell, Secretary, Kingussie Shinty Club, was presented, by Provost Macpherson, with an illuminated address, in recognition of his services to the club.—The match between the Glasgow Cowal *versus* Dublin Hurling Club, is to take place at Celtic Park, on Saturday, 5th June. It will be an international contest worth seeing.—The Beauly club have won the championship and the association cup by defeating Brae-Lochaber, at Inverness, on 10th April, by 5 hailstonil.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HIGHLAND CLAN PLACE-NAMES IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

In my former note I spoke concerning the influence of the Highlanders as exerted in the United States of America. It is more interesting to know how he has entrenched himself in local names. In this he is taken somewhat at a disadvantage. When America was first being settled the Highlander was still clinging to the rocks of his native bens. Notwithstanding this we will see that his name has gained a permanent residence.

The countries and towns erected since the American Revolution largely bear the names of the patriots of that conflict. No State can have more than county or post office by the same name. Frequently we have a town or village by one name, but the post office another. Names have been multiplied by adding a suffix or prefix.

As might be expected the name of Washington stands pre-eminent. That name is venerated more by the American than any other of the names of the sons and daughters of men. Hence the capital of the nation takes his name; likewise one of the States of the Union having 66,860 square miles of territory, or over 8,000 more square miles than England. Besides there are 27 counties and 56 post offices named Washington.

Of the counties we find the following number of Highland names in the various States:—Buchanan, 2; Cameron, 1; Campbell, 5; Graham, 1; Grant, 9; MacIntosh, 2; MacLean, 3; MacPherson, 3; Munroe, 16; Morgan, 10; Murray, 7; Stewart, 1.

Among the post offices we find 398 beginning with "Mac." We enumerate as follows:—Buchanan, 14, Cameron, 19; Campbell, 39; Chisholm, 2; Cummin, 13; Drummond, 4; Farquhar, 1; Ferguson, 12; Forbes, 3; Fraser, 14; Gordon, 23; Graham, 25; Grant, 52; Gunn, 3; Lamont, 13; MacAllister, 3; MacAulay, 2; MacIntosh, 4; MacBean, 2; MacDonald, 13; MacDougall, 1; MacDuff, 1; MacFarland, 1; MacGregor and Gregory, 14; Mackay, 3; MacKenzie, 4; MacLean, 10; MacLeod, 2; MacNaughton, 1; MacNeil, 7; MacPherson, 10; MacQueen, 1; MacRae, 9; Matheson, 3; Monroe, 50; Morgan, 58; Murray, 19; Robertson, 4; Ross, 37; Shaw, 11; Stewart, 38; Sutherland, 9; Urquhart, 1.

In the above list it will be noticed that the names of Morgan, Grant, and Monroe predominate. Morgan was a Revolutionary hero, and commanded the light troops that did such fearful execution on the army of Burgoyne. He was very popular, not only on account of his bravery but also for his integrity. James Monroe was fifth President of the Republic. General Grant came later on the stage, and in all probability but few of the offices are named for him. I have no means of being informed of the names of the townships. Doubtless these would also show a fair percentage of Highland names.

I have not given all the names which are strictly Highland. It might be of some interest to know that there are 11 post offices bearing the name of M'Kinley.

Yours respectfully,

J. P. MacLean.

Greenville, Ohio,
2nd March, 1897.

SIR ALLAN MACLEAN OF DUART.

Sir—In your issue of March, designated "A visit to Inchkenneth," is the following:—"To the right of these two stones there is a stone lying flat, carved in the form of a Highlander in full war dress. The left hand grasps a shield, while the right hand holds a round ball. The head is surmounted with a helmet, and by his side are claymore and dirk. The figure is complete, with the exception of part of one of the feet, which has been broken off."

It may be of interest to your readers to know that this stone was placed there in memory of Sir Allan MacLean, Bart., 22nd Chief of Clan MacLean and 6th Bart. of Morvern, who died at Inchkenneth, 10th December, 1783.

I am, etc., John MacLean,
Vice-President, Clan MacLean Association.

HIGHLAND NOTES.

A "Highland Rambling Club" has been started by members of the High School Gaelic Class. The *News* hints that they have designs on the Lowlands.

The Annual Concert of the St. Columba Choir was a brilliant success. The hall was packed, and the entertainment a truly delightful one.

The 79th Cameron Highlanders are to have a second battalion at last. It is reported that the "Cameron men" are to be found in Manchester and London, and are expected to pass as the genuine article so long as 'Arry cocks his bonnet and keeps his mouth shut. What he will do when he faces the Boers is a problem too dreadful to contemplate.

The Glasgow Highland Club have a fund of £200, but we are not aware that it is available for any useful purpose. A weekly social, with refreshments, tobacco and "Tobermory," are evidently considered a useful means of advancing the interests of the Highland race!

Why do Highlanders persist in drinking what are known as "Highland Honours?" This theatrical performance is still popular in Glasgow. We would ask the members of the Celtic, Highland, and Gaelic Societies of Glasgow to refer us to any work or authority which describes the placing of dirty brognes on a clean table-cover as an ancient Highland custom. The fact of the matter is, the practice is a purely modern innovation, invented in Edinburgh this century. The habit is altogether a nasty one, and we wonder at Highlanders adopting a purely Sassenach "sensation."

The newspapers still conspire to make us all "Englishmen!" The Seaforth Highlanders became "English troops" as soon as they landed in Crete. It is all very annoying, but the various Highland Societies can do something for "dear auld Scotia's sake," by signing the National Petition. So far, the Clan Mackay alone have supported the movement.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1897

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Messrs. William Grant MacGregor, London; J. M. MacGillivray, Macarthur, U.S.A.; and Alexander Mackay, Aberdeen.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, one of our earliest subscribers. In Culloden House is preserved one of the most valuable collections of Jacobite relics in the kingdom.

MR. A. M. FERGUSON, SECRETARY, UIST AND BARRA ASSOCIATION, has added 15 new members to the roll, and secured the prize offered.

THE MACDONALD SOCIETY have made splendid progress this session, the membership being doubled, and the funds exceeding £100. They do not seem to have discovered "Pickle the Spy" yet, and Andrew Lang's assertion that he was "Glengarry of the '45" is indignantly repudiated. They ought really to engage a specialist to investigate the papers, etc., for we have no doubt whatever that Glengarry was not the informer, but another Hanoverian Spy bearing the name of one of the Clan Donald septs.

THE CLAN CHATTAN had a very successful Concert in the Assembly Rooms—Mr. Donald Macpherson, Falkirk, in the chair. Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, addressed the meeting, and spoke very strongly on the reflections made by Mr. Andrew Lang on the Jacobite chiefs. These attacks, he considered, were undeserved, for these men had faced the scaffold, and staked and lost their estates and fortunes in defence of a cause which they considered just. Other addresses were delivered, and the proceedings proved very successful.

CLAN CAMPBELL SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering was held in the Trades Hall, on 31st March, Colonel D. Campbell Hannay, 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in the chair, who was supported by a number of well known clansmen. The chairman referred to the close connection which existed between the 91st Highlanders and the Clan Campbell, no less than 17 gentlemen of the name being at one time officers in the regiment. He was always anxious to get men from Argyll to join his regiment, as they proved good soldiers. Mr. Angus Campbell, President, also delivered an interesting address, and a very successful gathering was followed by an assembly, which was well attended.

THE CLAN GRANT SOCIETY held their Annual Dance in the Alexandra Hotel. There was a large attendance, among those present being Mr. James Grant, President, Colonel A. B. Grant, John Grant, Secretary, Peter Grant, Treasurer, A. Fraser-Macrae, M.A., Hugh Macleod, Dr. Dingwall, W. G. Davidson, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, etc. The President, in welcoming the guests, stated that the membership was 101, including 14 life members; and that the funds amount to £58, an increase of £10 on the year. A branch has been started in Manchester, and the Edinburgh branch has been merged in the parent Society. The young Chief, the Earl of Seafield, is coming of age this summer, and the Society proposed arranging a pic-nic to Strathspey to celebrate the auspicious event. The evening was then devoted to dancing and music. The proceedings proved very enjoyable.

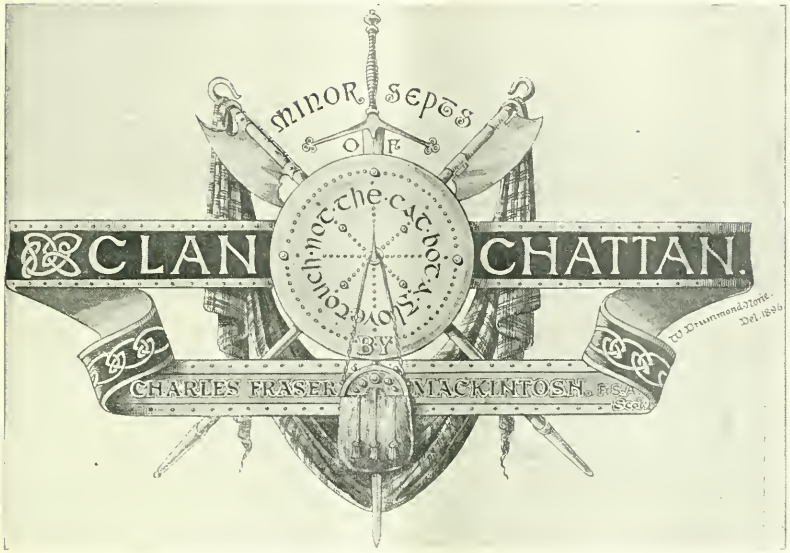
CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY —The Annual General Meeting of this Society was held on 6th April in the Christian Institute. After tea, the President, Mr. Donald Macmillan, took the chair, and the Council's and Treasurer's reports were submitted, and passed unanimously. The report of the Treasurer showed the finances to be in a sound condition, there being a balance of over £75 at the credit of the Society. Office-bearers were appointed for the ensuing session.

THE CLAN MACLEAN have just completed a very successful session, the funds now amounting to £110.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW propose next session to devote an evening to a discussion of what recent novelists term "Highland gloom." That most gifted novelist, Fiona Macleod, if present, will find that Highlanders are not inclined to accept her somewhat dismal estimate of their character as altogether correct.

DR. DONALD MACGREGOR writes to the *Daily Chronicle* as follows:—"I am sorely tempted, in the event of war between Greece and Turkey, to offer through you my services as physician and surgeon to the wounded on the side of Greece, if this should be feasible and acceptable."

THE name of MR. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH on being called to receive the hon. degree of LL.D. at Aberdeen University, was enthusiastically applauded by the students. Highlanders can never be sufficiently grateful for the many years which he devoted to their service. The privileges which our countrymen now enjoy in the Highlands are really the fruit of his individual efforts. That his pen has lost none of its activity is evident from our own pages each month.



No. II.—The Macbeans.

Part Third.—The Macbeans of Faillie.

An influential branch of the Macbeans settled at Faillie, in the parish of Daviot, filling a respectable position for nearly 200 years.

They probably occupied Faillie a considerable time before they received a heritable right thereto. The first Macbean of Faillie found on record was I.—Donald Mac-Gillie-Phadrick, no doubt a cadet of Kinchyle, who, with his wife, Marjorie Macpherson, received an heritable tack of Faillie from James, Earl of Moray, upon 10th February, 1632. Donald is therein described as "in Faillie."

The Stuarts, Earls of Moray, for some time after their acquiring the barony of Strathnairn, and the lordships of Petty and Strathdearn, had been anxious to consolidate their power, and gave heritable rights to many of the occupants, particularly those of Clan Chattan.

The frightful jealousies betwixt the Stuarts and the Gordons kept the Mackintoshes in constant trouble, whereby their vassals never had any peace. Although extreme measures were taken on more than one occasion, by the Earls of Moray against Clan Chattan, the innate vitality and pertinacity of the clan proved successful and victorious.

The following is the description of the lands of Faillie, extending to a half davoch of land. "All and haill the town and lands of Faillye, with houses, biggings, yeards, orchards, tofts, crofts, parts, pendicles, and pertinents thereof, used and wont, extending to two ploughs of land, lying within Strathnairn and Sheriffdom of Inverness, as the said lands lye in length and breadth; in houses infield, outfield, muirs, mosses, multures, commonty, pasturage, shealings, grazings, fishings, freeish and entry, with all and sundry other commoditys and righteous pertinents of the same, used and wont, with the ground right and property of the said lands and others foresaid, and all rights of reversion of the same, and other right title and interest whatsoever thereanent, together with all and sundry contracts, dispositions, charters, infeftments, procuratorys and instruments of resignation, services, retours, precepts and instruments of sasin, tacks and rights of teinds, and all other rights, writs, evidents, titles, and securitys whatsoever of, and concerning the said lands and others foresaid, with all reversions of the same as well legal as conventionell."

In 1647 mention is made of Donald Macbean, younger of Faillie, and John Macbean, his brother-german.

Donald Mac-Gillie-Phadrick was succeeded by his eldest son,

II —Donald, which became the leading christian name of the family.

The Macbeans were close allies of their chief, and are to be found at all the clan and family gatherings, and on 8th October, 1661, Donald Macbean of Faillie is one of the jury at the serving of Lachlan Mackintosh of Torcastle, as heir to his father, William. The inquest was held at Inverness, before Alexander, Earl of Moray, Sheriff Principal, personally presiding.

Donald Macbean, the II., was succeeded by his son,

III.—Donald. Donald's wife was Anna, eldest daughter of William Macbean of Kinchyle. Mrs. Anna Macbean is infeft in a jointure furth of Achlaschoile and Mid-town of Faillie: Mr. John Macbean, schoolmaster at Daviot, acting as her attorney.

Donald procures a charter of confirmation from Charles, Earl of Moray, as heir to his grandfather, Donald I., on 15th July, 1707.

Donald Macbean having died without male issue, was succeeded by his brother,

IV.—William, who is found in the years 1741 to 1758, and in 1749, on 15th January, receives a confirmation of his tack from the Earl of Moray.

This William Macbean's father, Donald III., unfortunately became security for people of his own name, particularly John Macbean, writer in Inverness, whereby his successors were im-

FAILLIE HOUSE, DAVIOT, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

poverished, and the estate, long in the hands of creditors, brought to a compulsory sale. The nature of the fatal involvement was this:

John, Earl of Cromarty, was very impecunious, and his estates sequestrated, and placed locally by the court under charge of John Macbean, writer in Inverness, formerly named in these papers. Mr. Macbean, according to rule, had to find caution for his intromissions, and in 1724, Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, George Cuthbert of Castlehill, and Donald Macbean of Faillie, became cautioners.

This Factory was not a success—Mr. Macbean's representative and cautioners being called to account for enormous sums. It was alleged for the deceased and his cautioners that his messengers and officers of the law, employed by him, were deforced and otherwise hindered by "Bangstrie," and oppression from uplifting the rents of the Cromartie estate, and that they were only responsible for Mr. Macbean's actual intromissions. The arbiters so far gave effect to the defences, and in 1744 limited the decree to a sum of £3,211 4s 6d Scots,—a considerable sum in these days—to which had to be added great costs.

Castlehill estate fell under control of the court as insolvent, and Mr. Macbean's own

estate was insignificant after payment of debts.

The whole debt, with interests and costs, fell upon Mackintosh and Faillie, and though Mackintosh had to pay in full in the first instance, time was given to Faillie by his chief

The burden, however, was too heavy, and the estate was of little use to the Macbeans after 1744.

In 1756 William Macbean consents to Mackintosh's reclaiming the Laggan lands, signing the deed of consent as brother-german, and representative of the deceased Donald Macbean of Faillie. The deed is also signed by Alexander Macphail of Inverernie, eldest son and heir, served and retoured to the deceased, Robert Macphail of Inverernie; by Robert Mackintosh, Tacksman of Termite, eldest son in life of the deceased Lachlan Mackintosh of Strone; by William Mackintosh of Aberarder, heir and representative of the deceased William Mackintosh of Aberarder, his grandfather; by William Mackintosh of Holm, eldest son and heir of the deceased John Mackintosh of Holm; and by John Mackintosh of Culclachie, eldest son and heir of the deceased Angus Mackintosh of Culclachie. All these heads of Clan Chattan signed at Cask, in Strathnairn upon the 27th October, 1756, in presence of Donald Macbean, son to Donald Macbean, vintner in Inverness; and Alexander Fraser, farmer in the Mains of Tordarroch.

FAILLIE BRIDGE, DAVIOT, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

This document is peculiarly interesting in respect that it is dated several years after the abolition of the Heritable Jurisdiction Act, and clan associations.

William Macbean was succeeded by his son V.—Donald, who in 1768 is retoured heir to his father.

He appears to have served in France, holding the rank of Captain, and to have been so long absent from Scotland, that when he attempted to remove one or two people in the year 1770, prior to the sale of the estate, which had then become inevitable, defences were given in alleging that he was an alien, and a professed Papist, incapable of holding landed property. Captain Macbean was very indignant, and his holograph observations upon the defences show that his long absence abroad did not by any means do away with great natural shrewdness, and appreciation of business matters.

It is to be feared that Captain Macbean's long services abroad did not benefit him much pecuniarly. In 1768 he appears to have interested himself in his estates for the first time, and intrusted his affairs to the care of Mr. James Fraser of Gortuleg.

By 1770 the affairs had come to a crisis when a sale was made to MacGillivray of Dunmaglass.

Whether Captain Macbean was married or left male issue I am not aware—the last occupant of the name of Macbean, being Mrs. Ketty Macbean. I have many of her letters running on from 1750 to 1780, and I presume she was Captain Macbean's step-mother, for she never refers to him. She removed from Faillie at the sale, and her letters are afterwards dated from Dundee. From these I should infer that she was an excellent specimen of the kindly and true hearted Highland lady of the past. The house of Faillie, with a few ancient trees, stands imposingly on a high bank of the river Nairn, the sketch taken expressely for this paper giving a very good idea of the place. The bridge which is also given is well done, and was the first erected by General Wade on his new road from Inverness to the south. Across this bridge Prince Charles rode after the battle on his flight from Culloden towards the west, and a very fine picture showing his passage over the Faillie bridge was exhibited in London some years ago, drawing much attention from every Highlander who saw it. During the many years Faillie was occupied by the present Sheriff Fraser of Portree as agricultural tenant, the place was known all over the north for its breed of Highland cattle.

(To be continued).

A TALE OF THE EVENING STAR.

ALL day long, through the pearly summer haze, we had been slowly making our way northwards before the favouring south winds. The passage through the racing tides of Kyle Rhea had been accomplished while the morning sun was still low on the horizon. And as the day wore on we passed successively the flat island of Pabbay, and Scalpa, and the green bays of Raasay, until the evening found us lying in a calm, shining, windless sea far up the sound, between Eilean Rona and the gloomy cliffs of the Skye shores.

Rona, with its long line of barren rocks, was steeped in the light of the afterglow. Through the dusk of twilight we could just make out the entrance to a little bay, almost landlocked, with two treacherous looking rocks guarding its approach. Gradually our eyes become accustomed to the light, and some one noticed among the shadows a star of fire beginning to shine steadily between the two rocks.

"Hamish! what is that light on Rona? Is there any house in that desolate spot?"

"Oh yes," answered the old Highlander who stood with a slack tiller-rope in his hand, "that is Camusbeg in behind the rocks. And the light is the light in old Widow Mackenzie's house. It is a ferry sad story, mirover, the story of that light. The fisher lads about here call it the Evening Star. And it is Ailasa Macleod herself that, I have heard, will be going up every night to help Mistress Mac kenzie with the trimming of the big lamp that the Government man from London will give her, with the good oil and the round wick, every year since the "Waterwitch" was wrecked."

And as we sat on the deck of the motionless yacht, with the sails hanging ghostlike in the night and the ruddy glow from the cabins lighting up the great boom, Hamish told us the Tale of the Evening Star.

* * * *

The men of Camusbeg were all fishers. The women stayed at home to spin the wool and milk the cows. Many a night in the springtime would the men set out in their boats for some distant fishing ground and leave the clachan with no man in it, unless it might be old Callum who was bedridden and had the second sight. But it was the coming back to Camusbeg that both men and women feared, for if the night was dark with a gathering storm, or if they had to beat into the bay against an easterly wind, the Skerries were like two devils' death traps with the waves breaking over them. In the old days, more than one of the Camusbeg boats had been wrecked there, and the brave fellows drowned within sight of the women as they stood on the rocks across the bay crying for the men who would return no more.

It was after one of these wild nights that Callum with the second sight told the wife of Duncan Mackenzie that if she set a light in her window it would shine between the devils' Skerries, so that a boat coming in to Camusbeg in the dark would run safely between the rocks, provided her head were kept always on the light. So the light in the Mackenzies' house became a star of hope for the men and women of Camusbeg. The fisher lads always steered by it, and sang softly to themselves as they sailed their boats home on the summer nights. There were no more wrecks at Camusbeg. The lamp was always lit at the going down of the sun. So they called it the Evening Star.

* * * *

There came a day when young Ewan Mackenzie succeeded his father as owner of the 'Waterwitch.' The fishing that year was good away down to the south of Raasay, and the Camusbeg boats would sometimes be away for a number of nights without returning.

One morning in August Ewan Mackenzie sat in the 'Waterwitch' mending his net in the sunshine. He was to see Ailasa in the evening before starting. She had gone up to the

sheiling on the hill, but would be back before the 'Waterwitch' set sail. So he sat contentedly overhauling the brown net and examining the floats. The boat rose and fell gently on the swell. Donald Grant was playing the "Barren Rocks of Aden" on his pipes out at the point. The terns were lazily sunning themselves on the Skerries, and a great solan goose came flying over the blue sea from the far shores of Skye. There was nothing at all in Camusbeg that day to disturb the peace of Ewan's heart as he sat in the stern of the 'Waterwitch' and sang the song of the biorlinn.

In the evening the boats began to go out one by one—slowly slipping away from their moorings with the brown sails spread to catch the light westerly wind. As the 'Waterwitch' passed the point the fisherman at the helm lifted his peaked cap and waved it to a young girl who was standing on the rocks, and shading her eyes with her hand, as the long level rays of the setting sun fell on her graceful form. She returned the salute, and then sat down to watch the boat being carefully steered between the Skerries. At last it put about and was soon out of sight. Then she rose and crossed the rocks in the direction of Camusbeg, wondering all the while if Ewan would bring back good luck with him when he returned from the fishing on the third night. As she passed the cottage at the head of the stone pier she saw the Evening Star beginning to send its kindly light across the waters of the quiet bay. And the heart of Ailasa was full of rest.

* * * *

The third night came, and with it a gale of easterly wind, such as had not been known for years in Eilean Rona. It is remembered yet as the night of the great wind. The day had been sultry and oppressive with a red mist hanging above the sea, and a silence like the silence of death had settled down upon the islands. It was at four o'clock in the day that a low muttering sound was heard coming over the glassy sea from the mountains of Torridon and Applecross. The Coolins took up the challenge and answered with a dull rumble. An hour later the darkness came down like the darkness of the winter night, and the first drops of rain began to fall with a hissing sound into the livid sea. Then the storm burst in all its fury over the islands as it came roaring across the water from Torridon, and all around the shores of Eilean Rona, where in the morning the sunlight had been lying warm on the rocks, the tempest was lashing the seas into a fury of spindrift and foam.

In the blinding rain Ailasa made her way up to the cottage of Widow Mackenzie to sit with her for an hour. When she entered she noticed with a start that there was no lamp in the window.

"It is a black night this Ailasa Macleod, and it was good of you to think of coming to sit with a lonely woman when the thunder will be over the island."

"It is a black night indeed," answered the girl. "But have you forgotten to light the lamp Mistress Mackenzie? Ewan was saying that he would be back on the third night, and this will be the third night. Will he come back to Camusbeg when the storm is over the island?"

"There is no man will be coming back to Camusbeg in the face of such a gale. The lads will run into Portree before the wind, and it is in Portree that Ewan is to-night. It is a wasting of the oil to light the two lamps. But you are all trembling Ailasa? Is it the lightning that you are afraid of?" For just then a crash of thunder broke over Eilean Rona, and the flash of lightning that followed lit up every corner of the little room.

"Oh no" replied the girl. "But it was Ewan himself that promised to come back on the third night, and it would be better if the light was up when he comes in between the Skerries."

"It is a foolish woman you are Ailasa Macleod, for no man would venture out into the sound. And it is I that will not put up a light when there is no need to waste the good oil."

So the storm raged all the night with a fury that was like the fury of the black spirit let loose upon the waters, but out of the darkness that lay upon Eilean Rona there came no guiding rays from the Evening Star.

It was late when Ailasa set out for home, and the wind and rain beat cruelly upon her as she crept along the shore in the dark. She stopped now and again to recover her breath, so strong was the wind against her, and all the time that she stood she was thinking of Ewan. She could hear the roar of the breakers on the devils' Skerries, and as she listened she imagined that she heard the cry of a night bird above the din of the tempest. Then she suddenly held her breath! What was that? Again she listened. And there seemed to come out of the wild night a long piteous cry—"Ailasa, Ailasa." But when she listened a third time there was nothing to be heard but the shrieking of the wind and the deafening roar of the sea. It was no voice. It was all her imagination. Ewan was safe in Portree with the other boats. So she continued to grope her way home through the darkness of the terrible night, but her heart was full of a great fear.

* * * *

When morning broke the gale had spent itself. The wind was full of the smell of fresh seaweed. The skies were breaking into great banks of white clouds, and the sun was shining cheerily on the dancing blue waters, above which the sea birds were whirling in delight.

But what was that at the point? A group of black figures—all women—gathered round something that lay on the beach, and a sound of lamentation was borne across the sunlit bay, for when young Ailasa Macleod was wandering along the beach at the break of day, she was heard to utter a wild cry when she came upon a bit of wreckage on which was written in white letters the name 'Waterwitch!' Further out by the point another of the women had been attracted by something white among the seaweed. On drawing nearer she turned deadly pale. It was the shape of a human hand floating above the water, and when the next wave rolled in it turned up the scared face of Ewan Mackenzie! He had kept his tryst, but the light of the Evening Star had failed!

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPES.

AWAY with your fiddles and flutes,
As music for wedding or ball;
Pianofortes, clarionets, lutes,
The bagpipe surpasses them all.

For polkas, the waltz, the quadrille,
There's naught with the pipes can compare,
An anchorite torpid 'twould thrill,
Such glorious sounds in the air.

So tuneful, harmonious, and sweet,—
The very perfection of art;
Lend wings to the tardiest feet,
And joy to the sorrowing heart.

Upheaved the fair dancers with feet
Like birds, poising light on the wing,
As nimbly they trip in the reel,
And roll off the steps of the fling.

No requiems grand I assail,
Like Handel's Dead March, played in "Saul"
But yet I maintain that the Gael
In coronachs, vanquishes all.

In music, in warfare, in song,—
With bagpipes, and banners unfurled;
Like a torrid simoom borne along,
The Highlanders lighten the world.

New York. PATRICK MACPHERSON.

DUNCAN MACRAE, QUEENSLAND.

MR. DUNCAN MACRAE, of Strathgarve, S. Queensland, is a son of the late Duncan MacRae, who occupied the sheep farms of Kemasary and Toultrie, near Poolewe, Ross-shire, where he acquired a good practical knowledge of sheep farming which has proved of great value to him in his subsequent career. His mother was also a MacRae, a native of Lochbroom. In 1853, when only seventeen years of age, Mr. MacRae left his home for Australia, where he has since engaged extensively in pastoral pursuits, and is now one of the oldest living pioneers and leading Overlanders in the colonies. Some of Mr. MacRae's business undertakings have been on a gigantic scale. For instance, in 1861 he succeeded in bringing overland from N. Australia to S. W. Queensland 25,000 breeding ewes, an operation which occupied 12 months, and established his reputation as a skilful manager and a practical bushman.

Two years later, the Government of New South Wales passed a stringent act prohibiting sheep from Victoria passing into that colony owing to disease being prevalent in Victoria. Mr. MacRae, with his usual enterprise, purchased 18,000 ewes in Victoria, took them overland through S. Australia, and entered New South Wales, where he sold the sheep at the high price then ruling. This hazardous undertaking occupied 18 months. Subsequently he made several trips, the last being in 1886, when he took 17,000 store wedders from Queensland to Victoria, a distance of 1,600 miles.

Desirous of retiring from the Overlander's life he accepted the managership of extensive stations in New South Wales, the stock consisting of 170,000 sheep, 10,000 cattle, and 700 horses. Three years later he resigned, and married a daughter of Mr. Louden Hastings MacLeod, of Hylang Station, S. A. He purchased several good station properties, and carried on squatting extensively. A few years ago he held on lease in Australia and New South Wales 27,00,000 acres of land.

Mr. MacRae is a magistrate in Queensland and New South Wales. Strathgarve is chiefly a freehold, and is capable of wintering all the year round 10,000 sheep, and 700 cattle; it is situated in a beautiful valley in the Darling Downs district, which is allowed to be the Garden of Queensland.

He has a family of two daughters, and one son called Louden Hastings Duncan.

Although absent from his native Highlands for so many years, Mr. MacRae has never lost touch with, or interest in, the affairs of the old country.

DUNCAN MACRAE, J.P

NEIL CAMPBELL COLQUHOUN, GLASGOW.

THE subject of this sketch is the son of the late Archibald Colquhoun, a native of Tyree, Argyllshire. His forefathers came from Luss and settled in Lorne in 1789. That revered pastor studied for the ministry, and was at his death, in 1890, in charge of the Free Church Mission Station at Strathaird, Isle of Skye. In his earlier days Mr. Colquhoun was Gaelic Teacher and Catechist at Waternish and Eastside in the same island, and also at Petty, Inverness. He was considered the finest singer of psalmody in Gaelic and English both in Skye and in the Island of Tyree.

The mother of Mr. Neil Campbell Colquhoun is Mary Anne Maclean, the only daughter of the late John Maclean, Coalis, Tyree, a gentleman well known in the West Highlands, and Celtic circles especially. He was a direct descendant of the Macleans of Duart. Mr. N. C. Colquhoun was educated chiefly at home. He is the eldest son of the family, and came to Glasgow fourteen years ago, entering the employment of a firm of wholesale jewellers. Two years afterwards Mr. Colquhoun was appointed one of the commercial travellers, which occupation he has since followed. He is an office-bearer in Cowcaddens Free Church (Rev. W. Ross); is also President of the Northern District Gospel Temperance Union. In Highland matters Mr. Colquhoun takes a keen interest; he is a member of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and a Director of *Ceilidh nan Gaidheal* (Glasgow Gaelic Club). Mr. Colquhoun was one of the first Directors and promoters of the Clan Colquhoun Society, and by the unanimous vote of the Council was elected its Honorary Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Colquhoun can speak, read, and write the language of the Gael with perfect ease, and he spares no trouble in trying to promote the good of the Clan Society in every way. He is at present engaged in the preparation of a little volume relating to the Clan and the Society, which is to be published immediately.

He was also instrumental in arranging the clan excursions during the last two summers to the romantic country of his clan at Loch Lomond-side, and the presence of the members at the Luss Highland Games has become an annual feature of these popular sports. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the much respected chief of the clan, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., and his family, supported by his clansmen and clanswomen, should meet once a year in the beautiful *Duthaich nan Compaich*, reviving old memories and fostering the sentiment of kinship, which it is said, with the Gael, extends to the thirtieth degree.

From this short sketch it will be seen how highly Mr. Colquhoun is esteemed, and that from having been in the first instance faithful in little, he is now faithful in a much greater degree.

Edinburgh. F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

KINTYRE SMUGGLING STORIES.*

By the late Cuthbert Bede.

A NATIVE of Cantire, whose reminiscences of smuggling dated back to the close of the past century, told me, in the following words

HOW THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER TRICKED THE EXCISE OFFICER.

Archibald Macnab was a Custom house officer in Cantire, in the latter part of the past century. He had a Government commission to seize smuggled goods, which were by no means scanty in those days; and it was even whispered that Archibald Macnab himself had discovered the art of doing a stroke of business in that way on his own account; or at any rate, of appropriating a portion of the seizure to his own private use. However, he was gifted with wit and surpassing ingenuity, which made his success the more sure and certain. In his personal appearance he was peculiar; for, he was considerably under the ordinary stature of man, and was exceedingly broad and round. He wore knee-breeches, with white stockings to his legs which were stout and shapely, and an ornament on any street path. He was also possessed of great strength, and has been known to half kill a man with the grasp of his fingers about his neck. It was of no use to go to law with Archibald, for he was his own lawyer, and he was so cunning that he could always gain the plea.

At this time Mr. Cameron was an excise officer in the town, and was very keen to apprehend smuggled goods. It was whispered to him, one day, that Archibald Macnab had some rolls of smuggled tobacco in his house; so Mr. Cameron went there to search for it. Archibald was a master of politeness, and he addressed his visitor in mild and friendly language. "How are ye, this day, Mr. Cameron? Is your wife pretty well, Mr. Cameron? Are your bairns pretty well, Mr. Cameron? And is it well with all your kith and kin, Mr. Cameron? And it's kind of ye to be calling upon me, Mr. Cameron. Maybe, you've some particular business with me this day, Mr. Cameron? If so, I shall be glad to hear it of ye, Mr. Cameron: so, perhaps, you'll be pleased to take a seat, Mr. Cameron." He was always polite, was Archibald Macnab.

Mr. Cameron took a seat, and said, "It is on business that I have come to you to-day, Mr. Macnab: and rather important business, too. The fact is, that I have received information that you have a large quantity of smuggled tobacco concealed in your loft; and I must search it, in order to prevent a fraud on the Government."

Archibald Macnab lifted up his hands and eyes in amazement. "Oh, Mr. Cameron! is it against me that you have suspicions! Me! Archibald Macnab! a man bound in duty to protect the revenues of my country! Oh, preserve me! Surely, Mr Cameron, you have been sent on a fool's errand. How could tobacco be in my loft, and me not know it? Preserve me!"

"However unpleasant my duty must be, Mr Macnab, both to you and to myself," said Mr Cameron, "still, it is my duty; and I must obey it. I must, therefore, persist in my determination to search your loft; and I hope that you will not throw any unnecessary obstacles in my way. I must request you to furnish me with a ladder and a light."

"You shall have as many as you wish for, Mr. Cameron. But no tobacco will you find. It's a fool's errand that you're come upon," said Archibald Macnab.

But Mr. Cameron mounted the ladder, and had no sooner set foot in the loft, than he kicked against a roll of tobacco; and, holding out the light, he saw a pile of these rolls.

"Ho, ho! Mr. Macnab!" he joyfully cried: "where is my fool's errand now? My information was correct: the tobacco is here!"

"Preserve me!" said Archibald. "It's a trick that some one has played upon me, Mr. Cameron. Are you sure it's tobacco, Mr. Cameron? Is there much of it, Mr. Cameron? Oh, is it not a sinful world, Mr Cameron? In my loft, too, Mr. Cameron? and me bound to protect the revenues of my country. Oh, what shall I do, Mr. Cameron!"

"For the present, you can take charge of these rolls as I throw them down;" said Mr. Cameron. And he began to pitch them down from the loft, counting one, two, three, as he did so. He counted up to thirty, and then said that was all: and, getting on the ladder, came down from the loft. When he had landed safely on the floor, there was Archibald Macnab standing there, and at his feet was a small half-rotten roll of tobacco.

"Why, where is my tobacco?" cried Mr. Cameron.

"Your tobacco, Mr. Cameron?" replied Archibald, quite politely; "your tobacco is

* Note.—The above story is reproduced from the MS. of an original work on Kintyre, entitled, *Argyll's Highlands, or the Land of Lorne*," by the late Cuthbert Bede, author of *Glencreggan, or a Highland Home in Cantyre*," etc., which has never been published, and from which we intend quoting frequently in our pages.

here." And he gave him the half-rotten roll; but took good care to say nothing of the others which he had contrived to put away into a secret place while Mr. Cameron was busied in the loft.

"Oh, this won't do at all!" cried Mr. Cameron, in a rage: "I counted and threw down thirty rolls."

"Thirty rolls," echoed Archibald; "preserve me! but you amaze me, Mr Cameron. What should bring thirty rolls of tobacco in my loft? Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country! You must have been drinking, Mr. Cameron, and wetting your eyes, Mr. Cameron. Preserve me! but you see more than double, Mr. Cameron, it's lucky that you did not set my loft on fire with that candle. Thirty rolls! why you must be very drunk indeed, Mr. Cameron: and not at all the proper company that a decent man like I am ought to keep."

Mr. Cameron was so beside himself with rage and amazement, and with Archibald's coolness, that he was blurting out his words very much as if he indeed were tipsy.

"I thought you had come on a fool's errand, Mr Cameron," Archibald went on to say, "but I never thought you were overtaken in liquor, Mr. Cameron. And to fancy that this little packet was thirty rolls of tobacco! I would'nt have believed it of you, Mr. Cameron. And to try to take away my honest name, and make me out to be no better than a smuggler! Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country. Preserve me! But I could take the law at you, Mr. Cameron."

"It's I that will take the law of you, Mr. Macnab, as you will soon find to your cost;" said Mr. Cameron, as he bounced out of the house.

Very soon, Archibald received a summons to appear before the Sheriff, and he obeyed the summons. Mr. Cameron made out a strong case against him; but, as he had no witnesses, Archibald got the liberty to plead for himself. "Let me hear, Mr. Macnab," said the Sheriff, "what explanation you can give to this remarkable charge that has been brought against you."

Archibald put on his most smiling face and jocular manner. "It was the gowk-hunting day (the first of April) and my good friend, Mr. Cameron here, was to be made a fool of. And this was our plan. He was to be told that I had some smuggled tobacco in my loft, and then he was to come to me on a fool's errand, in search of it. In my house, preserve me! but the idea was amusing. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, never suspected that he was being fooled; so he came to my house, made his demand, and went up the ladder to the loft. There he found that roll of tobacco that is placed before you; it is, as you plainly see, rotten and worthless, and had probably been lying there since the building of Babel. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, threw down the roll and I received it; and he said, That's one. Without showing him what I was doing, I threw it up again into the loft, while he was turning about in the dark with his candle. Presently he found it, and threw it down, saying, That's two. So I did the same over again; and I was throwing it up, and he was throwing it down and counting, until I thought that I had drawn enough fun out of him for one day; so then I stopped. And, of course, he was obliged to stop; and he said, There's no more; that last made thirty, and came down from the loft. Then I showed him what I had done, and that it was gowk-hunting day, and that I had played him a trick with that worthless roll of tobacco. But, my good friend, Mr. Cameron took it amiss that he had been put upon a fool's errand, and so he took the summons against me. And that, Mr. Sheriff, is the whole of the case."

Upon this, all the persons in court burst out laughing, and although Mr. Cameron protested that a false tale had been told, yet there was no witness to support what he said. So, the Sheriff dismissed the case, and Mr. Cameron was ordered to pay the expenses: and Archibald Macnab went home, quite pleased at having won the day.

As a note to this anecdote of a former officer of excise in Cantire, I may mention a published statement regarding the pay of his successors. *The Financial Reformer*, for July, 1862, in speaking of the enormous cost of collecting the Customs' duties, said, "at Campbeltown, four officers receive £471, for handing over to the Commissioners of Customs the sum of £17!"

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—A meeting of this Society was held on 15th April in 5 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh—Mr. Daniel Mackay, Vice-President, in the chair. It was reported that a number of applicants from the counties of Sutherland and Caithness would compete for the Mackay Bursary in June, and in this connection it was resolved to increase the bursary to the annual sum of £25, and to be called "The Clan Mackay Victoria Jubilee Bursary," in honour of Her Majesty's record reign. It was brought to the notice of the meeting that "A' Bhratach Bhan"—the white banner of the clan—was, in consequence of the death of the last custodier, in danger of being lost to the clan. Mr. John Mackay, Secretary (*Celtic Monthly*), and Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., were appointed to take such steps as they may think necessary in order to see that the old flag of the clan passed into proper and safe custody.

DOMHNULL-NA-BRATAICH.

(Donald of the Banner.)

[When the Clan Chattan standard bearer fell at Culloden in the impetuous rush upon Cumberland's second line, in which the clan was nearly annihilated, a brave clansman named Donald Mackintosh—afterwards known as Domhnull-na-Brataich—tore the banner from its staff, wrapped it round his breast and carried it safely from the field.]

Up with the banner, ye sons of Clan Chattan,
Yonder the foemen their standards display;
Up with the grey brindled cat of the forest,
Fierce be its spring on the Saxon to-day.

Yonder the foemen's red columns are forming,
Gunners unlimber, and cannon they prime;
Over the heath rolls the smoke and the thunder,
Tongues of fire darting along their whole line.

Straight come their cannon balls, thick come their bullets,
Surer their aim and more deadly than ours;
O for the order to charge with the claymore,
Short fleeting minutes seem stretched into hours.

On with the banner, MacGillivray our leader
Is waving at last o'er his head the claymore;
Join with one voice in the heart-stirring slogan,
High let it sound o'er the cannon's loud roar.

Now for our Prince and our country or never,
Traitors the weight of our claymores shall feel;
On in the teeth of the snowstorm and bullets,
Rush on the foemen's defences of steel.

Down, as the storm lays the trees of the forest,
Cumberland's red-coated veterans go,
Down 'neath a torrent of steel and of tartan,
Helmet and skull cleft in twain at a blow.

On with the banner o'er those that have fallen,
Yonder, the second red line of the foe,
On with it faster, my God! what a volley,
The bravest and best of Clan Chattan laid low.

Down is MacGillivray, our fearless brave leader,
Down is the matchless heroic MacBean,
Angus of Farr, and his gallant leal brother,
Dallas the handsome, and dauntless MacQueen.

Gillies and Davidson lie on the heather,
Still grasping tightly the reeking claymore,
Brave Shaw and Farquhar have fallen together,
Shoulder to shoulder to battle no more.

Down is the banner, the bearer has fallen,
Bravely this day he held it on high;
Pick it up Donald, the clansmen are scattered,
Wrap it around thee, my hero, and fly.

Flee to the mountains, the Saxon shall never
Bear as a trophy our flag from the field;
Flee to the mountains, the crag and the forest
Must now be our biding place, bulwark and shield.

Hatfield. Angus Mackintosh.

THE PATRIOT'S WELCOME HOME.

WHAUR Umpire Tweed rows on his way,
Yestreen I gae him greetin';—
"You're still at that forfoughten play—
To keep them baith frae meetin'!"

His liquid notes less liquid flowed,
I couldna just divine them;
This was the ower-word o' the ode,
"Laith wad I be; I join them."

Fu' sune the shilpit patriot flew,
But no the patriot leal:
This side o' Tweed I aye shall lo'e,
The side that kens a creel.

The bits o' blooms that met my e'e,
Certes, but they were waddie!
Now wat ye how they welcomed me—
They kent a Hielant laddie.

The thistle reared his buirdly crown,
An'. "Nemo me,"—began,
But changed his tune, and said, "Eh, loon!
What gart ye bide sae lang?"

Far owre the muir as e'e could scan
The heather smiled upon it:
I ca'd a sprig frae out the clan—
It nestled i' my bonnet.

Right regal in its rocky height
Waved sweet the winsome bell;
Whan—lightened wi' an unco light
The dern upon the dell!

The wee bit gowan i' the howe,
Afore the gloamin' fell,
Just closed it's e'e—but, did I vow
Its whisper ne'er to tell!

The lav'rock lilted i' the lift;
The lintie on the bough;
I used to grien thy witching gift,
Sweet Philomel! but now

Dost blame if here I had forgot
What late to me thou'st sung?
For on the merle's an' mavis' note
I thought the Doric hung.

Fu' sweet, lang syne, thy rugged smile
Oh, Scotia, was to me;
But ask the haimert lane exile
How sweet a smile can be.

M. Adamson.

The Glasgow Cowal Society have just ended the session with a balance at their credit of £969 16s. 9d., and a membership of 408.

The Edinburgh Celtic Union have re-elected Captain William Morrison as President. The distinguished Captain is a native of Durness, the land of Rob Donn, the Gaelic bard.

JOHN MACGREGOR,
Provost of St. Andrews.

MRS. JOHN MACGREGOR.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 9 Vol. V.] JUNE, 1897. [Price Threepence.

JOHN MACGREGOR, J.P., ST. ANDREWS.

MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, the subject of the present sketch, was born in the ancient city of St. Andrews sixty-three years ago. His father was a clansman of Rob Roy, his mother was one of a very old family of residenters in St. Andrews. The business of the elder Macgregor was that of a house painter and decorator; he emigrated with his wife and all the members of his family, except the subject of our notice, to America many years ago. John Macgregor, though then only in his nineteenth year, took up the business of his father, which he has carried on with great assiduity ever since. A good many years ago he combined the business of auctioneer, valuator, and house agent with that already carried on by him, and also went in vigorously for house building, many of the best houses in the city being built by him, and several of the finest streets and terraces owing to him their inception. At present he is one of the largest owners of house property in his native city.

While thus diligent in his own business, Mr. Macgregor has done great and good service in the public interests. Entering the Town Council over forty years ago, he has continued regularly to hold a seat at the Board ever since, and has taken an active part in every movement for the advancement of St. Andrews, working most untiringly with his colleagues at all times. In recognition of his many and varied services he was elected a Magistrate in 1870, and very few of his constituents really knew the amount of time and labour he has since expended in the public service. Four years ago he was elected Chief Magistrate of his native city, an honour well earned, and no Provost, we feel sure, has ever done better work or got on more pleasantly with his Council.

The Provost also served some years in the School Board of the burgh; he is at present Chairman of the Parish Council, and a Justice of the Peace. Though having seen over three score years, the Provost is as active as ever, and his many friends in St. Andrews, as well as beyond its borders, wish that he may yet see many years of further usefulness. We should add that to his fellow citizens the Provost is a most helpful man, no tale of want or sorrow ever appealing to him in vain.

He is a member of the Clan Gregor Society, and in all matters relating to his clan he is an enthusiast.

JAMES BAIN.

TO THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

FAIR Caledonia's thistle yields
A theme for song and story;
When borne aloft on martial fields
It aye has led to glory.

Each Highland clan adored its flag,—
They soared or fell together;
They also loved what draped the crag
And lofty ben—the heather.

The shamrock, thistle, and the rose
May fade and die together:
Forsake the lot—reject all those,
But bring a bunch of heather!

Do not adorn your bonnets blue
With thistle, flower, or feather,
But cross, and band of sable hue,
And spray of mountain heather.

New York. P. MACPHERSON.

PART XII.—(*Continued from page* 144).

QUATRE BRAS AND WATERLOO—GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE "GREYS."

ON the return home of the "Greys" in 1764, the regiment was quartered in England, in Scotland, and sometimes in Ireland. It was not called upon to serve in the Peninsular campaigns, but on the escape of Napoleon from Elba in March, 1815, all Europe again prepared for war, and six troops of the gallant "Greys" were despatched in April to reinforce the British army in the Netherlands, its old battle ground in the Marlborough times, upon which it had won undying fame, and was now destined to acquire fresh laurels. On its arrival at Denderhauten, it was brigaded with its old comrades, the 1st Royals and the Enniskillins, under the command of Sir William Ponsonby, a Peninsula hero, and formed what has been since termed the "Union Brigade"—*English, Scottish, and Irish.*

Early in the morning of the 10th June the brigade was ordered to march upon Nivelles and Quatre Bras, and arrived at the latter place about dusk, after a long and tiresome march, when the fighting had ceased, and the French withdrew to Frasnes. The night was passed in an open field near the highway, Charleroi to Brussels.

On the 17th the brigade retired upon Waterloo, covering the rear of the infantry and artillery. The "Greys" manœuvred in such splendid style that the pursuing French vanguard of cuirassiers and lancers dared not attack them. Every time the Frenchmen approached too near, the gallant "Greys" faced about to check their advance.

On the elevated ground in front of Mont St. Jean the whole army made a stand, and every division took up the ground upon which it was to fight next day. The "Union" brigade was posted on high ground in rear of Pack's brigade of Picton's division, to the left of Charleroi road. Picton's division when marching through Waterloo on the 16th numbered 6,000 British bayonets. On the 18th, when marshalled in position on the field of Waterloo, it amounted to no more than 3,000. Such was the severity of the fighting at Quatre Bras, where it had to sustain itself against the full force of Ney's 16,000 Frenchman.

The "Union" brigade at Waterloo was only 1,186 sabres, exclusive of officers.

It has been said that Napoleon, surveying the British position on the morning of the 18th, asked Soult where was the terrible Picton's division posted. He was informed that it was right in front of him. Napoleon seemed to scan it from right to left. Soult had met it many a time in battle array, and well knew the General and his men, especially the Highland regiments, "plaided and plumed in their tartan array." It was the first time that Napoleon beheld Picton and his singularly clad troops. He had heard of the Highlanders, and often

read of them, read too of their prowess in fighting. After attentively surveying the whole, he exclaimed, "What fine troops, but they must give way." Soult, who knew them better, replied, "Sire, they will die first," and Napoleon made his dispositions to master them.

He brought forward the whole of D' Erlon's corps d'armee, and Kellerman's division of heavy cavalry and lancers, supported by brigades from Reille's and Bachelu's divisions, comprising no less than 20,000 of all arms, planted 74 guns on a lower ridge to pound away at Picton's position on the higher ground opposite. The ridge upon which these ten batteries of 74 guns were placed was of such an elevation above the intervening plain, that they could fire above the heads of the attacking troops, till they nearly arrived on the summit of the British position and sweep the whole extent of it.

This imposing force of superb infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with its reserves of infantry and cavalry in support, was not more than commensurate with the importance of Napoleon's design, which was not only to turn Wellington's left, but to force the centre of his position, and by gaining possession of La Haye Sainte, Mont St. Jean, to cut off Wellington's main line communication by the high road to Brussels, lay it open for the advance of his own

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.
THE DAWN OF DAY, 18th JUNE, 1815.

troops to that city, which was his main object, and likewise prevent any junction of the Prussians from Wavre, of which he was apprehensive, and had seen some indications.

Ney, having marshalled all his columns of attack, sent word to Napoleon that all was ready. The order to advance was given.

Grand and imposing was the advance of this array of four deep columns of infantry, flanked by cavalry and followed by supporting brigades, with their loud and reiterated shouts of "Vive L-Empereur! en avant! en avant!" which as the masses of men and horses descended the exterior declivity of their position into the intervening plain, were soon drowned by the roar produced by the simultaneous discharge of 74 guns over their heads upon the British and allied position. The effect was astounding.

The left column of the French under Donzelot marched for the centre of the British position by La Haye Sainte farm buildings, held by German light infantry. The right column under Durutte made for the left of the allied position at Papilotte, La Haye, and Smohain, while the two centre columns under Alix and Marcoguet advanced direct for Picton's division, Alix for Kempt's brigade, Marcoguet for Pack's. Light infantry troops soon issued

from each column and quickly spread out into lines of skirmishers, extending all along the plain from right to left.

The French batteries firing over the heads of their own advancing countrymen, caused great havoc in the allied ranks. A brigade of Dutch Belgians forming Picton's front line posted on the ridge, fairly bolted, ran through his second line to the rear without firing a shot; so great was their eagerness to get out of harm's way that they nearly ran over the grenadier company of the 28th amid the hootings, jeers, and execrations of the British. Some of the Royal Scots could scarcely be refrained from firing upon them, but nothing could restrain their flight till they found themselves safe behind the British ranks.

Wellington keenly watched the formation and advance of this formidable body of the enemy upon his left and right centre. Appreciating its enormous strength and the weakness in numbers of Picton's division, the flight of the Dutch Belgians, and no other infantry support at hand, he called upon Lord Uxbridge to move the Household cavalry, commanded by Lord Edward Somerset, and take post to the right-rear of Picton's right brigade (Kempt's), and the "Union" brigade to advance and take post to the rear of his left brigade (Pack's). Uxbridge rode off to Lord Edward Somerset, and ordered him to form his brigade into line and wait his return. He then galloped to the "Union" brigade, and ordered Sir W. Ponsonby to advance and take post nearer the infantry of Pack. The order to advance was given, and received with the greatest exultation. These gallant horsemen were impatient of being spectators of a scene in which they had no part, they now felt that their turn was at hand, and they were determined to give a good account of themselves. The Royals, Inniskillens, and Scots Greys advanced, and in the most masterly style wheeled into lines to the rear of the infantry, presenting a beautiful front of about 1,200 sabres. The Scots Greys were ordered to form a reserve for the other two regiments. This done, Uxbridge rode down the lines, and was received with a general shout and cheers from the gallant brigade. Before leaving he gave orders that in his absence the brigade commanders should always take upon themselves to conform to, and support offensive movements in their front, as he could not be everywhere at the proper moment to give orders. He also sent orders to Vivian and Vandeleur, who commanded the two brigades of light cavalry on the extreme left, to come to the support of the "Union" brigade should the necessity arise, and then galloped away to place himself at the head of the Household cavalry. He determined in his own mind to make that day the British cavalry famous in Europe, and he did.

(To be continued.)

KINTYRE SMUGGLING STORIES.

By the late Cuthbert Bede.

HOW THE SMUGGLER CHEATED THE MAN OF-WAR.

AT the time of which I am speaking, some seventy years ago, smuggling was conducted on a large scale in this peninsula, and with great ingenuity and success. The long, narrow form of Cantire and its extensive sea-board, with the proximity of numerous islands at brief distances on every side, combined to give to this district of the Western Highlands unusual facilities for the dealers in contraband spirits. Despite the hazard and lottery that attend the business of smuggling, yet, like gambling, it had its peculiar fascinations, and hundreds were found to engage in it with the greatest alacrity, while not a few made fortunes by their ventures. At that time the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, were free ports, and swift-sailing vessels were prepared to carry to and from those islands tobacco, tea, rum, brandy, wine, and all other articles on which a heavy duty was imposed when they were sold within the bounds of the three kingdoms. So that when a smuggler ran a good cargo and escaped a seizure, he made a considerable profit by it.

The Campbeltown herring-fleet, with my father on board one of the vessels, was lying in harbour in a certain loch, when a large smuggling craft came to anchor among them. It was by no means an unwelcome visitor, for the herring fishers had always a fine time of it during the stay of a smuggler, as they got plenty of spirits and tobacco at a cheap rate. But this was not to last long, for a war-ship got information about the smuggler and came in search of her, and finding that she was with the herring-fleet in the harbour, the king's ship made for it. Now, at the mouth of the harbour was a lofty rocky island, on the northern side of which the harbour could alone be navigated, so that the war-ship had to sail round the back of the island before getting into the harbour. The smugglers saw their enemy standing in, and the war-ship also got a view of what they considered to be their rich prize. But, while the king's vessel was passing out of sight round the other side of the rocky island, the smugglers hove short, taking in their anchors, except one that they could take in very quickly; then they

ALEXANDER MACKAY.

unfurled their sails as if they were drying them; and then every man went below, and keeping out of sight, held himself in readiness.

The man-of-war came round the island and into the harbour, and seeing everything quiet and snug, and no appearance of any living soul on board the smuggler, they thought they should have an easy matter to capture their rich prize. So they went in shore, moored their ship, "handed" the sails, launched the boats and manned them with the ship's crew, well-armed, in order to board the smuggler. But while they were doing so, the smuggler's crew crept upon deck, shook out the sails, hauled up the anchor, and, like lightning, sent their vessel frothing through the deep. She made such way that it was in vain for the man-of-war's boats to give chase, so they returned to the ship with all speed, got up anchors and sails, and made after the smuggler in hot haste. By this time she had got out of the harbour and past the island. The herring-fishers, who had watched all these proceedings with the greatest interest, climbed their masts and viewed the chase so long as the two vessels remained in sight. I need hardly say that, although they drew the king's bounty, their sympathies went with the chased, and not with the pursuers.

The night drew on, and by the time that it was dark the man-of-war had gained so greatly on the smuggler, that its capture was inevitable, unless those on board of her could devise some expedient to mislead their pursuers. And, as they were always ready with their ingenious tricks, they were not much at a loss for a device on the present occasion. As the night drew on, they had fixed a light at the stern of their vessel; and as the darkness increased, this light greatly assisted the man-of-war in keeping to the right track. But, although their pursuers thought them very stupid for showing this light, the smugglers had done so for a purpose of their own. They had prepared a tar-barrel and put a flame to it, at the same moment that they dowsed their light, craftily substituting the one for the other. They then quietly lowered the lighted tar-barrel into the sea, and, cutting the rope adrift, altered their course, and steered in the darkness on another tack. The man-of-war sailed steadily on after the light, and, when at last they came up with it, found it to be nothing more than a blazing tar-barrel, and that their rich prize had slipped out of their very grasp.

In a few days the smuggler was in another loch, disposing of her goods to the herring-fishers, and neither regarding the law, nor fearing the man-of-war.

I have been made acquainted with several other stories, in connection with this subject of smuggling in Cantire, one of which will appear in next issue.

(*To be continued.*)

ALEXANDER MACKAY, ABERDEEN.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY may fairly claim to be "The Real Mackay," his wife being a Mackay, and his father and grandfather having both married ladies of the clan. He was born in the parish of Killearnan, Black Isle, in 1844, where he received such education as the local school afforded, and at the age of sixteen found his way to the Lowlands in search of suitable employment. Here he spent ten years, but in 1870 he decided to venture further afield in search of fortune. Landing at Quebec, he turned his hand to every variety of work that came his way, and eventually was manager on the home-farm of the widow of Admiral Gregory of the U. S. Navy, at New Haven, Conn. In 1872 he removed to the north west, the Dakotas being then unsettled, where he bought some land, and along with General Campbell, a worthy scion of the Argyll clan, assisted in laying out the town site of the now important town of Scotland. In 1877 he returned to Scotland and settled in Glasgow, where he married; and started business as a contractor. After a brief visit to America to dispose of his land, he finally removed ten years ago to Aberdeen, where he has established a successful business. During his wanderings in the new world, he came across many of the old Highland settlers, whom he found to retain the language and customs of the Highlands to a greater degree than is the case among his countrymen at home.

Those who have seen Mr. Mackay arrayed in the kilt could not help noticing his splendid physique, for he is really an athlete of celebrity. He has competed at the leading sports in Canada, the States and in the West of Scotland, where he has met the most promineut athletes, and never failed to be included in the prize list. Mr. Mackay is an enthusiast in Highland matters, and when in America was a member of the New Haven Caledonian Club, which he represented for several years at the International Conventions. He is a member of the Clan Mackay Society and supported his Chief, Lord Reay, at the recent great gathering of the clan in Glasgow. He is also a member of the Aberdeen Highland Association.

His family consists of five sons and one daughter, among whom the language of their forefathers is still retained, so that we may truly say of "The Reay Mackay" that he follows the Ossianic injunction

Lean gu dliu le clu do shinnsear.

GENERAL SIMON FRASER.

BY J. P. MACLEAN.

MEN who have fallen during misfortunes seldom have their virtues recorded by those who should perpetuate their memories. Great Britain has been remiss in her treatment of departed heroes who have fallen amidst disaster in her wars. Among her worthy sons, none ever were braver, nor truer to her interests than Brigadier General Simon Fraser. The disasters that overtook the ill-fated army of Burgoyne were by no means due to him, nor to any others whose misfortunes led them to surrender at Saratoga. At the door of Lord George Germaine, Minister of War, must be laid the calamity that overtook the best equipped British army that ever marched upon the soil of the New World. The bravery of this entire army has never been questioned; and yet there has been a tendency in Great Britain to forget the soldiers and their commanders. It is certainly strange that American pens have written most concerning the affairs of Burgoyne and the valorous deeds of his soldiers. The name of General Fraser is better known to the American reader than to the British; and his deeds and fair name live almost solely in the recollections of those whose country he sought to overthrow. Although he was the trusted adviser of his commander, yet De Fonblaffque in his "Life of Burgoyne" (published 1873) has but little to say of the devoted general. Mackenzie in his "History of the Frasers" (1896) devotes less than three pages to his life and character.

The life and public services of General Simon Fraser should be written. Some one of that surname should be fired with ambition to do honour to his clan and his country by presenting to the public, at least the military services of him who had no superior in his tribe.

Although I have collected considerable material relating to the life of General Fraser, yet it is my purpose only to give an imperfect sketch of this brave officer who fell where his sense of duty had called him.

Brigadier Simon Fraser was the tenth son of Alexander Fraser, second of Balnain. The lands of Balnain had been acquired from Hugh, tenth Lord of Lovat, by Big Hugh, grandfather of Simon. Alexander was in possession of the lands as early as 1730, and for his first wife had Jane, daughter of William Fraser, eighth of Foyers, by whom he had issue six sons and one daughter. In 1716 he married Jean, daughter of Angus, tenth Mackintosh of Kyllachy, by whom he had issue five sons and three daughters, Simon being the fourth son, and born May 26th, 1729.

In all probability it would be a difficult task to determine the date of his first commission in the British army owing to the fact that no less than eight Simon Frasers appear in the Army List of 1757, six of whom belonged to Fraser's Highlanders, as the Second Highland Battalion, afterwards the 78th Foot was called. The subsequent commissions may positively be traced as follows:—In the 78th Foot, lieutenant, January 5th, 1757, captain-lieutenant, September 27th, 1758, captain, April 22nd, 1759; major in the army, March 1761; in the 24th Foot, major, February 8th, 1762, and lieutenant-colonel, July 14th, 1768. January 10th, 1776, General Carleton appointed him to act as brigadier till the king's pleasure could be known, which in due time was confirmed. His last commission was that of colonel in the army, being gazetted July 22nd, 1777. He served in the Scots Regiment in the Dutch service and was wounded at Bergen ap-Zoon in 1747. He was with his regiment in the expedition against Louisbourg in 1758 and accompanied General Wolfe to Quebec in 1759, and was the officer who answered the hail of the enemy's sentry in French, and made him believe that the troops who surprised the Heights of Abraham were the Regiment de la Rhine.

After the fall of Quebec, for a few years he did garrison duty at Gibraltar. Through the interest of the Marquis of Townshend, who appointed him his aid-de-camp in Ireland, he was selected as quartermaster-general to the troops then stationed in that country. While stationed in Ireland he was selected by General Burgoyne as one of his commanders for his expedition against the Americans. On the 5th of April, 1776, he embarked with the 24th Foot, and arrived in Quebec on the 28th of the following May. He commanded the light brigade on Burgoyne's campaign, and was thus ever in advance, rendering throughout the most efficient services, and had the singular good fortune to increase his reputation. He assisted in driving the Americans out of Canada, and defeated them in the battle at Three Rivers, followed by that of Hubbardton, July 7th, 1777. Had his views prevailed, the blunder of sending heavy German dismounted dragoons to Bennington, and the consequent disaster would never have been committed.

The career of this dauntless hero now rapidly drew near to its close. Up to the battle of Bennington almost unexampled success had attended the expedition of Burgoyne. The turning point had come. The battle of Bennington infused the Americans with a new and indomitable spirit; the murder, by savages, of the beautiful Miss Jane MacRae, aroused the passions of war; the failure of General Clinton to co-operate with Burgoyne; the rush of the militia to the aid of Gates, and the detachment of Morgan's riflemen by Washington from his own army to the assistance of the imperiled north, all conspired to turn the tide of success, and invite the victorious army to a disaster, rendered famous in the annals of history.

On September 13th, the British army crossed the Hudson, by a bridge of rafts, with the design of forming a junction with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany. The army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the perils of the expedition seemed practically over. The army marched a short distance along the western bank of the Hudson, and on the 14th encamped on the heights of Saratoga, distant about sixteen miles from Albany. On the 19th a battle was fought between the British right wing and a strong body of Americans. In this action the right column was led by General Fraser, who, on the first onset, wheeled his troops and forced Morgan to give way. Morgan was speedily re-enforced, when the action became general.

BURIAL OF GENERAL SIMON FRASER.

When the battle appeared to be in the grasp of the British, and just as Fraser and Breymann were preparing to follow up the advantage, they were recalled by Burgoyne and reluctantly forced to retreat. Both Fraser and Riedesel (commander of the Brunswick contingent) bitterly criticised the order, and in plain terms informed Burgoyne that he did not know how to avail himself of advantages. The next day Burgoyne devoted himself to the laying out of a fortified camp. The right wing was placed under the command of Fraser. The situation now began to grow critical. Provisions became scarce. October 5th a council of war was held, and the advice of both Fraser and Riedesel was to fall back immediately to their old position beyond the Batten Kil. Burgoyne finally determined on a reconnaissance in force. So, on the morning of October 7th, with fifteen hundred men, accompanied by General Fraser, Riedesel, and Phillips, the division advanced in three columns towards the left wing of the American position. In advance of the right wing, General Fraser had command of five hundred picked men. The Americans fell upon the British advance with fury, and soon a general battle was engaged in. Morgan poured down like a torrent from the ridge that skirted the flanking party of Fraser, and forced the latter back, and then by a rapid movement to the left fell upon the flank of the

British right with such impetuosity that it wavered. General Fraser noticing the critical situation of the centre hurried to its succour the 24th Regiment. Dressed in full uniform, General Fraser was conspicuously mounted on an iron grey horse. He was all activity and vigilance, riding from one part of the division to another, and animated the troops with his example. At a critical point, Morgan, who, with his riflemen was immediately opposite to Fraser's corps, perceiving that the fate of the day rested upon that officer, called a few of his sharp-shooters aside, among whom was the famous marksman, Tim Murphy, men on whose precision of aim he could rely, and said to them, "That gallant officer yonder is General Fraser; I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your station in that cluster of bushes and do your duty" A few moments later, a rifle ball cut the crouper of Fraser's horse, and another passed through the horse's mane. Fraser's aid, calling attention to this, said: "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The next moment he fell wounded by a ball from the rifle of Murphy, and was carried off the field by two grenadiers. After he was wounded Fraser told his friends "that he saw the man who shot him, and that he was a rifleman posted in a tree." From this it would appear that after Morgan had given his orders Murphy climbed into the forks of a convenient tree.

Upon the fall of Fraser, dismay seized the British. A retreat took place exactly fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired. Burgoyne left the cannon on the field, except two howitzers, besides sustaining a loss of more than four hundred men, and among them the flower of his officers. Contemporary military writers affirmed that had Fraser lived the British would have made good their retreat into Canada. It is claimed that he would have caused Burgoyne to have avoided the blunders which finally resulted in his surrender.

The closing scene of General Fraser's life has been graphically described by Madame Riedesel, wife of the German General. It has been oft quoted, but is here given again: "All at once, on the 7th of October, he (Riedesel) marched away with the whole staff, and then our misfortunes began. While breakfasting with my husband, I heard that something was under contemplation. General Fraser, and I believe, Generals Burgoyne and Phillips were to dine with me on that day. I remarked much movement in the camp. My husband told me that it was a mere reconnaissance, which, however, did not surprise me, as this often happened. On my way homeward I met a number of Indians armed with guns, and clad in their war dresses. Having asked them where they were going, they replied, 'War, war;' by which they meant they were about to fight. This made me very uneasy, and I had scarcely got home, before I heard reports of guns; and soon the fire became brisker, till at last the noise grew dreadful, upon which I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests whom I had expected to dine with me, I saw one of them, poor General Fraser, brought upon a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already prepared for dinner, was immediately removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the General. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and tremor, while thinking that my husband might soon be brought in, wounded like General Fraser. That poor general said to the surgeon, 'Tell me the truth: is there no hope?' The ball had passed through his body, but unhappily for the general, he had that morning eaten a full breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon remarked, passed directly through it. I heard often amidst his groans, such words as these, 'Oh, fatal ambition! poor General Burgoyne! my poor wife!' Prayers were read, after which he desired that General Burgoyne should be requested to have him buried on the next day at six o'clock in the evening, on a hill where a breastwork had been constructed. I knew not what to do; the entrance and all the rooms were full of sick, in consequence of the dysentery which prevailed in the camp. . . . I divided the night between her (Lady Ackland) whom I wished to comfort, and my children who were asleep, but who, I feared, might disturb the poor dying general. He sent several messages to beg my pardon for the trouble he thought he gave me. About three o'clock, I was informed that he could not live much longer, and as I did not wish to be present at his last struggle, I wrapped my children in blankets, and retired into the entrance hall. At eight o'clock in the morning he expired.

"After he had been washed, he was wrapped in a sheet and laid out. We then returned into the room, and had this melancholy spectacle before us the whole day. Many officers of my acquaintance were brought in wounded, and the cannonade continued. There was some talk of retreating, but I saw no indications of it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the house which had been built for me, in flames, from which I inferred that the enemy was near. We were informed that General Burgoyne intended to comply with General Fraser's last request, and to have him buried at six o'clock, in the

place which he had designated. This occasioned a useless delay, and contributed to our military misfortunes. At six o'clock the corpse was removed, and we saw all the generals, with their retinues on the hill, assisting at the funeral ceremony. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, officiated. Cannon balls flew around and above the assembled mourners. General Gates protested afterwards, that had he known what was going on, he would have stopped the fire immediately. Many cannon balls flew close by me, but my whole attention was engaged by the funeral scene, where I saw my husband exposed to imminent danger."

(To be concluded.)

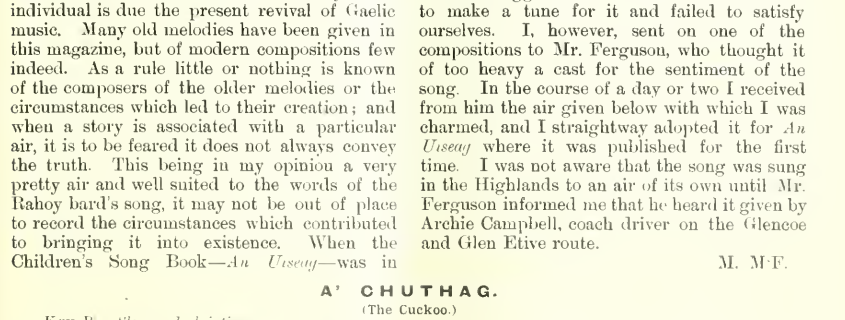
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following air is the composition of Mr. Archibald Ferguson, Leader of the St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow, to whose labours more than those of any other individual is due the present revival of Gaelic music. Many old melodies have been given in this magazine, but of modern compositions few indeed. As a rule little or nothing is known of the composers of the older melodies or the circumstances which led to their creation; and when a story is associated with a particular air, it is to be feared it does not always convey the truth. This being in my opinion a very pretty air and well suited to the words of the Rahoy bard's song, it may not be out of place to record the circumstances which contributed to bringing it into existence. When the Children's Song Book—*An Uiseag*—was in course of preparation it occurred to me that "A' Chuthag" would be an excellent song to include if it had an appropriate air, and I made the suggestion to "Fionn" We both tried to make a tune for it and failed to satisfy ourselves. I, however, sent on one of the compositions to Mr. Ferguson, who thought it of too heavy a cast for the sentiment of the song. In the course of a day or two I received from him the air given below with which I was charmed, and I straightway adopted it for *An Uiseag* where it was published for the first time. I was not aware that the song was sung in the Highlands to an air of its own until Mr. Ferguson informed me that he heard it given by Archie Campbell, coach driver on the Glencoe and Glen Etive route.

M. M'F.

A' CHUTHAG.

(The Cuckoo.)


KEY B♭ *Slow and plaintive.*
mf p mf p p pp FINE.
Gu-gug, Gu-gug, Gu-gug, Gu - gug, Gu-gug Gu - gug Gu-gug.
O, fàilt' ort fhéin, a chuthag ghorm, Le d' òran ceòl - mhor milis!
'Se seirm do bheòil 'sa Chéitean òg, A thogadh bròn o 'm chridhe;
'S ro bhinn leam t'fhuaim 'sa mhaduinn Chéit, 'S tu air bhàrr géig 'san inns;
rallantando. D.C
No 'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc 'N uair bhiodh an driùchd a' sileadh.

O, innis c' àit an robh do thrìall
'N uair bha na siantan fionnar;
No 'n robh thu 'd thosd gun chàil gun toirt
An còs a' chnoic fo dhubhar?
'S mór m' fharmad riut, a chuthag chòir;
Cha dean thu bròn 'nad shiubhal,
Chionn tha do dhoire daonnan gorm,
'S do chridh' an còmhnuidh subhach.

Ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
Gu 'm faic do ghleann thu rithis,
Ach, 'n uair bheir mise ris mo chùl,
Cha bhi mo dhùil ri tilleadh.
Is truagh nach b' urrainn domh leat triall
Air astar sgiath 'nar dithis,
Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm
'N uair bhiodh an Samhradh 'tighinn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.
JUNE, 1897

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. W. Grant Macgregor, London; Dr and Mrs. D. J. Macaulay, Halifax; and Mr. John Stewart, London, late of Assam.

"THE MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN," by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, is now in the press, and will be published at 2/-. It is being got up in very fine style. See our advertising pages for full particulars. Subscribers' names should be sent at once to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

MR. JOHN MACKAY, HEREFORD, has of late devoted himself to a study of English place-names, the result of his researches being a valuable paper "History in names and words," which he read to the Gaelic Society of London on 12th May.

On the anniversary of Culloden, 16th April, Mr. Theodore Napier deposited three wreaths on the memorial cairn on the battlefield, in honour of the brave Highlanders who died for Prince Charlie. One was sent by Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., chief of the clan.

CAPTAIN JOHN MACRAE-GILSTRAP has purchased the beautiful estate of Ballimore, Argyllshire.

MR. D. S. MACKINTOSH, SHETTLESTON, has been elected President of the Clan Chattan Association, and Vice-President, Gaelic Society of Glasgow.

DR. K. MACKENZIE CHISHOLM has been elected chairman of the Radcliffe Council. The doctor is a Gairloch man.

MR. DAVID MACDONALD, J.P., GLASGOW, has given the handsome donation of £500 to the Kintyre Club, the interest of which is to be devoted to charitable purposes.

THE HIGHLAND CLUB AT INVERNESS has added Major Davidson of Cantray to its directorate.

MR. MALCOLM MACFARLANE has resigned the Secretaryship of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and Mr. Donald Nicolson, Bearsden, has been appointed to the vacancy.

THE MACDONALD SOCIETY IN EDINBURGH intend presenting bronze medals to boys and girls of the clan who distinguish themselves in Edinburgh schools.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND is to deliver a lecture in Glasgow in October, under the auspices of the County of Sutherland Association, on "Highland Home Industries, and the Sutherland Nursing Scheme."

MR. HUGH MACLEOD, one of the most prominent of the Glasgow Celts, was presented by the Skye Association with a valuable gold watch, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services as Honorary Secretary.

THE GLASGOW SKYE ASSOCIATION have just ended a very successful session, with an increased balance to their credit. It is intended to place a memorial stone over the grave of the late Treasurer, Mr. Duncan Finlayson, in Skye.

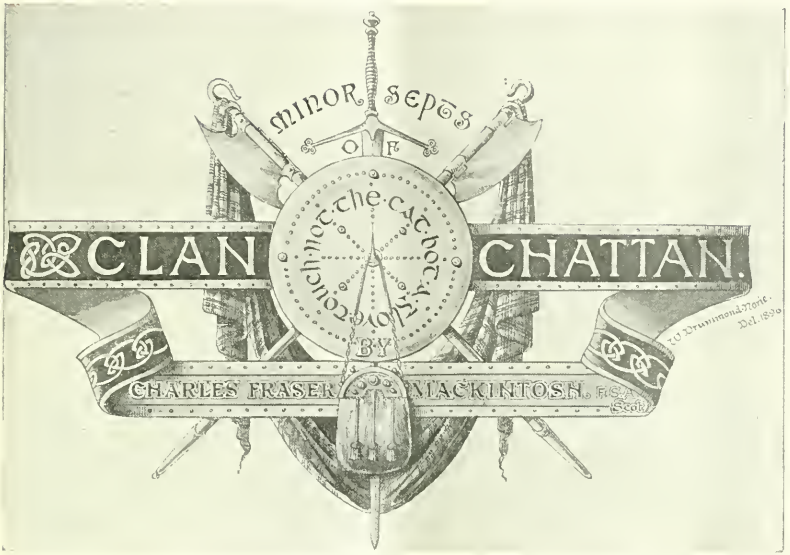
THE CLAN MACKINNON held a successful Concert in the Waterloo Rooms on 1st May. The session has been a most encouraging one, the membership being now over 200, and the funds £130. Few of the other Clan Societies can show a balance of equal amount this year.

"Iain Bad-a-Mheòir—a Sutherlandshire character" was the title of a paper read by Mr. George Morrison before a meeting of the Edinburgh Sutherland Association. This excellent Association shows its usual good record of work done for the year.

MR. D. P. MENZIES, F.S.A., SCOT, the energetic Secretary of the Clan Society, has recently added several £10 10s. life members to the roll, the latest being Mr. D. M. Menzies, New Zealand, a grandson of the famous Major Archibald Menzies, of the 42nd, whose gallant conduct at Quatre Bras was described so ably in our pages by Mr. John Mackay in his articles "The Highlanders at Waterloo."

THE INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY made a recent departure, which has been attended by the happiest results. An "At Home" was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Councillor William Mackay, Solicitor, in the chair, and a most pleasant evening was spent, with music, song and dance. Verily, our learned friends in the Highland Capital are progressing!

LONDON INVERNESSIANS held their Annual Dinner on 5th May—Field Marshal Sir Donald Stewart in the chair. There were about sixty gentlemen present. The chairman advocated the army as a profession for Highlanders, and reflected upon the idle life which many of the crofting population lead. While we would decidedly like to see our Highland regiments composed of Highlanders, we altogether dissent from his views on the crofter question. If the Gael is not eager to join the army he has unfortunately very good reasons for his aversion. The Invernessians deserve credit for the able way in which they conduct the affairs of their Association, thanks mainly to the efforts of Mr. William Grant and Mr. Donald C. Fraser.



No. II.—The Macbeans.

Part Four.—The Macbeans of Tomatin, &c.

COAT OF ARMS OF MACBEAN OF TOMATIN

THE pretty estate of Tomatin in the parish of Moy and Lordship of Strathdearn is, and for more than 250 years has been, in possession of this family. More fortunate than the Macbeans of Kinchyle, Drummond, and Faillie, they have not only preserved their original estate, but added within the last half century the estate of Free, lying adjacent. Strathdearn, since the opening of the Highland railway by Forres, has been much isolated. It is, however, destined to renewed life and activity, for the new and direct line to Perth *via* Aviemore intersects the district, the viaduct across the river Findhorn, the greatest in the North, of which a sketch specially prepared for this paper is given. The viaduct, still in progress, on its north side rests upon Tomatin estate.

The first Macbean to acquire the property was I.—Bean Macbean, styled Bean-Mac-Coil-vic-Gillie-Phadrick, "in Moril more."

The original charter, by James, Earl of Moray, is dated 16th December, 1639, and runs in favour of the said Bean, his heirs male and assignees. The similarity of the names would indicate a close connection with the family of Faillie; and I am inclined to think that Bean, 1st of Tomatin, was younger son of Donald Mac-Gillie-Phadrick, 1st of Faillie, referred to in the previous chapter.

Bean, 1st Tomatin, was succeeded by his son II.—Eugenius, otherwise Evan, who was infeft in 1677 as heir to his father, Bean, in the lands on precept from Alexander, Earl of Moray, dated 18th February, 1677. This Evan apparently fell into difficulties, and the estate was adjudicated by William Macbean, apparently

his brother, Burgess of Inverness, who, on the death of Evan without male issue, entered into possession of Tomatin under the adjudication, and destined the estate to his son, Bain, whose son,

III.—John Macbean, married Janet Mackintosh, daughter of Mackintosh of Dalmagerrie. Their contract of marriage is dated at Inverness and Tomatin on 11th and 24th April, 1688. The description of lands in the contract is as follows:—"All and haill the plough town and lands of Tomatin, with houses, biggings, yards, barns, byres, mosses, muirs, sheilings, grazings, outsetts, annexis, connexis, parts, pendicles, and remanent universal pertinents, pertaining and belonging thereto, lying within the Lordship of Strathdearn, Parochin of Moy, and Sheriffdom of Inverness." As it has a goodly number of Macbean witnesses I give their names and designations, viz:—Gillies Macbean of Wester Draikies; Donald Macbean, Merchant, Burgess in Inverness; Angus Macbean, younger, Writer in Inverness; Mr. Alexander Cumming, Minister of Moy; and Alexander Mackintosh of Holm.

This John was a prudent and careful man, and kept his papers in good order. There is a bible dated 1640, which is much treasured by the family on account of the number of births, deaths, and marriages, engraved from an early date on its blank pages.

John is found in the years 1682 to 1730. In 1740, designed younger of Tomatin,

IV.—William Macbean is found. William

TOMATIN HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

married Jean, daughter of Lachlan Macpherson of Strathnoon. In Mr. Macbean's latter will and testament, dated Tomatin, 2nd July, 1742, he appoints Strathnoon to be his executor, and to Ludovic Macbean, his only child in life, for his intromissions. He further appoints Gillies Macbean, tacksman of Dalmagerry, and Donald and John Macbean, his brothers german, to call, if necessary, the executor to account in the interests of his son.

Ludovic must have been in pupillarity at this time, for the above Gillies, Donald, and John are appointed his tutors, until he arrive at the age when he can choose curators. Mr. William Macbean's will was written by Mr. Donald Macqueen, younger of Corrybrough, and signed in his presence and that of Lachlan Mackintosh of Raigmore. Ludovic's predecessors, William and John, do not appear to have taken out a title to the estate, for Ludovic is entered by James, Earl of Moray, as heir to his grand-uncle, Evan. William Macbean had two brothers, John and Donald, who discharge their provision by deed in his favour, dated at Dalmagerry, 18th February, 1742, written by Gillies Macbean, son of Kinchyle, and witnessed by the writer, by Bean Macbean, residenter at Dalmagerry, Donald Macbean, student there, and David Macbean, scholmaster at Dalmagerry. In 1760 the above

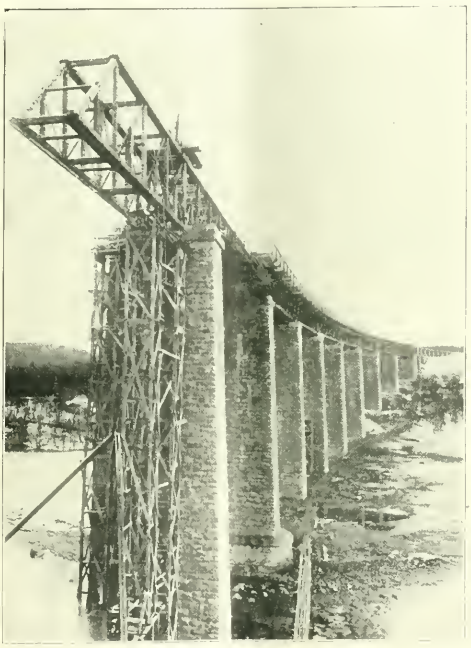
V.—Ludovic appears in possession and was undoubtedly the most important man of his

race, having established himself in business in Glasgow, and made a good connection with the West Indies, not only enabling him to place his family on a high footing, but also to benefit in no small degree struggling Northerners, who through his influence obtained excellent positions in the West Indies and the Plantations.

Mr. Macbean married Ann Smith, and had a family of ten, of whom I need only refer to William, the sixth, and Duncan, the seventh sons.

For nearly fifty years Mr. Ludovic Macbean may be said to have been at the head of Highlanders and all Highland movements in Glasgow. In his factor's accounts, there are several charges for supplying 'tartan for Ludovic' when a child. He died, greatly lamented, and was succeeded by his son,

VI.—William Macbean, 6th of his family, as before mentioned. This William did not long survive, dying unmarried at Tomatin on the 9th June, 1822. Mr. Macbean lived a good deal in the North, and seems to have farmed the lands of Balphadrick, near Inverness. He was succeeded by his brother,



THE FINDHORN VIADUCT AT TOMATIN.

VII.—Duncan Macbean. This Duncan, like his father, was extensively engaged in business in Glasgow and the West Indies, and maintained, if indeed he did not surpass the useful position occupied by his father.

Duncan married Jean Moore, 7th November, 1814, and had a family of thirteen.

In this Mr. Macbean's time, Celtic feeling, which has now arrived at such a great pitch, began to assert itself in Glasgow, and Mr. Macbean was at its head. I have been so much struck with the stalwartness of Glasgow Celts at the 15th anniversary of a festive gathering held on 17th March, 1851, with Mr. Macbean as croupier, that I cannot resist making one or two quotations from the toast list. The number of toasts was actually 28.

No. 14—"Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nam breacan."

No. 18—"Cridhe eutrom, agus sporan trom."

No. 28—"Am fear nach treig a chompanach." It may be doubted whether such a list in these degenerate days, if gone through as systematically as was wont to be done, would not have the effect of placing every one under the table. I select the above three, and draw attention to the change that has taken place in the first, and should be glad to know when the alteration to the present form first occurred. The Caledonian Bank was founded in 1838, and the words on it, "Nan Gaisgeach," instead of "Nam breacan," are now universally used. Duncan was succeeded by his eldest son and third child,

VIII.—Ludovic Macbean, who succeeded his father on 11th May, 1854, and died unmarried, 10th January, 1862, being succeeded by his brother,

IX.—William Macbean, 11th of his father's family, who became a colonel in the army and married, but died without issue, 3rd August, 1879, when he was succeeded by the present

X.—Lachlan Macbean, 12th of his family, born 16th February, 1833. Mr. Macbean married on the 10th June, 1862, Miss Jane Macbean Moore, and he, like his father, had thirteen children. Duncan Moore, his second child, born 19th March, 1864, is his heir, and will ultimately succeed to, and represent the old and respected family of Tomatin.

There are many eminent Macbeans spread over the North and abroad. Take Sir James Macbean, a native of Inverness; the Macbeans of Ardclach, of whom sprung the late worthy and learned Mr Eneas Macbean, W.S., friend and intimate of Sir Walter Scott; the Macbeans, long Consuls at Leghorn, afterwards in Rome, at whose hospitable board were for years to be found the élite of Scottish gentry, and casual sojourners, and which after the lapse of thirty years I gladly recall. Space alone prevents adding more.

The next tribe to be dealt with, ere I leave Strathnairn and Strathdearn, is that of Macphail and the family of Inverairnie, to be followed by Macqueen.

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUEEN OF THE HEBRIDES.

By W. C. Mackenzie, London.

BY this imposing title is Lewis, the principal island of the Hebrides, locally, if not generally, known. The word "Lewis" is probably derived from a combination of 'Liot,' or 'Leod,' and 'hus' = Leodhus, signifying, in Norse, "the house of the people." Martin gives it a Celtic origin, but present day antiquarians are agreed that the name is non-Celtic. To be strictly accurate, Lewis is not an island at all, for Harris, "where the tweeds come from," must be reckoned with, in entitling it to that distinction. "Lewis-with-Harris" is the correct designation of the combined island-territory. As Parliamentary divisions, however, Lewis and Harris are distinct; for while the former is part—and an important part—of Ross and Cromarty, the latter, like Skye, forms a portion of the constituency of Inverness-shire.

The area of Lewis is 404,000 acres, and its population approximates 30,000, of which number nearly seven-eighths are crofters, or fishermen, or both. Stornoway is the capital of the island. Like Lewis, the name is supposed to be of Norse origin, meaning 'the Governor's Bay'—(from *Stiorna*=a Governor). It is a clean and well built town, overlooking a charming bay, which constitutes one of the finest harbours in Scotland. From small beginnings, in which the Fife adventurers, to whom James VI. gifted the island, played a leading part, the town has grown to be the chief commercial and political centre of the West Highlands. Its inhabitants have, by their enterprise and intelligence, achieved results in the development, more particularly, of the fishing industry, of which they may well be proud.

The herring fishery is prosecuted most vigorously during the months of May and June, when boats from all parts of Scotland unite with the native wherries in forming a fleet of nearly a thousand sail, each manned by a crew of, generally, seven men. During the season, the population of Stornoway is therefore of a very heterogeneous description. On a Saturday night, the streets of the town are crowded with fishermen, and the Highland accent of the Lewismen and Argyllshiremen may be heard contrasting strangely with the broad Doric of Buckie and Wick; whilst an occasional conversation in Gaelic lends further variety to the babel of sounds. Even the south of England accent is not wanting, for representatives of English "fresh buyers" and "kipperers" find their way to the remote island, and share in the scaly spoils of the Minch. Years ago, it was no uncommon thing to find smacks from the Channel Islands berthed at the quay, laden inwards with salt or other fishing accessories, and outwards with barrels of cured herrings, destined for the Continental markets. But steam has taken the wind out of the sails of these trim craft, and the berths that once knew them now know them no more.

One of the most pleasing sights imaginable is to watch the herring fleet proceeding seawards on a fine June evening. The beauty of the scene is enhanced by the glorious sunsets of those regions, deepening into the mysterious twilight which softens every point of the landscape. The fishermen, however, are more intent upon the prospects of a good haul than upon the charms of nature which surround them. The season is short, and they must make the most of it, for their "wives, and mithers, and bairns" at home must be fed somehow. Dependent as they are upon a capricious sea and upon weather no less changeable, it is but natural that the fishermen should have an anxious time. In former years, the crews hired themselves to the curers for the season at a fixed rate per cran (a "cran" is four baskets); and the bounty which they received at the commencement of the season tended to mitigate the disappointments of small catches. Now, however, they have to take their chance of the

fluctuations of the markets, for their fish is sold daily by auction. Big catches mean, as a rule, low prices, and *vice-versa*, so a bumper season need not necessarily be better—if so good—for the fishermen, in a pecuniary sense, than a succession of small or moderate hauls. And, of course, the quality of the fish and the state of the markets in the South and elsewhere must regulate the ideas of buyers, thus re-actiug in turn upon the gains of the fishermen.

Formerly, the bulk of the season's catch was cured for the Continental markets, but within recent years, the home trade in fresh fish has increased enormously. Added to this, the great development of "kippering," or smoke drying, and the decreased demand from the Continent, have caused the curing branch of the industry to assume considerably less important proportions.

After June, the herring fishing is carried on with more or less success by local boats. A large number of Lewismen make an annual expedition to the East Coast of Scotland, where they sometimes do exceedingly well, enabling them, upon their return, to pay their debts to the Stornoway shopkeepers, and lay by something against the hard winter. It is quite a Godsend to the island generally when success thus meets their efforts, and, conversely, a general calamity when fate is unkind towards them.

In winter, line fishing for cod, ling, and haddock is largely prosecuted by the native fishermen. The incidental dangers, owing to the terrific gales, and the want of proper harbour accommodation, are great and frequent, and every now and again one hears of fishing disasters on the coast of Lewis, as often as not of distressing magnitude.

But the Lewisman is not only a fisherman: he is also a crofter, or tenaut of a small holding. When he is away at the fishing, his wife and daughters attend to the land. For the Lewiswoman is not a puny, small-boned creature; but very much the reverse. Her industry is untiring, and its results are amazing. She is a true helpmeet, and it is well for the husbands and fathers that such is the case. Undoubtedly, the wife is the 'better half' in a particular sense, for she does more work in the year than her husband. She cuts the peat-fuel, tills the ground, and, withal, never fails in the wifely duties of more highly civilised communities. She looks decidedly picturesque in her blue petticoat, wincey bodice, and gaudy handkerchief adorning the head. Her brown healthy complexion tells of constant exposure to the weather, and her soft eyes have the timid look of a frightened fawn. Her big creel of fish or eggs, strapped over her shoulders, appears a formidable load for a tramp of perhaps a dozen miles or more, but she carries the weight as unconcernedly as she dispenses with the use of boots and stockings; and she whiles away the time by crooning softly a plaintive Gaelic melody, to which the incessant click of her knitting-needles forms the accompaniment.

Fishing and crofting combined too often barely suffice to keep the wolf from the Lewisman's door, and his poverty is in many cases both intense and chronic. The congestion of the rural population in Lewis is appalling, and is rendered more acute by the existence of a landless class, known as cottars or squatters, who 'squat' on the crofts of their relatives, thus accentuating the cramped conditions of existence.

Kelp burning, once an important industry, has fallen into desuetude since barilla came into use for the manufacture of soap and glass; and the iodine market is now almost entirely in the hands of Chili.

In certain parts of the island, Scandinavian characteristics are very prominent. The men in those parts are distinguishable from the purely Celtic types by their greater height and by their fairness of hair. Evidences of Norse settlement in the island are apparent in the numerous place-names which have a Scandinavian termination. The names of several townships end in 'bost,' meaning, in Norse, "an inhabited place": a name such as Swainbost, a compound of 'Sweyn' and 'bost'—is singularly suggestive of Viking days

Generally speaking, the Lewisman has a splendid physique. This was commented upon by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who publicly declared that the Lewis Naval Reserve force was the finest body of men he had seen, during his tour of inspection throughout the kingdom, some years ago. At a time when really good sailors are in such request for our Navy, the Admiralty might well pay special attention to the island as a recruiting ground likely to yield fruitful results. Lewismen are born sailors and would prove second to none in maintaining the traditions of the Navy. For the Army they have lost all taste, and although at one time the Lewis contingent was one of the most important in, more particularly, the 78th Regiment (Seaforth Highlanders) the recruiting sergeant now finds the island a hopeless field of operations. They willingly join the militia, but their attachment to home, or other reasons, preclude willing enlistment in the regulars.

The home of the average Lewis crofter is of primitive simplicity. The walls are of loose stones, and the roof is of thatch, secured by ropes of heather, which are weighted by stones

at the ends. The thatch, after being thoroughly saturated with smoke — for there is no chimney — is taken down periodically and used as field dressing. The peat-reek is a useful antiseptic, counteracting successfully the effects of the insanitary conditions which exist. The door of the cottage is of the rudest description, and the windows are sometimes remarkable by their absence. The fire is situated in the centre of the earthern floor, and the smoke makes its exit as best it can. But these conditions are gradually disappearing, and better types of cottages are being built. No longer, in many cases, do crofter and cattle have the close intimacy, nor form the 'happy home,' of popular imagination.

(To be concluded.)

GEORGE R. MUNROE, HUDDERSFIELD

THE particular branch of the Munro clan to which Mr. George R. Munroe belongs, has been settled for many generations in the parish of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire; it has produced many men of note, the Munros of Bolton and Hanley being at the present time well known representatives. Mr. Munroe was born at Preston in 1858, his father, Richard Munroe, being a Superintendent of the Prudential Insurance Company. When six years of age he was removed to Huddersfield, where his father had commenced business. It was at first intended to educate George for the teaching profession, in view of which he received a two years' course of training in the preparatory college, but his own inclinations tended in a different direction. He took up the insurance profession, in which he made excellent progress, and when his father retired from business in 1887 he was promoted to the position of Superintendent of North Huddersfield. That the choice was a wise one is evidenced by the fact that his district is known throughout the insurance world for the percentage of the people insured, and the stability and class of the connection. Much of this success is due to the energy of Mr. Munroe's father, who was one of the ablest representatives the Prudential Company ever possessed.

In social circles Mr. Munroe is well known and popular. He is Secretary of the Huddersfield St. Andrews Society, the Angling Association, and he is also a member of the Curling Club. In 1892-4 he represented Fartown Ward on the County Borough Council. It may be interesting to mention that he holds certificates as a teacher of science, art and music, and also as a drill instructor—certainly a remarkable variety of qualifications for an active business man.

In politics Mr. Munro is a staunch radical, and at election times he has proved himself an able public speaker. He is married and has three girls and one boy, George—a name always represented in the branch of the clan in Sutherland from which he is descended.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.

(Continued from page 148).

The National Dress.

Both the truis and the philibeg, plaid and bonnet, formed the dress of the Highlander at a very early period. The truis, it is said by some authorities, was used chiefly by the upper classes when journeying on horseback; but the kilt was the national costume, and dates from the earliest period. It was composed of a striped or chequered piece of cloth, about six yards long and two broad, and was disposed in plaits round the body to which it was secured by a belt, and fastened at the shoulder in such a way as to allow liberty of action to both arms. In fact the belted plaid was simply a piece of cloth gracefully disposed around the person in order to obviate the necessity for the workmanship of the tailor. The modern philibeg is the original dress improved, and the alteration is affirmed to have taken place rather more than a century ago, when an Englishman, finding that his workmen were impeded in their operations by their dress, suggested that the belted plaid should be divided, and that a jacket should be substituted for the piece usually arranged round the shoulders. Indeed, the picturesque Highland costume of to-day bears little similarity to the dress which prevailed a couple of centuries ago. The sporran, which is now worn in front of the kilt, was then simply a small pocket usually made of goat's or badger's skin, or sometimes leather, and was a useful appendage. Now, however, it is little more than an ornament. Shoes and stockings are of comparatively recent date in the Highlands. Originally the inhabitants encased their feet in rivelins, made of untanned hide, cut to the size and shape of the foot, similar to those worn in Shetland. Nor was this a practice among the common people. Burt mentions that in the early part of the eighteenth century he visited a laird who was both educated and polite, and this was the only

G. R. MUNROE.

covering he had for his feet. When the first Highland regiments were embodied hundreds of the Highlanders entered the Lowlands without either shoes or stockings. Nothing in the shape of a necktie was worn, and their shirts were made of woollen cloth.

The Kilt an ideal Dress.

General Stewart states that among the circumstances which influenced the military character of the Highlander, their peculiar garb was conspicuous, which, by its freedom and lightness, enabled them to use their limbs and to handle their arms with ease and celerity, and to move with great speed with either cavalry or light infantry. In the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, in the civil war of Charles I., and on various other occasions, they were often combined with the cavalry, affording to detached squadrons the incalculable advantage of support from infantry, even on their most rapid movements.

Clan Tartans.

The tartan of which the Highland dress is composed appears to be of very ancient design; but no record, so far as known, exists as to when it was first introduced. The shepherd's tartan

UNFURLING THE STANDARD AT GLENFINNAN—1745.

plaid is said to have existed from very remote antiquity amongst the Eastern nations of the world, and classic writers state that the same kind of cloth was in common use among the continental Celts at a very early date. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that notwithstanding the imperfect knowledge which existed many centuries ago with regard to the manufacture of colours, such excellent specimens of Highland tartan as have come down to us should have been manufactured in the Highlands. Stewart, in his sketches, says that "in dyeing and arranging the various colours of their tartans, they displayed no small art and taste, preserving at the same time the distinctive patterns (or sets as they were called) of the different clans, tribes, families, and districts. Thus a Macdonald, a Campbell, a Mackenzie, etc., was known by his plaid, and in like manner the Athole, Glenorchy, and other colours of different districts were easily distinguishable.

THE HIGHLAND TARTAN.

"Dear to each Highland soldier's heart,
The tartan of his clan,

Symbols of glory and of pride
To every Highland man,
Whether he dwell 'mid Athole's hills,
Or where the winding Tay
By Birnam's glens and forests fair,
To ocean wends its way ;
Or nearer to the northern star
Where snows the mountains crown,
And towering over silver lakes
Stern peaks of granite frown.

In every country, far and near,
Where Highland men are known,
The tartan plaid is greeted still
With homage all its own :
Still to the pibroch's stirring strains
On many a foreign shore,
The Highland clans press nobly on
To victory, as of yore.
True to traditions of the past,
True to their ancient fame,
May Caledonia's children add
Fresh glories to her name."

GAELIC LITERATURE—*Seanachies*, etc.

Fragments of Celtic literature come down to us from the twelfth century. The deeds of each sept or clan were treasured up by one of the retainers, who undertook the office of bard. This official was the keeper of the family record, or register, to which reference was made in all cases of disputed succession. The office was hereditary, and descended from father to son. The profession of medicine was transmitted in the same way. In those days when there were no medical institutions within reach, the knowledge and experience requisite were best treasured up in particular families. Among others the Beatons flourished as great physicians, and can produce a long descent. The written characters in use among the Gaelic races is that which both they and the Saxons obtained from the Romans, and its introduction to Scotland and Ireland is supposed to have been contemporaneous with the introduction of the Christian faith. The Ossianic poetry, which has created a great deal of controversy, there can be no doubt is genuine. The first volume of this poetry was published in 1760 by James Macpherson, under the title of "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland," translated from the Gaelic or Erse language. The date of their composition is uncertain ; but from their spirit and strain, it is supposed they belonged to very remote antiquity. They were picked up from oral tradition—a rich store of poetry, which has been handed down from age to age with religious care.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

was a Gaelic bard of considerable fame, and it is said that he did more by his muse for the House of Stuart, than was accomplished by the sword.

Macdonald is generally reckoned the most powerful and versatile of modern Gaelic poets. He sang the beauties of nature and the delights of love; praised the Gaelic tongue, the Highland dress, the Highland clans, the strong Scotch drink, with impassioned fervour, sometimes with humour ; he stands out most prominently. His poems are truly characterized by Professor Blackie, as having been "to the Rebellion of 1745 what the songs of Körner and Arndt were to the Liberation War of the Germans in 1813." One verse from his song in praise of the tartan, which the Professor has partially translated, concentrates the sentiment of that Rebellion in a bold figure, reminding of the similar expression attributed to one of Napoleon's Old Guard :—

Let them tear our bleeding bosoms,
Let them drain our latest veins,
In our hearts is Charlie, Charlie,
While a spark of life remains !

(To be continued).

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

A LEGEND OF COLONSAY.

"SING ye sweetly, oh! my sisters sing, and
lure the gallant chief,
Who wanders in the gloaming where ye
haunt the rocky bay,
Wake with your songs a longing, that shall find no
balm for grief,
Till he sinks beneath the billows, and is lost to
earth for aye."

"In our green and amber grottos cool, with sparkling gems bedight,
He shall see the wondrous beauty of the daughters of the deep ;
Shall forget his dark-haired Morag's eyes, when through the breakers white,
His wild white horses foaming plunge, with furious, onward sweep."

On the headland stands young Roderick, chieftain of a valiant race,
Strives to catch the gleam of golden tress, of beckoning lily hand,
To hear the rippling laughter—see some lovely, wistful face
Peering from the eddying sea-weeds that ring the rocky strand.

He has gone from bower and banquet hall, from mountain, moor, and glen;
Vanished in the utter silence of a dim, mysterious fate ;
There are wailings sore of women, curses deep and stern of men,
Vengeance dire shall strike the foeman who has made them desolate.

Seven moons have slowly circled—seven weary months have crept,

In Colonsay's grey stronghold all is sadness now and gloom,
Dark-haired Morag's eyes are heavy with the tears she has not wept,
Her step has lost its lightness, and her cheek its roseate bloom.

"Come, oh! visions of my slumber! tell me where my love is laid;
I would climb the snowy mountain height where foot of man ne'er trod,
Search the fearful, haunted fastnesses, by horrors undismayed,
Strong in a woman's deathless love, and trusting in my God."

And the fair dream-angel entered on the moonbeams glimmering white,
Whispered of the homes of beauty in the kingdom of the waves,
"'Neath the hoary Corrybreckan tossing high in wrath and might,
Dwells thy lover with the sea-maids in their green and amber caves."

"Help me now, oh, blessed Mary! help me by thy power to take
From the soul-less ocean creatures this ones out I fain would win,
I would brave all mortal anguish, dare all terrors for his sake,
Could I but break his thraldom—snatch him back from deadly sin."

"On my crucifix of gold I swear in Jesu's sacred name,
Life for his life to offer—love's most precious sacrifice,
If I may rend his fetters, drag him from the pit of shame,
Through death to open wide for him the gates of Paradise."

O'er the ghostly track of moonlight pale the tiny barque speeds on,
Through the rush and roar of billows, where quivering lightenings play;
To save her captive lover dark-haired Morag forth has gone;
Ah! shall she win him back, or must his soul be lost for aye?

Plunged in fathomless abysses, whirled aloft through flying wrack,
To Mary, blessed mother! prays the maid with sobbing breath,
For, alas! if love prevails not, there can be no turning back,
Destruction waits; before her yawns the ravenous jaws of death.

Tresses streaming, white arms turning, through the misty clouds are seen,
Lovely faces jeer and mock her, darting, circling round the prow,
As she marks her stolen lover floating by the radiant queen,
"Dear Jesu! blessed Mary! nerve my heart to save him now."

Thrice the holy symbol raising, thrice she calls on Jesu's name,
Rings her frenzied cry of pleading o'er the water's sullen roar,
And the baffled wild sea creatures howling flee in wrath and shame,
As she clasps her rescued lover, safe within her arms once more.

In tower and banquet hall again young Roderick takes his place,
Within the ancient castle reigns the joy so long denied,
The brooding cloud of sorrow melts from dark-haired Morag's face,
At Mary's hallowed shrine have knelt fond bridegroom, gentle bride.

Still Corrybreckan's thunders roll around the rugged shore,
The sea-weed garlands wreathe the rocks the churning water laves,
But the fair mermaidens are not, they are gone for evermore,
Mortal eye shall ne'er behold them in their green and amber caves.

NOTE.—Perhaps the most beautiful and romantic of all the ancient beliefs connected with Corrybreckan, is that which locates the homes of the mermaids beneath the mighty whirlpool. The legend runs that one of those lovely but soul-less creatures having fallen passionately in love with the handsome young Chief of Colonsay, lured him away and held him an unwilling captive for many months. How he obtained release is not very clearly stated; several versions of his escape being given. I have taken the liberty of effecting it by means of an earthly maiden's love and devotion, a medium not out of keeping I trust with the romance of the situation.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

KENMORE, LOCH TAY.

COULD spot be fairer, darling,
Of all fair spots on earth,
To live, and love, and sigh in,
And weep, and sleep, and die in,
For penance after quarr'lling,
For musing after mirth;
Could spot be fairer, darling,
Of all fair spots on earth?

Does time e'er tread as kindly
On other nooks as this?
With footstep light and airy,
Yet delicately wary,
Lest we should deem designedly
Too swift or slow he is—
Does time e'er tread as kindly
On other nooks as this?

Could nature's face more witching
Smile to us, sweet, than here!
With dawn's own lusty greeting,
And noon's warm heart-beats beating;
With eve's still gaze, enriching
The promise of a tear;
Could nature's face more witching
Smile to us, sweet, than here!

M. ADAMSON.

THE LATE JOHN CAMPBELL, LEDAIG.

HIGHLANDERS all the world over will regret to learn of the death of Mr. John Campbell, Ledaig, Argyllshire, the Gaelic bard, whose songs are sung, and whose memory is revered, in every land where Highlanders have wandered. He was buried in Achnaba Churchyard on 8th May. Many of his songs have been translated, several by his old friend, the late Professor Blackie. An interesting sketch of John Campbell's life and works appeared in our first volume, with portrait and view of his picturesque cottage under the shadow of Dunvalanree. Copies of this issue (Jan., 1893) may still be had at our office.

TE DHEALBHACH A' BHEOIL BHOIDHICH.

Air fonn—"*Tè bhanail nan gruaidh ròsach*," *le Eobhan Mac Colla.*

Seisd :—O 's duilich, duilich, duilich mi,
O duilich, duilich, brònach,—
O 's duilich anns a' mhadainn mi,
'S tha 'm feasgar dhomh gun shòlas.

O 's duilich fad an latha mi,
Neo-aighearach an còmhnaidh,—
'S an oidhche cha d' thoir saorsa dhomh
O 'n ghaol a ghlac cho òg mi.
O 's duilich, etc.

A rìgh ! gur cruaidh an saoghal so,
Gun fhaoilt' ann dhomh no dòchas,—
Mo leannan thall thar chuaintean uam,
'S fear-fuadain aice pòsda.
O 's duilich, etc.

O, dona 'n uair a dh' fhalbh mi uait,
'Thé dhealbhach a' bheòil bhòidhich,—
O, b' fhearr gu 'm b' ann 's a' chill bha mi
Mu 'n d' thill mi gun thu còmhl' rium !
O 's duilich, etc.

A fhleasgaich òig 'tha 'n geall air te,
Na teann am feasd ri bòilich,—
Na fàg do leannan gaolach-sa,
Mur caomh leat a bhi brònach.
O 's duilich, etc.

Tha mise 'n a m' bhall-sampuill dhuit
Air deireadh dubh na gòraich,
Mo ghaol aig fear nan liath-chiabhag,
'S a chiall ! cha chluinn i m' òran !
O 's duilich, etc.

R. Fraser Mackenzie.

Shinty Notes.—The Inveraray club defeated Kingussie by 5 hails to 2, after a well contested match.—Lord Lovat presented the Camanachd Trophy to the Beauly club, who by defeating Brae Lochaber have won the Association championship for the year.—In our opinion, however, there is no team in Britain can defeat Inveraray ; we say this much frankly, although we belong to the Cowal club, which is perhaps their oldest and most formidable opponent. A match between Beauly and the Lochfyne men would decide the championship.—The Glasgow Cowal are to play the Dublin Hurling Club at Celtic Park, Glasgow, on Saturday, 5th June. There is sure to be a large turn out of spectators.—On the 12th June, at Moray Park, the Cowal play the return match with the Kyles of Bute club, whom they defeated recently at Kames. —The Edinburgh clubs seem to have stopped practice for the season. For three years the Cowal have tried hard to induce the Camanachd to give them a match, either in Edinburgh or Glasgow, but without success. They seemed disposed to only play clubs they are sure of beating, but that is poor sport. They will not even play the Cowal second team !—The London Highland Athletic Club and the Gaelic (Irish) Athletic Association have arranged a match to be played in London on 7th June.

How to read Gaelic ; orthographical instructions and reading lessons, by John Whyte. Inverness : "Northern Chronicle" Office. This is a most valuable aid to the acquisition of Gaelic, and has been specially prepared to meet the requirements of the official Gaelic scheme adapted to the code. It covers the first stage as a specific subject, and for first year pupil teachers. Anyone who has a desire to learn to read Gaelic could not procure a more useful hand-book than this. It is published at the small sum of One Shilling, and is tastefully printed and bound.

WILLIAM GRANT MACGREGOR.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10. Vol. V.] JULY, 1897. [Price Threepence.

WILLIAM GRANT MACGREGOR, LONDON.

ABOUT the time that the penal statutes were in full force against the MacGregors, a small sept of the royal and ancient clan, driven by these cruel laws from the home of their ancestors, were permitted by the Laird of Grant to settle down upon a narrow strip of land in Strathspey to the north of the village of Grantown. The spot became and is still known as Lynmacgregor. The humble colony increased and spread northward, and in process of time acquired a name and habitation among the small farming settlements of Camerorie and Cottertown, where their descendants still live. It is to this sept that the subject of our present sketch belongs.

He was born on the farm of Achnarrow, situated among the braes of Castle Grant—a fairer spot than which in his estimation it would be difficult to find on this green earth. His maternal grand-parents were both Grants, as was also his paternal grandmother, so that there is a strong admixture of the blood of this clan in his veins. His education was acquired first at one of the local schools, and afterwards at the Grammar School at Grantown. His parents belonged to the small Baptist community in Grantown, and were imbued with a deep religious feeling. His early knowledge of Gaelic was acquired by the reading of the scriptures in his mother tongue at family worship, a duty strictly enjoined by his parents. Both now sleep side by side in the quiet picturesque churchyard of Cromdale, and on the stone which he has erected to their memory, there is inscribed, in the language dear to them as it still is to him, "*Gus an coinnich sinn a ris 's an dachaidh ghlòrmhor shona nd an toabh thall do'n bhas.*"

When in his sixteenth year an offer of an apprenticeship in London was accepted, and soon after he arrived, an utter stranger, in the great Metropolis. He had the good fortune to receive an introduction to the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street, where for several years he was a diligent student in the French, German, and other classes held in connection with that useful institution. At the close of one of the sessions he was named by the Professor as the winner of the "Samuel Morley Prize" for German. In the midst of other studies, we need hardly mention that his native Gaelic was not forgotten, on the contrary he procured and read every Gaelic work within reach. It was during those years that he made the acquaintance of his kinsman, the late Professor Grant, F.R.S.—one of Strathspey's most distinguished sons. Mr. MacGregor gave some little assistance in the translation of Arago's "Popular Astronomy"—"lent a hand," as the Professor generously used to say—and from that time astronomy became his favourite study among the sciences. He is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Very soon after his arrival in London Mr. MacGregor was attracted by the preaching of the late Mr. Spurgeon. He was baptised by Mr. Spurgeon in New Park Street Chapel, and became a member of his church. The celebrated preacher soon discovered a warm regard and friendship for his young adherent, and proposed him as an officer of the church. For nearly twenty years he was continuously at work in connection with the various organisations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, being President of the Young Men's Society and the Elder's Bible Class for fifteen years, and for ten years conducted a service on Sunday evening with the

boys of the Stockwell Orphanage. From these and other societies he has received several testimonials, but the one which he prizes most is an illuminated address signed by Mr. Spurgeon and the other trustees of the Orphanage, and presented to him in recognition of his services to that institution.

In 1879 Mr. MacGregor paid a visit to South Africa, where he spent six months, and made the acquaintance of Bishop Colenso, and other notable men. He saw the wounded and dying brought into hospital after the Battle of Ekowe, among whom were several officers and soldiers who had been his fellow travellers from England. Five years later he visited the Australasian Colonies, returning home by way of the States and Canada after an absence of nearly a whole year. This was followed by another visit to the Colonies in 1889, including a stay of some time in Egypt and Ceylon. In addition to this he has travelled in every country in Europe with the exception of Russia, Turkey, and Greece, and of all his wanderings has kept detailed and interesting records.

From schoolboy days he has been devoted to athletic sports, has played cricket and lawn tennis, rides, rows, skates, and plays a good game at bowls and quoits, while as a mountain climber he claims that he has never been beaten. His latest hobby is the game of golf, being a member of the London Scottish and other clubs. Last year he was captain of both the Bexhill and Finchley clubs, and held the challenge cup of the latter during the year of his captaincy.

Mr. MacGregor, as already stated, is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Royal Colonial Institute; he is a Life Governor of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and of the Scottish Hospital; a member of the City Liberal Club, and a Life member of the Clan Gregor Society. He is deeply attached to everything connected with his native Highlands; Scottish songs, pipe music, and Highland dancing never fail to arouse his enthusiasm. No one can give a heartier grip of the hand to fellow Highlanders than he, especially when he meets them in distant lands.

Death has of late years been making sad havoc among the ties which at one time bound him so closely to the Highlands, but ever since the death of his parents, and chiefly as a humble tribute to their memory, he has not allowed a year to pass without sending pecuniary help to the poor of his native strath, thus carrying out the spirit of the motto—

> "*Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsir*
> *'S na dibir a bhith mar iadsan.*'

THE QUEEN OF THE HEBRIDES.

By W. C. Mackenzie, London.

(*Continued from page* 176.)

THE Lewis people, like the Hebrideans and the Highlanders generally, are nothing if not hospitable. They give of their best to the stranger without seeking fee or reward—an offer of which would hurt their pride. For they are proud—these islanders, but it is the pride of self-respect and native dignity. They greet the stranger with a kindly reference to the weather. *Tha latha math ann*—"This is a fine day"—is a form of salutation which is an innocent way of showing their friendliness, however alarming it may sound to the Sassenach hearer. Long may they remain uncontaminated by any influences which might have a tendency to weaken their primitive virtues.

Their amusements are few and simple. The austere attitude of a fast disappearing race of ministers towards worldly pleasures has left its mark on them, and they are only now recovering from the influence of that grim *régime*. Music, dancing and other innocent amusements were frowned upon as wiles of Satan—but under brighter auspices, the people are now recognising the fact that a healthy enjoyment of life is not incompatible with their religious professions.

Like all Hebrideans, they are intensely religious. Fed upon oatmeal and the Psalms of David, they have derived physical grit from the former and spiritual fervour from the latter. And their environment has intensified the religious instinct which seems to be inherent in the islesmen of the West. The melancholy sough of the sea with the sobbing accompaniment of the wind; the lone and desolate moorland, which forms so large a proportion of the island; these, combined with their isolation from the outer world, have produced a temperament which, if somewhat morbid, is nevertheless peculiarly susceptible to religious influences. Their religion is tempered by poetry and fatalism, for every Hebridean has a dash of poetry in his constitution, and no less does he inherit a disposition to bow to destiny. *Ma tha sin an Dan*—"If it be ordained"—is his uncomplaining comment, as he bares his neck to the axe of misfortune or death. The Lewisman is a staunch Presbyterian, and is devotedly attached to the tenets of that body. The adherents of the Free Church predominate, although the 'Moderates'—to use a term which is still currently applied to the adherents of the Auld Kirk—have also a fair following. The

United Presbytêrians are represented by one congregation only. The amenities between these bodies, which were in former years sufficiently striking, have been softened by time, a better knowledge of one another, and a more charitable attitude towards differences of opinion. 'Frees,' 'Moderates,' and 'U.P.'s' now meet on the same platform, literally as well as figuratively.

The bi-annual "sacraments" of the Lewis churches are observed with impressive solemnity. Held as they sometimes are in the open air, when the weather permits, the meetings are in some respects suggestive of Covenanting times. An air of deep devotion and earnestness characterises the congregations which are gathered together on these occasions. On "question day," the lay element is greatly in evidence. Knotty theological points are freely discussed, and personal "experiences" are thrillingly related by the successors of "the men" who were once such a religious power in the Highlands. And the tables are "fenced" at the present day as rigorously as ever they were.

It goes without saying that superstition finds a congenial home in Lewis. It is ingrained in the very nature of the people, and although its grosser forms have been eradicated by education and by more frequent contact with the great outside world, it still exerts a powerful influence over the minds of the simple crofter-fishermen.

OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN LEWIS

The old beliefs in fairies (*Daoine Shi*), in kelpies, in urisks, or brownies, are not now generally prevalent, and witches and witchcraft are relegated to a secondary place in popular imagination. But ghostly visitations are still accepted as a cardinal article of faith, no less than the belief that the Evil One has not yet terminated his peregrinations upon earth. Signs and portents, which the scientific mind would scout as meaningless, are, by these credulous islanders, sometimes magnified into prophetic forecasts which subsequent events never fail to justify. The belief in "second-sight" is nearly as strong as ever, especially among the older people. The most famous of the Highland seers was a Lewisman named Coinneach Odhar, whose career Lady Jeune has described in her "Lesser Questions." To this day, the name of Coinneach Odhar is mentioned in Lewis with bated breath.

The geologist and the antiquary alike find in Lewis an interesting field of study. Laurentian gneiss, the name given by Sir Roderick Murchison to the oldest stratified rock in Scotland, forms the whole of the island. Striking monuments of the past exist in the Callanish Stones on the West coast. These consist of forty-three obelisks, of varying height, arranged in the form of a Latin cross, with a circle at the intersection, from which the wings radiate. They are locally known by a Gaelic name, signifying 'The

Greeting Stones,' or 'The Stones of Mourning.' It must ever be a matter of conjecture whether or not the Callanish stones are relics of Druidism. Attempts have been made by modern antiquarians to prove their non-Druidic character, but the mass of local evidence lies on the opposite side. It has been suggested that they may possibly be commemorative of a great Pictish victory, and other theories no less unsatisfactory have been put forward; but in Lewis, at least, their Druidic origin is never questioned. And it is a suggestive circumstance that the Gaelic phrase, "I am going to the Stones," instead of "I am going to Church," may still occasionally be heard, thus apparently forming a connecting link between the pagan worship of bygone ages and the Presbyterianism of the present day. The very name "Stones of Mourning" appears to be suggestive of sacrificial offerings to appease an offended Deity. But whether the ruins of a Druidical temple, or monuments of a Pictish victory; whether of Celtic or non-Celtic origin, they are remarkable and superlatively interesting as relics of the remote past, and they afford ample material for the imagination to work upon. The surrounding scenery, in its wild beauty, forms a setting to the picture which adds to its effectiveness.

West of the Druidical stones, at Carloway, there is a tower, evidently of Pictish origin, with a slope seawards. The history of this tower or fort is unknown, but from its commanding position, it was probably an important stronghold, and one may well imagine that many a bloody fray took place in its vicinity.

In yet another part of the island—at Mealista, Uig—the remains of a nunnery have been discovered, near which is a shrine erected to the memory of St. Catan. In the same locality have been found a number of ebony figures, beautifully carved and evidently of very ancient manufacture. They are partially stained with a colour resembling beetroot, and are supposed to have been designed as chessmen. They may now be seen in the British Museum.

Throughout the island there exist other remains interesting to the antiquarian or the geologist—notably a remarkable cave at Gress, near Stornoway, which is about two hundred feet in length—but those already enumerated are of the greatest general interest.

The scenery of the island hardly entitles it to the regal name which heads this paper. It is bare, generally flat, and at first sight, would be pronounced decidedly uninteresting. Yet it is certainly not without a beauty of its own. The coast scenery is wild, bold and imposing, and the very solitude of the gloomy moorland in the interior, with the shifting lights of a summer gloaming playing upon it, has an impressiveness which charms whilst it, perhaps, oppresses. And in certain parts of the island the beauty of landscape is delightfully variegated by a combination of hill and dale, loch and river. Except near Stornoway, the island is almost destitute of trees; yet the rich bloom of the heather, with its delicious scent, and the sun-starred bosom of the ocean with its resonant music, are substitutes which delight the senses equally with the soft verdancy of woodland scenery.

The climate of Lewis is moist, but the natives seem to be impervious to damp, for they display a contemptuous indifference towards the elements which the stranger may well envy. There are no extremes of heat and cold: a scorching summer is as great a rarity as a hard winter. For this equable state of the temperature the Lewis people have to thank their good friend the Gulf Stream, which bathes the shores of the island with its generous warmth.

It only remains to add that the "Queen of the Hebrides" passed last year into the possession of Mr. Donald Matheson, after the death of Lady Matheson, who had a life interest in the estate. Her husband, the late Sir James Matheson, a well-known merchant, at one time M. P. for Ross and Cromarty, and Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, bought the island for the sum of £190,000 from the representatives of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, who had dispossessed the Macleods of Lewis of their ancient heritage. Of the old castle of the Macleods, reduced to ruins by Cromwell's Ironsides, the remaining fragments disappeared a few years ago under the pressure of modern utilitarianism. Lewis Castle of the present day, overlooking Stornoway, is one of the finest specimens of the Tudor and castellated style in Scotland, and the grounds which surround it are tastefully laid out, the whole forming a charming picture.

After all, the more one studies Lewis and its inhabitants, the less inclined one is to question the appropriateness of the title which local pride has conferred upon it.

[Concluded.]

DR. DONALD J. MACAULAY, HALIFAX.

OF the many Highlanders who in recent years have distinguished themselves in the medical profession, there are few, we feel confident, who have achieved success so rapidly as the subject of this brief sketch.

Dr. D. J. Macaulay is the son of the late Mr. John Macaulay, and was born at Balivanich, Benbecula, in the Outer Hebrides, on 9th May,

Dr. D. J. MACAULAY.

Mrs D. J. MACAULAY.

1862. His education was acquired at the parish school (to and from which he had to walk eight miles daily), and later on at Glasgow Kelvinside Academy, and a private boarding school at Dumfries. Thereafter he entered Edinburgh University to study medicine, and also attended the Royal College of Surgeons. On leaving college he went to act as assistant to Dr. Cooke, of Ashton under Lyne, near Manchester, where he remained three years, and left to start practice for himself in Halifax. When the doctor went there he knew no one, but with the confidence of youth he put up his brass plate, and waited for patients. There was evidently no immediate desire on the part of the good people of Halifax to seek the advice of the young Highland medical, and several weeks passed before a patient ventured to consult him. Then a few others dropped in, who seemed to derive benefit from his treatment, for they recommended friends, and in a very short period Dr. Macaulay found every moment of his time fully occupied. Unable at last to overtake his increasing practice he had to secure the services of an assistant, and keep two horses, but notwithstanding these helps he can hardly overtake his work.

Two years ago he started the Halifax Golf Club, of which popular game he is himself very fond. He is a honorary member of the St. John Ambulance Association of London, Hon. Surgeon to the Halifax Ambulance Brigade, and Lecturer on Nursing and First Aid for the St. John Ambulance Association. He is a member of the Bradford Caledonian Society, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to spend a few hours among his "brither Scots" at a meeting of this useful Society. Highland music and literature are his special hobbies; a selection from Dr. K. N. Macdonald's "Gesto Collection of Highland Music" giving him more genuine delight than any music composed by the greatest masters could inspire.

Six months after starting in Halifax he married Madge Burns Peattie, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Peattie, of Newington, Edinburgh, and to her kindly disposition, loving sympathy and encouragement, the doctor owes much of his success. She is an accomplished musician and artist. We have pleasure in giving her portrait along with that of her husband

Dr. Macaulay is a L R C P., L R C S E., L F P S G, and a F R S G S.

Surgeon-Colonel J. McGregor's Jubilee Poems, "Victoria Maxima et Victoria Regina," have been graciously accepted by Her Majesty the Queen. The cover of the poems consisted of white satin, specially designed and embroidered by Mrs McGregor. We believe it is intended to issue the poems shortly to the public as a new edition, and at a popular price.

GILLEAN AN FHEILIDH.

(The Lads with the Kilt.)

Chorus—

With light step springing across the heather,
They come, the lads of the kilt and the feather,
So bonnily shoulder to shoulder together,
*Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.**

They bring the dash of the mountain torrent,
The sway of the pine in their easy gait,
The poise of the stag, the glance of the eagle,
So proudly they march in their Highland state.
Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.

The depth of the tarn in their winning glances,
Just as the sunlight is glancing through,
The rippling burn in their merry laughter,
Speaking the stout heart, leal and true.
Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.

Play to us, play to us, lads with the tartan,
Gay as the streamers that float in the van,
The glamour that speaks thro' the fairy chanters,
Gladdens the soul of each Highland man.
Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.

Follow thee, follow thee, aye will we follow thee,
Whithersoever ye choose to lead,
Down thro' the valley or up o'er the mountains,
The greater the peril, the braver the deed.
Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.

Well do they know it, when trouble is brewing,
Where do they look for the men that are true?
Where do they turn for the trust never failing?
Where but to you, brave bonnets of blue.
Mo ghaol air gillean an fheilidh.

Alice C. MacDonell,
Of Keppoch.

* My love to the lads with the kilt.

A SONNET OF SUMMER.

Hail! happy June, the bridegroom of the May,
Come bounding over Time's green budding hill,
Showering the riches from thy bounteous will
Of many flowers to mark thy magic way.
While, at thy glorious presence, hark! the lay
Of million birds bursting in pipe and trill;
And all the air is pulsing with the thrill
Of nature and the hum of bees: the day
Blushes with mingling Spring and Summer bloom,
For, from the couch of Winter's cold and calm,
With triumph, Hope the maiden May, has come,
To yield to June her resurrection's balm.
As the just Dead shall rise from out the tomb
Of mortal pain to bear th' immortal palm.

Mavor Allan.

PART XIV.—(*Continued from page* 144).

QUATRE BRAS AND WATERLOO—GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE "GREYS."

EVENTS moved quickly. Meantime the Scots Greys in rear of the other regiments suffered from the French fire, they therefore moved into lower ground in line with the Inniskillins. Ponsonby, to assure himself how matters stood at the front beyond the Wavre road, rode up to the hedge bounding that road, accompanied by Colonel Muter of the Inniskillins, that he might by personal observation ensure the correct timing of the impending charge. He desired the Colonel to return, place himself in front of the centre squadron, and to order and conduct the advance the moment he should observe him hold up his cocked hat as a signal.

The French meanwhile mounted the ridge and began to deploy. Pack ordered his brigade to advance thirty yards, halt, fire a volley and then charge. His gallant men, few in number but stout of heart, responded with the greatest alacrity, and in a few minutes the French were hurled pell mell down the slope. Pack, perceiving to his left a compact body of French who seemed determined to make a firm stand, rode to the 92nd and said, "Highlanders! you see those fellows on your left, you must charge! all in front of you have given way!" This proved to be a column 2,000 strong. The gallant Gordons, in no way daunted, with a loud shout, and animated by the inspiring sounds of their native music, though only 230 strong, moved steadily on with the determined mien and gallant bearing of men bent upon upholding the honour and glory of their country. As the 92nd approached the column, it received a fire from it which did little harm. Arriving within twenty yards, it seemed panic struck, and faced about in confusion, as if to escape. The Highlanders at this very moment threw into the mass a concentrated volley most destructive in its effects, and instantly with a tremendous yell charged, sending the whole column reeling down the slope, closely pursuing it.

Napoleon must have been at that moment intently scanning this scene, and seeing the small number of kilted red-coats driving away so many of his soldiers and even daring to pursue them, is reported by Lacoste, his Belgium guide, whom he kept at his side all day, to have exclaimed, "Les braves Ecossais," probably an involuntary compliment on the spur of the moment, to a brave soldiery whom he recognised by the peculiarity of their uniform.

Ponsonby from behind the hedge clearly perceived that now the opportune moment had come for his gallant horsemen to charge, and made the pre-arranged signal to Colonel Muter. No sooner was the cocked hat held up, than Muter gave the noble "Union" brigade the order to charge. The Royals on the right bounded over the hedge, and halted for a moment on the ridge while they formed line,

and the infantry made way for them to get through by wheeling back in sections and subsections of companies. The Scots Greys on the left passed through and mingled with the 92nd, shouting, as they passed on, their war cry: "Scotland for ever!" The enthusiasm of both corps was extraordinary. They mutually cheered "Scotland for ever!" No sooner had the smoke enshrouding the front of the French column somewhat cleared away, than the Greys dashed into the mass. So eager was the desire, so strong the determination of the Highlanders to aid their compatriots in completing the work they had so gloriously begun, that many were seen holding on by the stirrups of the horsemen, while all rushed forward leaving none but the disabled behind them. Seeing this, Pack rode after them, and, without any remonstrance, said in a gentle tone of voice, "My brave Highlanders! you have saved the day, but you must return to your position; there is more work to be done." Pack knew his men. They felt the gentle reproof, and instantly obeyed, leaving the noble horsemen to complete the "work" so well begun. The 92nd, 42nd, 44th, and other regiments of Pack's brigade soon had more work to do in securing the prisoners made, from 2,000 to 3,000 French officers and men.

SERGEANT EWART CAPTURING THE FRENCH STANDARD.

The Scots Greys continued their career. They fell like an avalanche upon the masses before them, dealing destruction and death all around them. Having the advantage of the descent they appeared to mow down the mass as they encountered it. The shock, the blows, seemed irresistible. Officers and men threw themselves on the ground in abject despair, crying for quarter, which was willingly granted. Within a few minutes the whole column was pierced through and through, by a charge which for wonderful intrepidity of execution, and its complete success, has rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled. During this charge the "Eagle" of the 45th regiment, Napoleon's "Invincibles," was captured by Sergeant Ewart of the Greys, after a desperate struggle, evincing on his part great physical strength, combined with extraordinary dexterity in the use of the sword; he succeeded in capturing the cherished trophy. The gallant sergeant was directed to proceed with it to Brussels, where he was received with acclamations by thousands who came forward to congratulate him, and for his prowess was promoted to an Ensigncy. Ewart was a native of Kilmarnock. This Imperial "Eagle" proudly displayed on its banner the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Essling, Wagram. The Scots Greys, after this grand feat of arms, without pausing a moment to reform ranks, rushed onwards against the leading supporting column of Marcoguet's right brigade. This body of men, amazed at the suddenness of the onset, the impetuous wildness of the charge, and its terrific effects upon their countrymen on the higher ground in front, were simply paralized; they made no preparation to receive cavalry. The Greys were met by a

destructive fire from the outer files of the column, but nothing could stop those splendid horsemen, they plunged into the mass of men before them with an impetus, a force, truly irresistible. The foremost ranks of the column were driven back with irrepressible violence, the remainder tottered for a moment and then sank under the overpowering wave. Hundreds rose again to be speedily swept away as prisoners, and secured by the Highlanders.

It was at this time that Napoleon expressed his admiration of the Scots Greys, noted by Lacoste: he exclaimed, "My God! those grey horses! how they do work! What grand troops! What a pity that I shall cut them to pieces!" He instantly ordered a column of lancers and cuirassiers to attack them.

In the meantime the gallant and heroic horsemen, transported with the fury of battle, unsatisfied with their second triumph, and no supports yet at hand, still pursuing their victorious career rode by twos and threes up the ascent to the ridge upon which Ney had in the fore part of the day planted his 74 guns. They were followed by some of the Royals and Inniskillins. In amongst these guns they went, cutting down gunners, stabbing, hamstringing, and slaughtering horses, cutting their traces and rendering useless everything they met with. Forty of the guns were thus disabled for the remainder of the day. When the lancers came upon them, they at once fell back, but the gallant horsemen were too fatigued, their horses too much blown, to make head against such a superior body of fresh antagonists, who had hitherto taken no part in the battle. The Greys in retreating to their position sustained severe losses in men and horses, till Vandeleur with the light brigade of cavalry came up from Papilotte, rescued the Greys, and inflicted great loss upon their enemies whom they forced to give way and retire.

The loss sustained by the Scots Greys in these brilliant and incomparable charges were in killed, 7 officers, 6 non-commissioned officers, 1 trumpeter, 72 privates, and 114 horses; mortally wounded, 1 officer, 1 sergeant, 16 privates; and wounded, 7 officers, 18 non-commissioned officers, 72 privates, and 60 horses.

The Greys, along with the other heavy dragoons, were called upon to repel Ney's impetuous charges in the evening, upon the British right, and at the close of the day in the general attack which completed the victory and almost annihilated the enemy. In both these affairs they distinguished themselves as usual. After dark when the pursuit of the enemy was given up to the Prussians, the regiment was ordered to halt. It passed the night cheerlessly beyond the battlefield. Next day, the 19th June, it marched in pursuit of the French, and continued its route to near the gates of Paris.

In recognition of their distinguished services during this brief but glorious campaign, the Scots Greys were granted permission to bear on their guidons the badge of an "Eagle" and the word "Waterloo," and "Waterloo" on their grenadier caps.

The Greys were quartered for some months at Nanterre, near Paris, whence they marched to Rouen and Harfleur, thence to Calais and embarked for England.

Thus terminated one of the grandest scenes that distinguished the mighty drama enacted on the ever memorable plains of Waterloo, a scene presenting in bold relief genuine British valour crowned with resplendent triumph, a scene that should be indelibly impressed upon the minds of the successors of those grand warriors for ages yet unborn.

Honour, imperishable honour, to the memory of every British soldier engaged in that never to be forgotten fight! May the soldiers of the three United Kingdoms ever be found fighting side by side against the common enemy, may they prove to the world that they have not degenerated from the men of the glorious "Union Brigade," who by their heroic deeds on this great day so truly and faithfully represented the military virtues of the British people.

(To be continued.)

THE FALLS OF GLOMACK.

THIS Highland waterfall, so named from the Gaelic *glomhas*, a horrible chasm, is remarkable as being the highest in the country; and although of less volume than Niagara, it is somewhat 'taller'; thus having pre-eminent virtue as a waterfall. It therefore becomes the duty of every true Highlander, and of every tourist who admires the Highlands, to know where it is and to visit it. Time, expense, and labour are necessary to reach it. But what of that? 'Where there's a will there's a way.' Suppose we have penetrated to the village of Dornie, which stands at the confluence of Lochs Alsh, Duich, and Long, we take a boat up the latter, some five miles to the top, passing a nunnery on the way, and land. The trouble now begins, for after passing on foot a small shooting lodge nestling in a little glen, we take up the side of a stream, and have to creep round a steep bank with very precarious footing and every prospect of falling into the horrible chasm below. Thankfully escaping this natural trap, we soon come to a ford which must be crossed, and neither is this mere child-play.

The river brawls and tumbles in a wild and savage manner over boulders and stones of various sizes, and he is lucky who gets across without having a wet seat on the way. But the worst is now passed and we trudge upwards some miles over a bare heathery moor till we reach the fall. We are conducted to a ledge about half way up, whence, above us we see the water in its first clear leap, and then we look down upon it where it roars in the more level ground below. In this remote place, with solitude and stillness around, we have ample leisure and opportunity to view from many points this truly beautiful and sublime natural scene. We feel that we are well repaid for our pilgrimage. To return we continue inland and across the deer forest of Kintail, *ceann t-sàil*, the head of two seas, Duich and Alsh, with the majestic Ben Attow in front. But we take down by the right to the side of Loch Duich, where we gain the highway and pass Inverinate and get a fine view of Eilean Donan Castle, finally reaching Dornie again after a walk of about seventeen miles

Glendevon. K. MATHIESON, JUN.

VICTORIA.

1837 1897.

'I will be good,'
She said, while yet she stood
A Princess at the portico of time,
In age a maid,
At heart a monarch staid,
Strong in her innocence and faith sublime;
Upon whose infant brows, already blest,
The shadow of a Crown had come to rest.

Then see arise
A *Queen*, with tear-dimmed eyes,
And heart uplifted to a Higher Throne.
Sceptre and globe
And Sovereignty's vast robe
Forgot; as Heaven's grace she seeks alone,
To bear unscathed that emblem of her reign,
'*Dieu et mon Droit*' o'er danger's trackless main.

Victoria!
The years have passed away
Since first thy timid foot set out to sea,
Thro' peace and war,
With many a honoured scar,
Thy hand hath steered thy golden argosy,
And proved that still Britannia rules the waves,
That Britons never, never shall be slaves!

Queen of the sea!
Thy Diamond Jubilee
Doth bind us by an anchor Hope hath cast,
And would alarm
Of alien's break its calm,
We know thou'lt ride the storm unto the last,
For thou hast learnt thy Queenship from above,
And taught us what it is to *wait* and *love*.

Yea! thou hast been
So good, O! glorious Queen!
That nations needs must watch with reverent awe,
Thy ripening years,
Hallowed by sorrow's tears,
Rich with that love of all thy life the law,
. . . Then take this guerdon for thy widowed heart,
Thy people's mother thou hast been and art.

MAVOR ALLAN.

THE SIREN.

(HEINE'S "LORELEI," TRANSLATED BY K. D. MACKENZIE.)

WHY fills my heart with sad, sad tears!
I ask, but ask in vain,
My thought is drawn to far off years
And held by legend's chain.

Mid zephyrs cool, the soft twilight
Floats o'er the flowing Rhine,
The hills high peaks still sparkle bright
In evening's glad sunshine.

And there on high, a maid behold,
A maid most wondrous fair,
With jewels decked of shining gold,
And glorious golden hair.

She combs it with a comb of gold,
And sings a song, the time
A haunting strain of power untold,
A mystic air and rhyme.

The boatman in his shallow skiff
Is seized with boding sigh,
He heeds not sign of deadly reef,
His gaze is fixed on high.

And now the waves with sudden throng
O'erwhelm both man and boat,
Alas! the siren's gift of song,
Her fatal luring note.

We are glad to learn that the martial spirit of the Reay Countrymen is reviving. The Durnessmen have petitioned the War Office to raise a company of volunteers, and over seventy stalwart young men have offered to enlist. Melness, Tongue, Farr, Strathy, and Halladale will doubtless follow suit, and produce an intelligent body of men unsurpassed in height and physique in the kingdom.

It has been decided that the Inverness Town Hall janitor is to wear the kilt. Oban must waken up a bit.

We regret to intimate the death of Mr. George Carter, a leading member of the Glasgow Caithness Association, and the author of a small volume of poems.

"EMINENT ARBROTHIANS," by J. M. M'Bain, Arbroath. (Brodie & Salmond). This most interesting work has just been published. Its purpose is to present the life story of the distinguished Arbroathians who have made their names famous in history during the past seven centuries. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1897.

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GRAND SUMMER NUMBER.

OUR next issue will take the form of a "Summer Number," which we hope to make specially attractive, both in regard to contributions and illustrations. We will give plate portraits and biographical sketches of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell T. Mackay, Liverpool; Admiral D. Robertson-Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart; and Mr. Archibald Maclean, Berlin, Germany. "Torquil Macleod," whose clever stories are always appreciated by our readers, contributes a complete story entitled "The Wooing of Aileen the fair," the scene of which is laid in one of the Western Isles. Dr. Norman Hay Forbes of Forbes, commences a short series of illustrated papers on "The Highland Bagpipe: its History, Music, and Romance"; while the usual variety of interesting contributions in prose and verse will be given.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY continues to make good progress, the funds and membership increasing satisfactorily. Two life members have just been added to the roll—Messrs. Campbell T. Mackay and Archibald Forbes Mackay, of Liverpool. The income for the present session, which ends in October, is £125, while the Bursary Fund amounts to £606.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.—Our readers will please note that the Sixth Mòd or Gathering takes place in Inverness in September. Over £100 is offered in prizes. Intending candidates should apply at once to the secretary, Mr. John Mackintosh, Solicitor, 15 Union Street, Inverness, for particulars as to competitions, etc.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, Renfield Street and Gordon Street, Glasgow, whose reputation is world-wide as a maker of Highland Costumes and Accessories, has just received some very extensive orders from Yokohama (Japan), where there seems to be a considerable colony of Scotsmen. This firm, at the present time, have several orders in hand for United States and South Africa, thus illustrating once more the proverbial wanderings of our fellow-countrymen. The connection and name that Mr. Forsyth has as a maker of everything in connection with the Highland garb, is instilling increased confidence in those who entrust him with their commissions.

FRANCO-SCOTTISH SOCIETY. — This society has been formed for the purpose of bringing the two nationalities into closer contact with each other, and to revive the ancient alliance which existed between Frenchmen and Scotsmen. Its objects are educative and social. Such a society cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of Highlanders, and we are pleased to learn that the Clan Mackay is more numerously represented on the membership roll than any other clan or Scotch name. This may perhaps be explained by the fact that the Mackay chief, Lord Reay, is president of the society; and the object being in itself one with which clansmen have every sympathy, they all the more readily rally round their chief. However, Highlanders are not so well represented on the membership list as they ought to be, and we trust that many of our readers will join. A most interesting series of meetings, etc., has been arranged to take place in Edinburgh, from the 12th to 19th July; invitations to which have been accepted by a large number of distinguished French members. Those desirous of joining the society should apply to the honorary secretary, Mr. A. A. Gordon, C.A., 128a George Street, Edinburgh.

CLAN MACLEAN.—A new History of the Clan Maclean is being written by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Belfast, Prince Edward Island. Anyone who is able to furnish facts relating to the clan which have not been recorded in previous works on the subject, are requested to communicate with Dr. Magnus Maclean, Glasgow University, or Mr. John Maclean, 68 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

THE CLAN MACKAY 'VICTORIA' BURSARY.

The following will be of great interest to members of the Clan Mackay Society :—

SCOTTISH OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.,
11th June, 1897.

MY LORD,

I have had the honour to lay before the Queen the application of the Clan Mackay Society soliciting permission to associate Her Majesty's name with a bursary subscribed by members of the Clan Mackay, to commemorate the Sixtieth Year of her Majesty's Reign, and I have the satisfaction of informing your Lordship that the Queen has been graciously pleased to accede to this request, and to command that the bursary be entitled "The Clan Mackay Victoria Bursary." I have the honour to be, My Lord,

Your Lordship's Obedient Servant,
BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

The Right Hon. LORD REAY, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,
6 Great Stanhope Street,
Mayfair.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN

(*Continued from page* 178).

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.—*Continued.*

MACDONALD'S greatest poem is named after the galley of his chief, Clanranald, and contains probably the most graphic description ever given in verse of the handling of a boat under oar and sail, and the various aspects of sea and sky, in a wild spring day, between the Hebrides and Ireland. Professor Blackie's rendering of a portion of this elaborate poem is not altogether so happy as his version of Ben Dorain, but the subject and the metre present greater difficulties. The description of the rowing goes thus:—

Now bring the dark boat, deftly fashioned,
To the place of the sailing;
Take the poles, the stout, the smooth,
And push with might prevailing;

GILLIES MACBAIN DEFENDING THE BREACH IN THE WALL AT CULLODEN.

Grasp the shapely oars, smooth-handled,
Limber oars that lightly
Sweep with venturous van across
The waters foaming brightly;
Oars that when they fall with might
Upon the blue sea darkling,
Wake from its bed the sleeping light
In liquid beauty sparkling;
Oars that with their well-poised stroke,
As the light boat dashes,
Wound the waves, the proudly swelling,
With a thousand gashes;
Oars that with well-measured swing,
Bound, all fearless leaping,
O'er the rough crests and gaping troughs
Of dark blue depths unsleeping.

OTHER BARDS AND WORKS.

Among others of eminence who might be named are John Roy Stewart and Rob Donn Mackay. Many of the Highland names are descriptive. Another class of names are commemorative of the past history of the Highlands. The earliest work in Gaelic is Bishop Carswell's Prayer Book. A translation from John Knox's liturgy was printed in 1567; Calvin's Catechism, by Wreitton, in 1631; a translation of the first

eighty Psalms, in 1650; Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," 1770; the Holy Scriptures, 1690. The first edition of the New Testament in Scottish Gaelic was printed in 1767 by the Rev. James Stewart, an accomplished Gaelic scholar. For honesty, truthfulness, hospitality, and kind-heartedness, the Highlanders cannot be surpassed. Generally they bear a highly religious character. The attachment of the Highlanders to their offspring, and the filial regard and veneration entertained for parents is perhaps unsurpassed anywhere else. Parents are seldom or never deserted in their old age, and when children are forced to earn a subsistence from home, they consider it an imperative duty to remit whatever may be required for this purpose. General Stewart, writing on the subject, says:—"The sense of duty is not extinguished by absence from the mountains. It accompanies the Highland soldier amid the dissipations of a mode of life to which he has not been accustomed. It prompts him to save a portion of his pay, to enable him to assist his parents, and also to work when he has an opportunity, that he may increase their allowance, at once preserving himself from idle habits, and contributing to the comfort and happiness of those who gave him birth. I have been a frequent witness of these offerings of filial bounty, and the channel through which they were communicated, and I have generally found that a threat of informing their parents of misconduct has operated as a sufficient check on young soldiers, who always received the intimation as a sort of horror. They knew that the report would not only grieve their relations, but act as a sentence of banishment against themselves, as they could not return home with a bad or blemished character. Generals M'Kenzie, Fraser, and M'Kenzie of Suddie, who successively commanded the 78th Highlanders, seldom had occasion to resort to any other punishment than threats of this kind for several years after the embodying of this regiment.

Of the Highlanders Robert Burns said:—

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome"

The Rising of 1745.

The events of 1745, when Prince Charles Edward landed in the Highlands, with the object of winning back the Crown to his family, was important to the country at large, but it was so especially to the Highlands. Had the Prince succeeded it is highly probable that the power of the Highland chiefs would have remained unbroken, and the feudal condition of the country might have remained unchanged for a long series of years, for the Stuarts would have been loath to interfere with those who had been instrumental in replacing them upon the throne, no matter how necessary such interference would have been for the security and progress of the country. The defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, however, changed the aspect of affairs. The result of that unhappy contest led to the supremacy of law and order. From that day the bond of mutual dependence upon each other which marked the relationship of the Highlander to his chief began gradually to relax, and an era had begun when the aspiration would be realized that "the key should keep the castle and the hedge the cow," when every man should repose securely under his own roof and live in peace with his neighbour. No Highlander, however, can read the account of the disaster on Culloden moor without a pang of regret. The cause which the Highlanders espoused may have been a bad one; but it is impossible to divest it of chivalry, patriotism, and romance. The love which the Highlanders bore to Prince Charlie was such as only men of warm, generous, and keen feelings could cherish, and the treatment which the vanquished received, especially the wounded, was not only condemned by the officers of the Duke of Cumberland, but it has received the general execration of posterity, and has earned for the commander of the English forces the merited appellation of the "the butcher." Dr. Browne, writing of this battle, says:—"At other times, and under different circumstances, a battle like that of Culloden would have been regarded as an ordinary occurrence, of which, when all matters are considered, the victors could have little to boast.

The Highland army did not exceed 5,000 fighting men, and when it is considered that the men had been two days without sleep, were exhausted by the march of the preceding night, and had scarcely tasted food for forty-eight hours, the wonder is that they fought so well as they did against an army almost double in point of numbers, and which laboured under none of the disadvantages to which, in a more especial manner, the overthrow of the Highlanders is to be ascribed."

The Black Watch.

The qualifications of the Highlanders for a military life were too good to remain long unrecognised. As early as 1729 independent companies were formed. These were distinct corps of about 100 men each, and they were employed to overawe the disaffected, and check depredations in their own districts. They existed until 1739, when Government resolved to raise four additional companies, and to form the whole into a regiment of the line This body was raised in Perthshire, and was num-

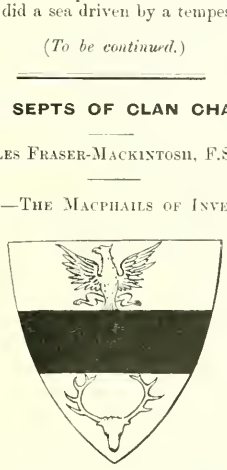
bered the 43rd Regiment. The uniform was a scarlet jacket and waistcoat with buff facings and white lace—tartan plaid of twelve yards plaited round the middle of the body, the upper part being fixed on the left shoulder ready to be thrown loose, and wrapped over both shoulders and firelock in rainy weather. The arms were a musket, and a basket-hilted broad-sword, pistols, and a dirk. This regiment was originally destined for home service; but the Government, in defiance of an agreement to the contrary, determined to send it abroad, and the Highlanders, losing all confidence in the authorities, determined to return home clandestinely, after having reached London. They were overtaken near Northampton, and, being surrounded by a superior force, were obliged to surrender. The regiment was afterwards sent to Flanders, where it distinguished itself very highly, French writers from the seat of war stating that when charging "the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest"

(To be continued.)

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A. Scot.

No. III.—The Macphails of Inverairnie.



In Sir Eneas Mackintosh's Memoirs of the Clan, the Macphails appear in the lists as No 14 of the tribes, and that they took protection of Mackintosh about 1500.

In the Kinrara History of the Mackintoshes, it is said that in the time of Duncan the 8th (1456-1496) lived "Paul Gow, good sir of Sir Andrew Macphail, the priest, of whom the Clan Phail had their beginning."

This Sir Andrew, grandson of Paul, first of the Macphails, according to the Kinrara history, wrote the third of the three histories of Clan Chattan, upon which he himself founds in part his history. He adds that Sir Andrew's history began with Shaw the 1st Mackintosh, and ended with William, murdered at Strathbogie in 1550.

The Rev. Lachlan Shaw, the historian, when dealing with the parishes of Daviot and Dunlichty, refers to "Macphail of Inverairnie, the Chief of that ancient tribe of Clan Chattan.

The family did not acquire Inverairnie until 1631, but the name is to be found at a much earlier period, and was common among ecclesiastics. The first Macphail I have noticed was named Gillies. He died prior to 1400, his place of residence not being mentioned. He married Margaret Mackintosh, who bore to him John, Paul, Alison, Margaret, Catherine, and Agnes. In 1496 David Dunbar of Durris pursues Mackintosh and the following, his men and dependants—"Gillies Macphail, Donald Mac-Gillivray, Farquhar Eachin's son, Auchan MacRuari, and Alexander MacAllister," for the wrongous occupation and labouring of the lands of Durris, with the pertinents lying within the Sheriffdom of Inverness, "for the space of one year last bye past."

In 1558 Donald Macdonald vic Phail is found, and in the same year John Reoch MacPhail.

In 1560 Sir John MacPhail is one of the Procurators in the Sheriff Court of Inverness.

In 1561 James MacWilliam vic Phail is found.

After the Reformation the Macphails appear in force as ecclesiastics. We find Mr. Andrew Macphail, reader at Petty and Bracklie in 1574, settled at Kirkhill 1575, translated to Kingussie in 1581, and to Dores in 1590.

In a deed dated at Inverness, 26th April, 1594, two of the witnesses are "Andrew Macphail, Minister of the word of God at Croy, and Severinus Macphail, Minister of the Church of Petty." Neither of these gentlemen's names appear in the "Fasti" as holding office in Croy and Petty.

There is notice of Souverane Makpharlene or Macphail as having been presented by James VI. to Alvie in 1585-6, and that he was continued to 1594, no doubt the same person above referred to as Minister of Petty.

Several Macphails are found in the County of Sutherland in the early part of the 17th century, and were burgesses of Dornoch.

The Macphails did not acquire a heritable right to Inverairnie until the year 1631, when Hugh Rose, then of Kilravock, in respect of a thousand pounds scots granted a wadset right and long tack of Inverairnie to

I.—Duncan Macphail, therein described as "of Inverairnie." This original grant is dated 19th May, 1631. The lands of Inverairnie, facing the River Nairn, lie within the Barony of Strathnairn and Parish of Dalarossie, and have

for more than a century been divided, the upper portion next to Farr having been acquired by the family of Farr, and still forming part of that estate, the other and lower portion adjoining Wester Lairgs, being acquired by MacGillivray of Dunmaglass. Both portions are watered by the River Airnie which falls into the Nairn adjoining to Lower Inverairnie; and forming a portion thereof, lies on the high grounds betwixt Strathnairn and Strathdearn, a very extensive muir called the "Shalvanach," of old capital grazing, and now excellent shooting grounds.

The Inverairnie estate also comprehended the lands of Duglass, Dudletter, in Strathdearn, practically adjoining, but facing the River Findhorn and the south. These lands formed that part of the present estate of Glenmazeran, acquired from the Mackintoshes of Aberarder, successors to Inverairnie in Strathdearn.

The next Macphail I find is

II.—Paul Macphail in 1689, probably a grandson of the above Duncan. Paul Macphail acquired on 13th March, 1689, from Kilravock the reversionary right to the lands, in respect of a feu duty of two hundred and nine merks and other prestations. Paul is infeft on 7th December, 1689. He married, first—Elspet Shaw of Tordarroch, and by her had two sons, Duncan and Robert. Paul married, secondly—a lady described as "Jean Forbes, neice to the laird of Culloden." Wishing to favour a son by his second marriage, Paul Macphail made a new arrangement with Kilravock on 4th July, 1699. By Jean Forbes, Paul Macphail had a son, John, described as in 1765 as "now Surveyor of the Customs at Fort-William," who took infeftment as heir of provision in 1754. To fortify the title of the son by the second marriage, Paul Macphail assigned his estate to William Macphail, merchant in Inverness, and Margaret Mackintosh, his spouse.

But William Macphail favoured the heir male, and on 15th September, 1716, gave over his rights to Robert, the eldest son of Paul Macphail. Paul was succeeded by his second, but eldest surviving son,

III.—Robert Macphail, and in 1721 Robert is in full possession of the estate. He died in 1743, when he was succeeded by his son,

IV.—Alexander Macphail, who made up titles to the estate in 1756. In 1759-1760 Alexander, the heir male, at great cost settled with John Macphail before mentioned, the heir of provision.

Alexander Macphail was now undisputed owner of Inverairnie, but the consideration paid to his relative, John, and the litigation with Kilravock, the Superior, proved fatal, and necessitated a sale of the estate.

Thus the weakness of Paul, second in this list, and the cupidity of his second wife, brought about the ruin of the family. Kilravock by himself and others in right of the large feu, attempted to take possession of the estate and remove Alexander. He fought hard for years to maintain his position, having at length to succumb, when Inverairnie was acquired by Farr and Dunmaglass.

It was with the latter Inverairnie chiefly dealt, and numerous transactions passed in form of money and documents before a final clearance.

Alexander Macphail signed the Bond in favour of Mackintosh redeeming the Laggan lands in 1756, as head of the Macphails. In his struggles to retain his estate Alexander executed a transfer to a relative, Paul Macphail. The deed is written by Alexander himself, and was signed at Inverairnie on 14th April, 1763, in presence of John Macphail, youngest lawful son of the late Robert Macphail of Inverairnie, Donald Macphail, tenant in old town of Inverairnie, and Donald Macphail, in Lynrich of Farr. I shall only make one further reference to poor Alexander Macphail, whose ill fortune I deplore. Before finally settling with William MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, documents as I said were given, one obligation coming into the hands of the notorious Farquhar MacGillivray of Dalcrombie as doer for Dunmaglass. I will mention it, in poor Inverairnie's own words from a petition to the Sheriff craving release from prison. Inverairnie says "that notwithstanding his having settled with Dunmaglass, Farquhar MacGillivray of Dalcrombie, without having any special mandate from the said Captain William MacGillivray, who is out of the kingdom, in Georgia, upon Monday last, the 6th current (December, 1773), came with a party of 12 men, armed with guns and staves, and upon the high road attacked the petitioner, and by the strong hand held him about two hours in the snow, by force and violence, without having a caption or any warrand, or messenger or officer of the law with him," and had him conveyed to prison.

Sheriff Macqueen on the 9th December, on a petition by Inverairnie, ordered answers within forty-eight hours. By a marking on the paper dated 13th December, no answer had been given in. There were towards the end of last century no two more determined and unscrupulous men in the County of Inverness than John Macpherson of Ballachroan and Farquhar MacGillivray of Dalcrombie.

Not only have the Macphails disappeared from Inverairnie, but there are none of the name occupying land in Strathnairn and Strathdearn. The last I knew was Mr. Angus Macphail, tenant in Mid Lairgs under Mackintosh, a most worthy man, who with his excellent helpmate, had a high and deserved reputation in the churches,

JOHN STEWART.

Whether there be an heir male of Inverairnie I know not, but should anyone—for instance the rising counsel of the name—think he has a claim, now is the time to establish his right to the honour.

(To be continued).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GLENDARUEL, GREENOCK,
3rd May, 1897.

"THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE."

SIR—Some time ago, you were good enough to publish a letter from me on the above subject; and I am glad to be able to say that a most gratifying response has been made by loyal daughters and sons of Skye to my appeals (both public and private) for information about "The Brave Sons of Skye," with the result that a large mass of valuable material (including many portraits) has been placed at my disposal. It would be a great favour now if those ladies and gentlemen who have in their possession information and portraits, which they mean to send to me, would do so before the end of June. I should like particularly to get more of the military records of our non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. Lying past in many of the cottages of Skye and elsewhere, there must be some hundreds of medals which were won by these brave men in many a stubborn fight. The names of the soldiers, of their native parishes, and of the regiments in which they served, with copies of the inscriptions on the medals and clasps, and of the soldiers' certificates of discharge from the army, would be of great use. Any documents or portraits lent to me for being copied would be taken great care of, and would be returned to the owners with the least possible delay.

Yours, etc.,
J. MACINNES,
Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel,
5th Vol. Batt. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

"HIGHLAND HONOURS."

The Editor, *Celtic Monthly*,

Sir,—In your "Highland Notes" for May, the barbarous custom at public dinners called "Highland Honours" is very properly denounced. You may remember that some two or three years ago I sent you a letter disapproving of the practice so falsely dignified and so wrongly named. I am glad you have now sounded a war note against the continuance of a stupid and ridiculous practice, which never had anything to commend it except some far-fetched notion that it would give a special war-like character to the drama of "Rob Roy," as played on the boards of a theatre in a *Lowland* city!

Some time ago, in the columns of a Highland contemporary, I called attention to the desirability of discontinuing the custom; and suggested that if anyone thought it necessary to perpetuate some distinctive method of drinking toasts under the title of "Highland Honours," that a foot placed on the edge of his chair (instead of the table) should satisfy the most benighted and boisterous son of the north.

But this was proposed merely as a compromise. Writing frankly, I am bound to say that the best remedy for this foreign growth, grafted on a patient and enduring people, lies in its total abolition.

I am, etc., D. MACGREGOR, M.D.

London.

JOHN STEWART. GEORGE REID (ASSAM).
MRS J. STEWART.

JOHN STEWART, LONDON.

NOW that the tea industry of Assam has assumed such immense proportions it will doubtless interest our readers to learn something of the career of a worthy Highlander, whose name is perhaps more than that of many other individuals associated with the development of the Assam Tea Gardens.

Mr. John Stewart was born at Ballaterach, Aberdeenshire, on 19th January, 1846. His father was William Stewart, farmer, who was accidentally killed in a carriage accident. His mother kept on the farm and reared up her family of three sons and three daughters. On leaving school John occupied several situations, but was eventually offered by Mr. Williamson, the great tea planter, a situation as assistant tea planter in Assam. He accepted the opening and sailed for India, arriving at North Lakhimpur on 14th April, 1864. He remained in

India for twenty-seven years, his first visit to Scotland being after eleven years absence. His early experiences were unpleasant enough, but he soon showed that he possessed good Highland "grit." He learned to speak, read and write the Assamese language, an advantage of great value in dealing with native labourers. In 1867 he resigned his managership and became managing proprietor of a neighbouring garden; his interest in other proporties rapidly extended, until he managed all the estates in the district, with two exceptions only. In 1864 the tea crop for the locality was thirty chests, in 1896 it amounted to twenty-five thousand.

In 1875 he paid a visit to the old country, married Annie Allan Esplin, and shortly after returned to Assam. For three years, 1886-8, he assumed the management of the Bishnath Tea Company's gardens, and during that time he obtained results which increased the dividend from 4% to 13%, the shares doubling in value. Next year he was asked to manage the Deejoo Tea Coy. on his own terms, and the splendid crop for the first year enabled the Company to pay 6% against 2½% for the previous year. This extraordinary return was the direct result of Mr. Stewart's able management; and his record on these estates in producing increased returns has never been equalled in Assam. That year he returned to Scotland, his wife being the recipient of a handsome present from the employees, the same tangible kindness being shown her previously on her arrival in India.

In 1883 the firm of Stewart, Holl & Co., London, was started, of which Mr. Stewart is a partner. On his return to Scotland he bought and resided in, Louisville, Aberdeen, but sold it on his settling in London in 1894. He joined the Aberdeenshire Royal Engineers in 1891 as Quartermaster. In this brief sketch we have only summarised what has been a very successful and adventurous career, and we hope it may incite other young Highlanders to go out into the world and carve out a fortune for themselves as John Stewart has so ably done.

GENERAL SIMON FRASER.

BY J. P. MACLEAN.

(*Continued from page* 169.)

GENERAL BURGOYNE has described the burial scene with his usual felicity of expression and eloquence: "About sunset the corpse of General Fraser was brought up the hill, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies. General Phillips, Riedesel, and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession: they who were ignorant that privacy had been requested, might construe it neglect. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. The circumstances that ensued cannot be better described than they have been by different witnesses. The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw upon all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the minds of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited—to the canvas and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive—long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

Burgoyne was not unmindful of the wounded general. He was directing the progress of the battle, and it was not until late in the evening that he came to visit the dying man. A tender scene took place between him and Fraser. General Fraser was the idol of the army and upon him Burgoyne placed most reliance. The spot where General Fraser lies buried is on an elevated piece of ground commanding an extensive view of the Hudson, and a great length of the interval on either side. The grave is marked by a tablet placed there by Mrs. E. H. Walworth, a trustee of the Saratoga Monumental Association.

General Fraser held the esteem of all who knew him, and those who have studied his character name him only to praise. The Earl of Balcarres, who succeeded him in the command of the light infantry, thus spoke of him: "General Fraser's temper was warm, open and communicative, but reserved in matters of confidence." In his official report to Lord George Germaine, of July 11, 1777, Burgoyne, referring to the affair at Hubbardton, says: "I have only to add that the exertions of Brigadier Fraser on this day were but a continuance of that uniform intelligence, activity and bravery, which distinguish his character on all occasions, and entitle him to be recommended in the most particular manner to his Majesty's favour." In his report dated October 20, 1777, he paid this tribute: "The British officers have bled profusely and

most honourably, but the extensive merits which marked the public and private character of Brigadier-General Fraser will long remain upon the memory of this army, and make his loss a subject of particular regret." The following letter addressed on the outside "To Major-General Gates or officer commanding the Forces near Half Moon," and sealed with an impression in sealing wax of his coat of arms, sheds some light on his education and character:

"7th September, 1777.

Sir: It has been represented to me by several deserters from your army that Mr. Simon Fraser, a prisoner taken at Bennington, is treated with an uncommon degree of severity. If this report is true I am persuaded it must be owing to some misrepresentation. This person is an Inhabitant on Hoosac Creek, and is the father of nine children; he joined us at F. Elward with other Loyalists, and I got him placed in a Civil employment from which he could draw some temporary income; he imagined that the detachment under the late Lieut.-Col. Baume would have passed near his house, he went along with it, and as it did not go within many miles of his habitation was taken in the action, I am told without arms. Now, Sir, I can appeal to your humanity, if a person answering this description is an object of resentment, or if he deserved to be distinguished by particular ill-treatment, and if upon enquiry, you will find his case to be, as thus stated, I hope you will have the goodness to give directions for his enlargement, and putting him on the same footing with other prisoners of war. I send five guineas by the Drummer Major of the 24th Regiment for the use of Mr. Fraser, and must request the favour of some gentleman in your family to forward it to him.

I shall have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

SIM. FRASER,
B. General."

In Eastman's "Life of General Stark," now a very rare work, we find the following incident narrated: "Two of the American officers taken at Hubbardstown, relate the following anecdote of General Fraser. He saw that they were in distress, as their Continental paper would not pass with the English, and offered to loan them as much as they wished for their present circumstances. They took three guineas each. He remarked to them: 'Gentlemen, take what you wish—give me your due bills, and when we reach Albany I trust to your honour to take them up, for we shall, doubtless, overrun the country, and I shall probably have an opportunity of seeing you again.'"

A portrait of General Fraser at the moment of being wounded and another of his funeral, said to have been painted by West at the expense of his brother officers, and presented by them to his widow are both in possession of Captain James Wilson Fraser of Balnain at Farraline House. Graham's painting of his burial is reproduced in De Fonblanque's "Life of Burgoyne."

Early in the autumn of 1769 General Fraser married the widow of Alexander Grant of Percy Street, London, who survived him without issue.

The following notice of this lady, taken from the "London Chronicle" for July 4-6, 1780, is of interest in this connection: "Yesterday (July 3, 1780) was tried before the Right Hon. Earl Mansfield and a special jury, a cause wherein Mr. Schreiber, a merchant, was plaintiff, and Mrs. Fraser, widow of the late General Fraser, was defendant. The action was brought for damages on a breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Dunning opened for the plaintiff, and brought witnesses to prove the promises. The first and principal was the plaintiff's son, who deposed, that the Lady had acknowledged to him her having consented to marry his father. A man servant deposed, that his mistress had engaged him to go abroad with her to Germany, in case of the marriage having taking place. Mr. Christie was brought to prove that the plaintiff bought a house in Portland Place, at the price of £4,100, and on account of the marriage not taking place, has sold it again for £3,600. A horse dealer proved he had bought four horses at 35 guineas each, and sold them again all four at 74 guineas. A coach-maker proved he had bought two carriages for £200; a tailor proved making a suit of livery, on account of the promised marriage.

"Mr. Solicitor General pleaded, that his client had no objections to the person, character, or fortune of the plaintiff, who is certainly a very respectable wealthy merchant, and in every respect a very advantageous match for her; that in the course of the treaty she began to think that Mr. Schreiber's temper and hers might not agree; in that case, the match would render both parties extremely unhappy, for which reason she thought best to retract, though evidently to her own loss and disadvantage, his fortune being far superior to hers. He further observed, that no attempt had been made to prove his client a woman of fortune; therefore it was much below the the plaintiff to want to take from her small pittance, and add to his own great abundance. Here he was stopped by Mr. Dunning, who adduced proof that the Lady's fortune here, in the East Indies, and America, amounted to £24,000, or upwards.

"Mr. Solicitor General replied, that the fortune in England might be ascertained, but that abroad could not; but with regard to fortune, his client had suffered most by breaking off the match, for she was to have her own fortune at her own disposal, £300 a year pin money, £10,000 settled upon her, and the house at Forty Hill, or at her option £5,000 instead of it, in all £15,000 in case of her survival.

"Lord Mansefield, in summing up the evidence, observed, that the promise of marriage was proved; that certainly each party, engaged to marry, has a right at any time previous to the ceremony, and even before the priest, if they apprehended unhappiness to be the event; but it was under this circumstance that the party retracting, if able, should make good the damages sustained by the other through the treaty—the plaintiff had proved some damages—it was for the jury to assess the quantum. The jury, after a consultation of a few minutes, gave a verdict of £600 damages, with costs."

This Lady (according to "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. 51, p. 194) was married at Edinburgh, April 16, 1781, to an advocate named George Buchan Hepburn.

An account of the redoubtable Tim Murphy may be of some interest. "The soldier who shot General Fraser was Tim Murphy, a Virginian, who belonged to Morgan's rifle corps, in which he distinguished himself as a marksman, and excited much interest while in camp. After the capture of Burgoyne, the company to which he belonged was ordered to Schoharie, where it remained until their term of service expired. When the company was disbanded, Murphy and some others remained, and served in the militia; his skill in the desultory war which the Indians carry on, gave him so high a reputation, though not nominal the commander, he usually directed all the movements of the scouts that were sent out, and on many important occasions the commanding officers found it dangerous to neglect his advice; his *double rifle*, his skill as a marksman, and his fleetness either in retreat or pursuit, made him an object both of dread and of vengeance to the Indians; they formed many plans to destroy him, but he always eluded them, and sometimes made them suffer for their temerity.

"He fought the Indians with their own weapons. When circumstances permitted, he tomahawked and scalped his fallen enemy; he boasted after the war that he had slain forty of the enemy with his own hand; more than half of whom he scalped; he took delight in perilous adventures, and seemed to love danger for danger's sake. Tradition has preserved the account of many of his exploits; a single instance as proof of the dread with which he was regarded by the Indians, is here given. They were unable to conjecture how he could discharge his rifle twice without having time to reload; and his singular good fortune in escaping unhurt, led them to suppose that he was attended by some invisible being, who warded off *their* bullets, and sped *his* with unerring certainty to the mark. When they had learned the mystery of his double-barrelled rifle, they were careful not to expose themselves too much until he had fired twice, knowing that he must have time to reload his piece before he could do them further injury. One day being separated from his party, he was pursued by a number of Indians, all of whom he outran excepting one; Murphy turned round, fired upon this Indian, and killed him. Supposing that the others had given up the pursuit he stopped to strip the dead, when the rest of his pursuers came in sight. He snatched the rifle of his fallen foe, and with it killed one of his pursuers; the rest, now sure of their prey, with a yell of joy heedlessly rushed on, hoping to make him their prisoner; he was ready to drop down with fatigue, and was likely to be overtaken, when turning round, he discharged the remaining barrel of rifle, and killed the foremost of the Indians; the rest, astonished at his firing three times in succession, fled, crying out that he could shoot all day without loading.

"In stature, Murphy was about five feet six inches, and very well proportioned, with dark complexion, and an eye that would kindle and flash like very lightning when excited. He was exceedingly quick in all his motions, and possessed an iron frame that nothing apparently could effect; and what is very remarkable, his body was never wounded or scarred during the whole war. At the close of the war, Murphy became a farmer and settled it Schoharie County, New York. He was a capital stump speaker, and was a political power in the county. He died in 1818, full of years and honours, of cancer occasioned by the recoil of his rifle on his cheek."

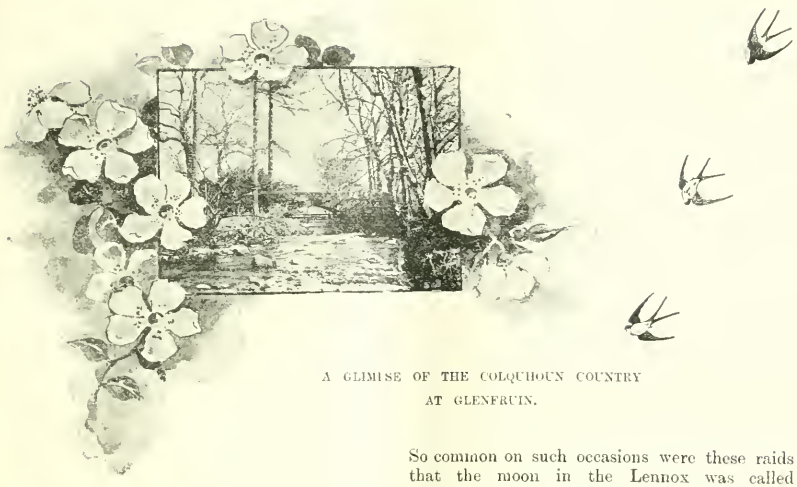
He accompanied Sullivan's expedition against the Indians in 1779, and was one of the ill-fated party of Lieut. Boyd, but escaped capture by his fleetness.

The life of Morgan has been admirably written by Graham. The book is scarce, but after much effort I was enabled to secure a copy.

[CONCLUDED]

MR. D. N. NICOL, M.P., has been re-elected president, and Messrs. Neil MacMillan and John Dunlop, secretaries, of the London Argyllshire Association.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hugh Bannerman, of Southport, (a native of Helmsdale) which took place on 9th May. Mr. Bannerman had many friends, and his decease will be lamented by his countrymen in all parts of the world. It will be remembered that we gave his portrait and sketch in our issue of November, 1895.



A GLIMPSE OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY AT GLENFRUIN.

TRADITIONS OF LOCH LOMOND.

By F. Mary Colquhoun.

In recent papers on the traditions of our "Queen of Scottish Lakes," I refrained purposely from entering on the vexed subject of the feuds between the Colquhouns and the Macgregors. My reason for this was that as we have such esteemed and valued friends amongst our foes of forgone generations, I did not like to say a word which might hurt their feelings should their eyes come across any account of these "differences." Since my papers have been published, however, I have been asked again to fight our old battles in pen and ink once more, and in this case I trust any descendants of Rob Roy will forgive my giving our side of the story.

I must begin by saying that in those days when piracy wholesale on the high seas, as described by Froude in "Seamen of the 16th Century," was not considered the crime it would be thought of at the present time, "lifting" of cattle was also more highly esteemed. Thus, the flocks and herds of the Colquhouns on the richly pastured "banks and braes of Loch Lomond" were very tempting to their neighbours, the Macfarlanes and the Macgregors, who made frequent descents on the well nourished cattle, under the light of the moon "shining broad o'er the brow o' Ben Lomond." So common on such occasions were these raids that the moon in the Lennox was called "Macfarlane's lamp."

These predatory raids seem to have been the chief bone of contention between the Colquhouns and Macgregors, as the latter from all accounts appear to have been always the aggressors.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to "Rob Roy," attributes the origin of the animosity to the speedy vengeance taken by the Laird of Luss on two of the Macgregors, who having, when benighted, been denied shelter by a retainer of the Chief of Colquhoun took a wedder from the tenant's fold, killed it, and supped on it, for which they offered payment to the owner, but whom the Laird of Luss, in the exercise of his ample powers as a feudal baron, siezed, condemned and executed. In confirmation of the truth of this story, the Macgregors refer to the proverb, '*mult dubh an carrabaill ghil*,' current among them, execrating the hour that the black wedder with the white tail was ever lambed. It is, however, very doubtful whether this incident ever occurred, and the terrible outbursts of fury of the Macgregors against the Colquhouns were the results most likely of standing hostility between the two families. Among the Luss papers there are list of articles stolen by the Macgregors from the Colquhouns in the year 1594 and in other years previous to 1600, but in 1602 the Macgregors made more formidable inroads into the lands of Luss, and complaints were made against them by the Chief of Colquhoun to King James, upon which His Majesty, dispensing with the provisions of an Act of Parliament forbidding the carrying of arms, granted permission to him and his tenants

to wear various kinds of offensive weapons. The first of the raids referred to before between the Macgregors and Colquhouns took place on the 7th December, 1602, at Glenfinlas, two miles west of Rossdhu and three to the north of Glenfruin. This raid was headed by Duncan Mackewin Macgregor, tutor of Glenstrae. He led about 80 followers, quoting a contemporary paper of Luss, "by way of oppression and reif," breaking open the doors of many tenants, and taking the plenishing out of their houses, beside 100 horses, 400 sheep, and 400 goats. Amongst the tenants displaced were, John Maccuslane of Caldenotu, John Leich of Cullichipen, beside other tenants in Edintagert, Glenmacairne, Auchintullich, Finlas, Tomboy, Midross, etc., the houses plundered amounting to forty-five. Another Luss paper called the "Memorandum for Duncan Mackinturnour, Elder in Lus," records that in December, 1602, at the herschip of Glenfinlas, two months before the day of Glenfruin, Duncan Mackewin Macgregor and his followers reft and took away from the said Duncan Mackinturnour 25 cows and 30 sheep. Alexander Colquhoun of Luss was advised by some friends to appear before the King at Stirling to complain of the depredations and cruel murders committed by the Macgregors, and to take with him a number of women carrying the bloody shirts of their murdered husbands and sons. This idea was suggested to him by Semple of Fulwood and William Stewart, Captain of Dumbarton Castle. The scene produced a strong sensation in the mind of the King and his sympathy was excited towards the sufferers, while his resentment was roused against the Macgregors, on whom he vowed vengeance. As the speediest means of redress he granted a commission of lieutenancy to Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, investing him with power to repress crimes of the description from which he had suffered, and to apprehend the perpetrators. This commission granted to their enemy roused the rage of the Macgregors, and Glenfruin with its disastrous consequences was the result. Sir Robert Gordon in his history of the "Earldom of Sutherland" mistakes the conflict of Glenfinlas, for the more serious one of Glenfruin which took place shortly afterwards. The Macgregors were the aggressors it will thus be seen, while Colquhoun was invested with a commission from the King to punish them for their lawlessness. The Battle of Glenfruin, "glen of sorrow" (so named before the encounter), was fought on the 7th of February, 1603, near the farm of Strone or Auchengaich. The ground was unfavourable for the Colquhouns who were entrapped into it, and the clan was a mounted one. The Macgregors assembled in Glenfruin in two divisions, one at the head of the glen, and the other in ambuscade at a ravine called Crate. The Colquhouns came into Glenfruin from the Luss side by Glen Luss and Glen Mackurin. Alexander Colquhoun pushed on his forces in order to get through the glen before encountering the Macgregors, but aware of his approach Alaister Macgregor, captain of their band, also pushed one division of his forces forward, and entered at the head of the glen in time to prevent his enemy from emerging from the upper end of the ravine, whilst his brother, John Macgregor, with his division of his forces, which lay in ambuscade by a detour, took the rear of the Colquhouns which prevented their retreat down the glen without fighring their way through that section of the Macgregors who had got in the rear. The success of the stratagem by which the Colquhouns were thus placed between two fires seems to be the only way of accounting for the terrible slaughter of the Colquhouns and the less loss of the Macgregors. Alaister Macgregor at the head of the division charged furiously the Chief of Luss and his men. For a time they bravely maintained the contest. An old weaver, who was on the Colquhoun side, is said to have been one of the best fighters on that day, and to have slain a good many of the Macgregors. In the unfavourable circumstances in which they had to fight the Colquhous became unable to maintain their ground, and falling into a moss at Auchengaich, they were thrown into disorder and being now at the mercy of the Macgregors, who, taking advantage of the confusion, killed many of them, they made a retreat, and had to force their way through the men led by John Macgregor, whilst they were pushed behind by Alaister, who, reuniting the two divisions of the army, continued the pursuit. Bnt even in the retreat the Colquhouns shewed their intrepidity. One of them, when pressed hard by some of the Macgregors as he fled from the battle, on reaching the Coinach, a deep black pool of the Finlas in Shantron Glen, with savage rocks a hundred and twenty feet above the pool at the bottom where the sun never sheds a ray, by a desperate effort leaped the frightful chasm. Not one Macgregor ventured to follow him. The Colquhoun turned round, drew an arrow from his quiver, and shot the nearest of his pursuers as he stood wavering on the brink, and then gained his freedom. Whoever fell into the hands of the victors, even defenceless women and children, were remorselessly put to death. The Chief was chased to the castle door of Rossdhu, and his horse while leaping over a fall near Rossdhu was killed by a Macgregor.

(To be continued.)

CAMPBELL T. MACKAY.

Mrs. CAMPBELL T. MACKAY.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 11. Vol. V.] AUGUST, 1897. [Price Threepence.

CAMPBELL T. MACKAY, LIVERPOOL.

A CENTURY and a quarter have passed since Colin Mackay, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, left his native place, Kilmorack, Inverness-shire, to seek his fortune in other parts. His eldest son, Hugh, was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1801. He was a man of considerable prominence in his day, being a merchant and shipowner of Liverpool, St. John, New Brunswick, and Quebec, Canada. He died in Canada in 1864 and was buried there. His youngest son, Campbell T. Mackay, of "St. Foy," Blundell Sands, Liverpool (whose portrait, with that of his wife, we present with this issue), was born at Birkenhead, Cheshire, in 1855. Most of his early life was spent at Quebec, but he was educated at the Liverpool College. When seventeen years of age he entered the mercantile house of W. H. Ross & Co., Liverpool, where he remained six years. Thereafter he joined his uncles' firm, A. F. & D. Mackay, Wood Brokers, Canada Dock, Liverpool, became partner in 1881, and is now head of the business, having as partner his cousin, Mr. Archibald Forbes Mackay, only son of the late Mr. A. F. Mackay. The firm is one of the best known in the trade, their principal article of commerce being "spruce deals," of which Mr. Mackay's brother, Mr. W. Malcolm Mackay of St. John, New Brunswick, is the largest shipper in Canada, principally to the United Kingdom and Continental ports.

In 1879 Mr. Mackay married Ada Marguerite, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. William Johnson, Banker, St. Helens, Lancashire, granddaughter of the late Mr. Thomas Greenall Litton, of Sankey Hall, Warrington, a very old Lancashire family. They have one son only.

Mr. Mackay is, of course, a life member of the Clan Mackay Society, which every "Real Mackay" ought to be, and takes a deep interest in its work.

EXILED.

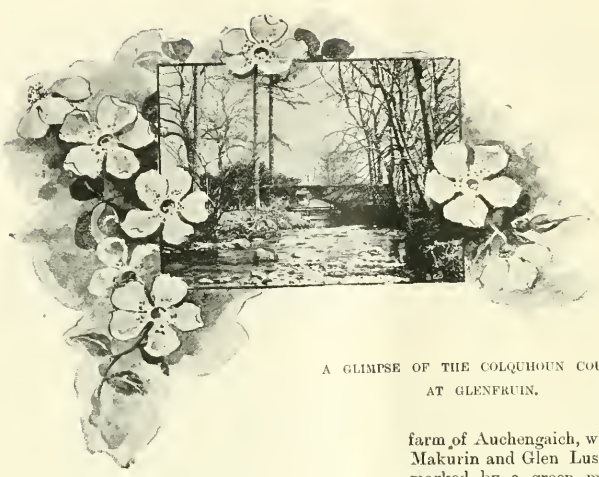
A STRANGER I, in a weary land
Where the men all strangers be,
And never my hand may hold a hand
That is warm with love to me.
And it's oh, to be where in days of old
My father's race held sway,
Where the mists are rolled in waves of gold
On the peaks of the mountains gray,
And the mighty dead with martial tread
Swept down from the mountains gray!

In the land of the Celt, where my fathers dwelt
By the sounding Northern wave,
There would I kneel where my kindred knelt,
And there would I find a grave!
But far away are the islands blue
That lie in the Western sea,
And the dear old home my fathers knew
Is home no more for me;
And the songs they sung in the ancient tongue
Come only in dreams to me.

For me there waits no welcome there,
In the land of the setting sun;
No spirit breathes a heart-warm prayer
For the peace of a homeless one.
Ah, cold North-wind! as chill am I
In the breath of the frozen Now.
Swift cloud that movest across the sky,
Love speeds as fleet as thou,
For a desert sear is the land's face here,
And sad, my soul, art thou.

Is there never a voice can sing the songs,
The old home songs again?
No crumb for a hungry soul that longs
To share in the love of men?
A stranger I, in a stranger land,
And a stranger I must be;
But oh, that my hand might hold a hand
That is warm with love to me!
And oh, for the light of an eye that is bright
With the dawning of love for me!

W. M. Whyte.



A GLIMPSE OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY AT GLENFRUIN.

TRADITIONS OF LOCH LOMOND.

By F. Mary Colquhoun.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

The Conflict of Glenfruin, and Proscription of the Macgregors.

THE ruins of the castle are near the modern mansion. When the pursuit ended the spoilation began. Six hundred cows and oxen, eight hundred sheep and goats, two hundred horses, and much "plenishing" were carried off as plunder, and fire was set to many of the houses and barnyards of the tenantry. Among the Macgregors who were slain at Glenfruin was John Dhu Macgregor, surnamed "Nan Lurach" (of the Mail), who fell by an arrow from one of the Colquhouns whilst his party were pursuing them after the conflict. The event is noted by the bard of the Colquhouns, whose Gaelic lines may be freely translated, thus:

> "Quickly didst thou wheel,
> Stripling Mackintosh,
> By thee was slain
> John of the Mail,
> Macgregor's son victorious."

The burial place of those who fell in the Battle of Glenfruin is near the head of the glen of that name; where the battle begun is on the farm of Auchengaich, which conducts from Glen Makurin and Glen Luss into Glenfruin. It is marked by a green mound planted with six mountain fir trees and two rowan trees. This mound is sixty-six paces in circumference. The field is level, and it is bounded by the Fruin and Auchengaich burn on the south and west. The resentment of the King and Government was intensely inflamed against the Clan Gregor, whose lawless deeds culminated in the terrific scenes enacted at Glenfruin.

In the trials which took place from the 20th May, 1603, to March 2nd, 1604, thirty-five of the Macgregors were convicted of "high crimes and misdemeanour," and only one acquitted. In all these instances it appears, from Birrel's Diary, the sentence of death was carried into effect. Alaister Macgregor, the head of the Macgregors, did not fall into the hands of the Government till a year after the Battle of Glenfruin. He had been almost entrapped by Campbell of Ardkinglass, Sheriff of Argyllshire, who, intending to arrest him, sent him to the Earl of Argyll. He received an invitation to a banquet in the Earl's house on an islet of the loch, was then made prisoner, and placed in a boat guarded by five men. Macgregor, however, seeing his situation, leaped out of the corracle, and gained the shore in safety. He was less successful in eluding Archibald, Earl of Argyll, who, according to Birrell, captured him and had him conducted to Berwick by the guard in accordance with the Earl's promise that he would place him on Scottish ground. The author writes, "Swa the Erle keipit ane Hielandmanis promes, in respect he sent the gaird to convoy him out of Scottis ground, but thai were not drectit to pairt with him, bot to fetche

him bak agane." The military escort conducted their prisoner but a little way past the bridge of Berwick-on-Tweed, and then made him turn again to Edinburgh, on the 18th of January, 1604, for his trial. Two days afterwards he and four of his clan, Patrick Aldoche Macgregor, William Macneile, his servant, Duncan Pudrace Macgregor, and Alaister Macgregor Macean, were tried before the High Court of Justiciary for the crime of treason, in having attacked the Chief of Colquhoun whilst armed with a Royal Commission to resist the "cruel enterprises" of the Macgregors. The Laird of Grantully, the Chief of Menzies, and Donach Dhu of Glenurchy, were amongst the jurors. Having been found guilty, Alaister Macgregor and his four accomplices were doomed to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh on the same day. The sentence was carried out to the letter, and the gibbet on which Alaister Macgregor was hanged, as

From M'Ian's] COLQUHOUN *[Clans of Scotland.*

described by Birrell, was "his awin hicht aboon the rest of his friendis," their lands and heritages being forfeited. The heads of Alaister and his associate, Patrick Aldoch Macgregor, were by the orders of the Government sent to Dunbarton to be placed on the Tolbooth there. On the 13th of February, 1604, the Town Council of Dunbarton "concludit and ordanit that the Laird of Macgregor's heid, with Patrick Auldochy, his heid, be put up on the Tolbuith, on the maist convenient place the Baillies and Counsall thinkis guid."

Eighteen other executions of the Macgregors followed at the Market Cross of Edinburgh for being art and part in the "slaughters fire-raising, reif and herschippis, committed in the month of February, 1603, against the Laird of Luss, his friends and partakers, or for intercommuning with the Laird of Macgregor, and reset of him and his friends."

While tracing the severe measures of Government towards the Macgregors, we may also note the terms on which Government were disposed to shew leniency towards the clan. These terms involved their renouncing their surnames, and finding security for future submission. On the 10th September, 1606, a number of the race of Macgregor "personally compeared" before the Earl at Doune of Monteith. They adopted surnames such as Stewart, Dougald, Grant, and Cunninghame, and swore that in all time coming they should call themselves and their offspring by their adopted names under pain of death. For those who agreed to these terms the Earl of Argyll voluntarily became surety, under pecuniary penalties varying from two hundred to five hundred merks from each, that they would be "dutiful and submissive subjects to the King, and that all for whom they were answerable as well as for themselves, should swear allegiance to His Majesty."—(Copy Act at Rossdhu). The Earl of Argyll in recognition of his services against the Macgregors was granted by King James VI. as much of the lands and lordship of Kintyre as would yield a yearly rent of 20 chalders of victual, with 20,000 merks Scots.

The Macgregors were driven to desperation by the punishment inflicted against their proscribed clan. Being beyond the pale of protection of the law, they often retaliated the wrongs they supposed had been committed on them, on those who were empowered to punish them by fire and sword. They continued to harass the Chief of Colquhoun and the natives of the Lennox, and Alexander Colquhoun had occasion to renew his complaints of the predatory raids of the Macgregors done on himself and tenantry. The Privy Council, hearing of their renewed spoilations, adopted renewed and stringent measures against the marauders, who were wont to seek shelter in the lochs, where they defied their enemies. Thus in 1610, 6th September, it was ordained that all His Majesty's subjects who owned boats and coracles on these waters should be forbidden from carrying any members of Clan Gregor on any pretence whatever, under the pain of being punished with all vigour as assisters of the said clan in their "criminal enterprises."

Despairing of clemency from Government the Macgregors mustered in an island of Loch Katrine, fortifying it with men, sword, powder and bullets, meaning to keep it as a place of defence from His Majesty's troops. It was thus needful to the success of the Royal troops in pursuit of these "woulffis and thevis" that the boats and birlins on Loch Lomond should be transported to Loch Katrine, and the Lords of the Privy Council summoned by proclamation at the Market Cross of Dunbarton, Stirling, Doune, and Monteith, all His Majesty's subjects between sixteen and sixty years of age within the six parishes of Lennox to meet at the head of Loch Lomond on the 12th of February, for the purpose of carrying the boats and coracles on Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine.

Alexander of Colquhoun was resolved to head his clan to fight their foes of Macgregor. On the 31st of January, 1611, he appeared at Stirling with other distinguished personages, including the Earl of Tullibardine, Lord Moray and his son Henry, Lord St. Colne, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchay, Sir George Buchanan of that ilk, James Campbell of Lawers, and Andrew Macfarlane of Arrochar. Each of them undertook "to go to the fieldis and to enter in action and bloode against" the Clan Gregor before the 13th of February, 1611, and to prosecute that service for a month at his own charges. The King was then to defray the expenses of a hundred men to assist them, while they were to bear the cost of another hundred men till the service was ended. The Lords of the Council also ordained a missive to be written to Duncan Campbell, Captain of Carrick, requiring him to "remove all boats out of Loch Long and Lochegoyll, to prevent the proscribed clan having passage to these lochs." We thus see that all means were used to extirpate the Macgregors. Sir Walter Scott and Hogg both find themes for their muse in the tragedy, one taking the part of the Colquhouns and the other of the Macgregors, on whom "a feast should be common for years to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond."

SONG FOR THE LUSS HIGHLAND GATHERING—AUGUST, 1897.

Oh! clansmen of Lennox—again have we met—
Some with hearts here are heavy—all wild with regret—
And some—looking forward with boundless delight
To a future of joy ever hidden from sight.

'Tis a year since we parted beside our blue lake,
Did ye heed to the words that I spoke to you then?
Have ye followed your leader and fought for his sake,
Have ye wrestled and come forth victorious men?

I know not—but ye know if true ye have been
To your hearths and your altars, your God and your Queen!
With a strong arm to aid you, tho' hidden from sight,
You will win in the battle—and gain in his might!

F. Mary Colquhoun.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON-MACDONALD.

ADMIRAL D. ROBERTSON-MACDONALD.

ADMIRAL DAVID ROBERTSON-MACDONALD is the sixth son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Robertson-Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and is now the representative of that branch of the Macdonalds. On his father's side he is the grandson of Principal Robertson, historian of Scotland and Charles V.; on his mother's side a great-grandson of Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who was one of the first to take up the Stuart cause in 1745, and died for his King and Country at Carlisle in 1746.

The Admiral was born in August, 1817, entered the Royal Navy in 1831 and served on various stations. In 1842 he was engaged during the Chinese war in the operations up the Yang-tse-kiang; and afterwards served as Acting Commander of H.M.S. "Hazard" at the outbreak of the first New Zealand war, and was severely wounded and his thigh broken in defending the town of Kororarika from the attack of an overwhelming body of natives on 11th March, 1845. For his services on this occasion he received his promotion, and was presented with a sword, and received a vote of thanks from the various settlements in New Zealand.

He afterwards served on the West Coast of Africa in putting down the slave trade, and liberating four hundred and thirty slaves. He was nearly seven years Inspecting Commander in the Coast Guard and got his promotion as Captain for his services in that capacity. He was seventeen years Assistant Inspector of lifeboats to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and received the silver medal and a model of a lifeboat and carriage for his services in saving life.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S WALK—KINLOCHMOIDART HOUSE.

PART XV.—(*Continued from page* 188).

THE CRIMEA—BALACLAVA.

THE Waterloo campaign was followed by a long period of home service for the "Greys." We will now pass on to the year 1854, when Russia, weary of peace, sought in her ambition to overwhelm Turkey, was arrested in her wilful aggression by the united action of Britain and France. War was declared against the Czar on the 27th March, 1854, and in April a British force was despatched to the East.

The Scots Grey had been for some time in Nottingham and had become very popular in that town, when their commanding officer, Colonel Darby Griffiths, received orders to hold them in readiness to embark for the seat of war. The final order for departure was received on the 2nd July, 1854, and the Mayor and other influential inhabitants at once arranged to bid the "Greys" a public farewell.

Early on Monday, 3rd July, the regiment quitted the barracks, and marched to the Exchange, in front of which it was formed up in square. The Mayor and Corporation, with several magistrates and gentlemen of the town and country then arrived, and the ancient "loving cup" of the Corporation being handed round, they drank to the health of Colonel Griffiths, his officers and men, wishing them "God's speed," amid the heartiest cheers of the spectators. Other toasts were drunk and speeches delivered, after which the regiment marched from the town *en route* for Liverpool, the port of embarkation.

In September the "Greys" landed in the Crimea and joined the army at the Katcha, a few days after the Battle of Alma; were attached to the Heavy Cavalry Brigade commanded by Brigadier General James Yorke Scarlett. The regiments brigaded with the "Greys" were their former companions-in-arms at Waterloo and other fields of battle—the Royals, and the Inniskillin Dragoons, and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards.

During the advance upon Sebastopol, the cavalry were several times engaged with the retiring Russians; and on the 26th September a party of the "Greys," dismounting, skirmished through a wood, where some Russians, throwing themselves down and pretending to be dead, rose after the "Greys" had passed, and fired on them, for which dastardly and treacherous *ruse* they were, as they deserved to be, all put to death (Hamley).

On the following day the town of Balaclava was occupied by the allies, and on the 17th October, 1854, the Siege of Sebastopol was actually commenced.

The Russians under Menschikoff and Gortschakoff made every effort to combat their daring enemies, and were concentrating all their available forces to attack the flank and rear of the allied position, and make a grand attempt to

stop, and if possible raise the siege. As early as the 10th October, there were rumours afloat of infantry and artillery being seen gathering in the valleys in the rear and flank of this position.

Early in the morning of the 18th a vidette was observed "circling left" most energetically. This being reported, the Roll Call to "boot and saddle" was heard, and the Scots Greys and a troop of horse artillery assembled with the remaining cavalry on the plain; the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders got under arms, and the batteries on the heights were manned immediately. The distant pickets were seen to advance when a dragoon dashed over the plain with the intelligence that the enemy was rapidly advancing. Then the cavalry and infantry moved towards the eminence from which the signal had been given by the vidette. The Turks opened fire from the advanced entrenchments, upon which the Muscovites halted in their advance, and in the evening lighted their watch fires, which at night shone brightly in the darkness. These fires were attentively watched, but when the sun rose and the mist dissipated no Russians were to be seen.

During the next day the vidette was seen to be "circling right," signifying the approach of cavalry, "circling left" meant the approach of infantry. "Boot and saddle" resounded again through the cavalry encampment with the same result as on the preceding day. On the 20th the vidette "circled left and right." Trumpets responded. "Boot and saddle," "bugle and drum," called cavalry and infantry to arms and

CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS; AND FRENCH "EAGLES" TAKEN AT WATERLOO.

march to meet the foe, but the only amusement afforded the troops was to listen to a few shots from the Turkish entrenched batteries. It was a reconnaissance in force. The Russian General having obtained the required view of the allied position retired behind the hills.

On the 22nd, meanwhile, the Russians opened a very heavy cannonade from Sebastopol upon the French, and at night made an artful and stealthy sortie upon their batteries and spiked fire mortars, much to the chagrin of our allies.

From all the information now received it became evident that the Russians had made every prepartion for an attack on Balaclava, the port into which all British ships brought supplies for the siege and army. If they could capture it, the siege would be stopped. They had obtained by previous observations such as have been described, and by night Cossack patrols who eluded our sentries, every needed information regarding the allied position behind Balaclava, that it was too extensive to be held and defended by the comparatively few troops they had observed around it.

Lord Raglan was aware of this fact, for on the 13th October he sent Sir Colin Campbell to take charge of the defence of the town, and as a reinforcement take the 93rd with him, and do all he thought requisite to strengthen the entrenchments and redoubts around it.

At 7-30 on the eventful morning of the 25th October, an orderly from Sir Colin came galloping in to the headquarters camp with the news that at dawn a strong corps of Russian

cavalry, infantry, and artillery had debouched from the hills and valleys to the east into the valley of Balaclava and had expelled the Turks from No. 1 Redoubt, and opened fire on Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

Lord Lucan, who was with his cavalry division in the immediate vicinity of the redoubts, brought up his guns and some cavalry, but he was obliged to retire owing to the superior number and weight of the Russian guns.

Lord Raglan issued orders to the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart to put their divisions forthwith in motion for the scene of action. Canrobert was at once advised of the attack in force by the Russians; that General immediately ordered Bosquet with his division and a strong force of artillery and 200 Chasseurs d' Afrique to assist in holding the position. Meanwhile Sir Colin Campbell had drawn up the 93rd a little in front of the road to Balaclava. The marines on the heights above that town on the east got under arms, the batteries were manned, and the French artillerymen and Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's camp was the scene of great excitement, and prepared to operate on the enemy's squadrons.

A certain feeling existed in some quarters that our cavalry had not been properly handled since they landed in the Crimea, and that they had lost golden opportunities from the indecision and excessive caution of their commanders. It was affirmed that the light cavalry were utterly useless in the performance of the most important duties, foraging for the army—that they were "above their business, and too fine gentlemen for their work." The existence of this feeling was known to many of the cavalry, they were indignant, and exasperated that the faintest shade of suspicion should be cast upon any of their corps With the justice of these aspersions they seemed to think they had nothing to do, and perhaps the prominent thought in their minds was that they would give such an example of courage to the world, if the chance afford itself, as would shame their detractors for ever.

If the exhibition they were to shew this day, of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry could afford consolation for what was to happen this day, we had no cause to regret the melancholy loss sustained in the approaching contest.

At the moment the Redoubts Nos. 1 and 2 were carried by Russians, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across between Nos. 1 and 2. The cavalry under Lord Lucan in glittering masses (the light cavalry under Lord Cardigan, the heavy under Brigadier General Scarlett) were drawn up in front of their encampment, having been ordered by Lord Raglan to retire from their advanced position as the French were coming forward, and by the recall of Lucan there would be time to bring them into play before the enemy could do much beyond what he had accomplished.

(*To be continued.*)

A SONNET OF HARVEST HOME.

See! what a light of lonliness doth lie
Over the autumn-tinted hill and plain!
What tho' the glory of the golden grain
Has gone from hence to swell the garner high,
What tho' no more the happy reapers' cry
Rouses an echo down the rustling lane,
And but the wastes of poppies red remain
Where waved the wealth of wheat and oats and rye,
Is there no charm in the solemnity
Of the reaped fields and the fast falling leaves;
No ringing joy which seems its voice to raise
In the mute eloquence of gathered sheaves?
Does not all nature plead with man to praise
Our Bread of Life now and eternally?

MAVOR ALLAN.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—Major J. Bayne Maclean, of the Dochgarroch Macleans, Montreal, Canada, President of the Clan Maclean in America, Donald Maclean, Solicitor, Cardiff, and Mrs. Maclean, Bessborough Street, London, widow of the late Colonel Alexander Maclean, 94th Regiment, of the Crosspool and Coll Macleans, have become life members of the Association. The Annual Social Gathering takes place in Glasgow on 22nd October.

THE CLAN GRANT SOCIETY.—By invitation of the Countess of Seafield a number of the members of this Society from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and elsewhere in Scotland visited Grantown and Castle Grant and the Strathspey district on 7th July. Among those present were Messrs. James Grant, President, Robert Grant, of Mucker, F. J. Grant, W.S., R. C. Grant, Peter Grant, Treasurer, John Grant, Writer, Glasgow, Secretary, Dr. Alfred Grant, Captain A. C. Grant, Rev. James Grant, M.A., etc They visited first the mansoleum at Duthel, where the Chiefs of the Grants are interred. From whence they visited the old Castle of Muckerack, and Castle Grant, the seat of the Lairds of Grant and Earls of Strathspey. Here a splendid dinner was provided by the Countess, and various toasts proposed. The party were then shewn the various family portraits and objects of interest in the castle, including many valuable pictures and books, as well as the old banners of the clan and the armour and flint-lock guns used by the Strathspey Fencibles. The day was very fine, and the party met with a hearty welcome wherever they went, and received many cordial invitations to return. Fifteen life members were enrolled by Mr. James Grant, the enthusiastic President of the Society.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song and melody appears in Volume II. of "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1818. The editor, Alexander Campbell, adds the following note :—"This melody, which is acknowledged pretty old, was taken down by the editor in 1795, from the singing of the worthy ingenious author of the Gaelic words adapted to it, namely, Colin Campbell, Esq., of Glenmore, Argyllshire, then Sheriff-substitute, and Collector of the Customs for the south-west district of Inverness-shire. The hero of the song in question was his particular friend, the late Captain Peter Campbell, one of the gallant Highlanders who distinguished themselves at the Battle of Minden; it is but a few months since he died; a bachelor, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He himself was a good Gaelic song-maker—was a pleasant and honest man. He was reckoned the best deer-stalker of his day." It may be added that this gallant Highlander was known in the west as "*Parn mór Ardseile.*" He is the author of the hunting song "*Thogainn fonn air lorg an fheidh*"—gaily I would hunt the deer—and "*Màiri òg*," a term of endearment applied to his trusty gun. His remains were interred in the Craigs burying-ground, Fort-William. On his tombstone we find the following unique inscription :—"Sacred to the memory of Captain Peter Campbell, late of the 42nd Regiment, who died on the XIII. of December, MDCCCXVI., aged eighty-three years. A true Highlander, a sincere friend, and the best deer-stalker of his day."

It may be added that Captain Campbell was an exceedingly handsome man, being six feet four inches in height and possessing the strength of a Hercules. FIONN

IS FADA THA MI 'M AONAR—I'M LANG MY LANE.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

	. s_l	d	. d	:	r	., m	f	., m	:	r	., r	m	. d	:	f	., r	d	s_l .
	I	ho-	rinn		ó,	hì	rì,	ho	-	ró,	Is	fada			tha	mi 'm	aon	- ar ;
	To	bide	a	-	lane	full	loath	am		l,	Of	single			life	I'm	we	- ary ;
	. l_l	d	. d	:	r	., m	d'	., m	:	r	., r	m	. s	:	s	., s	d'	: s .
	I	ho-	rinn		ó,	hì	rì,	ho	-	ró,	Is	fada			tha	mi 'n	aon	- ar ;
	My	winsome			May	to	win	I'll		try,	She's	couthie			aye	and	¦chee	- ry ;
	. f	m	. f	:	s	., s	d'	., s	:	s	., f	m	. s	:	f	., l	l	: f .
	O	rìgh 's gur			fada		fada			cian,	'S gur	fada			tha	mi 'm	aon	- ar,
	To	double			one's exis	-	tence			sure	Is	ration		-	al	and	pleas	- ing
	. m	f	. r	:	r	., t	d	., s	:	s	., f	m	. d	:	f	., r	d	: s_l .
	'Se	cùram			mu	na	muirichinn,					A	chum mi		air	an	t-seòl	so.
	Then	why	should		I	sae	lang	endure				A	lanesome		life	sae	teas	- ing.

An uair a bha mi 'm fhleasgach òg
Gun tug mi greis air òrain,
'S mi mire ris na nigheanan,
'N uair bha mi cridheil gòrach ;
Cha robh té a thach'radh orm
Nach feuchainn blas a pòige,
'S gu 'n dh'éisd iad ri mo mhànran,
O'n bha mi dàna seòlta.

Ach nis o'n laidh an aois orm
Cha 'n éisd iad ri mo chòmhradh,
'S 'nuair shuidheas mise làmh riu
Fàgaidh iad mi m' ònar.
'N uair theannas mi ri sùgradh
Gu 'm fàg sind uirigioll dhòmhsa,
'S ann their gach té ri chéile,
"A shean-duin', 's treun do dhòchus."

The little birds all woo and pair,
While sweetly they are singing,
The modest primrose, gowan fair,
(Sae lovely all up-springing.)
Are linked in bands o' mutual love,
And gaily smile and blossom,
Sae I, like them, my May will prove,
And take her to my bosom.

Then welcome holy wedlock joys!
I'll live nae langer single,
The winsome darling o' my choice,
Will grace my tidy ingle.
Belyve, my blythesome, bonny bride,
Sae loving, leal, and canty,
Will prove my sielfu' routh and pride.
Though warl's gear be scanty.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1897

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue will complete Volume V. As we are anxious to complete our List of Subscribers for Volume VI. as soon as possible, we shall feel obliged if those who desire the "Celtic" to be sent for another year will kindly forward their annual subscriptions (4/- post free) at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Readers will confer a favour upon us by giving this their immediate attention.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will give plate portraits and biographical sketches of Major-General George M'Bain Farquharson, of Breda; Dr. Allan Maclean, Weymouth; and Mr. Archibald Maclean, Berlin, Germany, held over from this issue. We are making arrangements for the new volume which commences in October, and will give particulars in our next issue.

VOLUME V.—On the completion of the volume next month we will be able to offer a few copies of the yearly volume, tastefully bound, for 10/- post free. As we will only be able to offer a very limited number of complete sets those who desire copies should apply at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Two copies each of the last two volumes may still be had, Volume III., 20/-; Volume IV., 10/-, post free.

"MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN."—The small edition of this handsome volume by Dr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, which is now in the press, is already nearly all subscribed for. The work will probably command two or three times the published price as soon as issued. Readers desirous of securing copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 21/-. See our advertising pages.

Among the nine Scottish advocates who have just had the honour of Q.C. conferred upon them, we are pleased to note the name of Sheriff Æneas J. G. Mackay, M.A., LL.D., first President of the Clan Mackay Society.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, at at a meeting of the Caledonian Christian Club held in Stafford House, London, made the following characteristic remarks in regard to the duties of rank :—"Any thinking person must wish to break down class distinction. Rank was but an extra tool to be consecrated to God for the service of man to do all the good they were sent to do. Let us shake hands and rest assured that the only lady and gentleman, whether rich or poor, were those who behaved as such." It is pleasing to know that, at least, several of the Highland nobility follow the excellent and noble example of our Sutherland lady.

JUBILEE HONOURS.—We are glad to notice that two of our subscribers have been honoured with a C.B.—namely, Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., chief of the clan; and Colonel Alan Colquhoun of Colquhoun, cousin of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, chief of the clan. Both are well worthy of the honours conferred upon them.

THE MOD.—The arrangements for the Mòd, which is to be held this year in Inverness, are now completed, and full particulars of the various competitions will be found in our advertising pages. This year's gathering promises to surpass those of former years in regard to the number of competitors, the increased prize list, and the general interest which it has created among Gaels in all parts of the kingdom.

MR. FRANCIS D. MACKAY, Joint Secretary of the London Inverness-shire Association, and a member of the "Clan Mackay," has been appointed financial manager to the firm of Messrs. Wiel Brothers, South Africa. Another associate member of the "Clan Mackay," Mr. R. Urquhart, of the National Bank of the South African Republic, London, has also received an appointment at Johannisburg. Africa of late years has made a heavy drain on the most talented of the youth of the Highlands.

A CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY is being formed, the proposed subscriptions being: life-members, £5 5s.; ordinary, 10s. The *Society* is surely intended to be very exclusive, judging by the subscriptions. In the olden days, when fighting had to be done, the *Clan* did not limit itself in this way.

THE REV. JOHN SINCLAIR of Minnesota, U.S.A., has discovered what he considers conclusive evidence of his claim to be sixteenth Earl of Caithness.

THE CLAN MENZIES presented Her Majesty the Queen with an illuminated address on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON'S BURSARIES.—Sutherland students seem to have done exceptionally well this year, no less than four having secured bursaries, two of them being Mackays.

THE GLASGOW COWAL SOCIETY have presented the late Secretary, Mr. Robert Murray, with a valuable testimonial, in acknowledgment of his services.

The members of the Edinburgh Sutherland Association had a pic-nic to Kirkcaldy on 10th July.

THE WOOING OF AILEEN THE FAIR.

STILL and glassy were the waters of Loch Scresort. The summer heat lay winking upon them in a shimmering haze. There was no sound anywhere to break the silence of the sultry noon unless it might be the calling of a pyot as it came swiftly over the waters from the far shores of Sleat, or the splash of a rising fish. At the head of the loch the moors rolled back in the haze until they lost themselves up among the corries of Haskeval and Haleval, where the hinds lay panting under the shadow of the scuirs and looked down on the Atlantic, with its distant islands set like dusky gems on a polished glass.

Down in the hamlet of Kinloch the cattle had waded into the sea and were standing dumb and stupid with the heat, and at the clachan the trees were casting a blue shadow on the turf, where a tame stag lay asleep after its mid-day meal.

All through the noontide the silence lay over the Isle of Ridges. But in the evening a wind came in from the sea and ruffled the waters so gently with its coming that the Atlantic was changed into one vast expanse of sapphire blue, over which the sea-birds wheeled and whirled flashing white at every turn.

THE HOME OF AILEEN THE FAIR.

Then the sun went down; and the soft winds fell. Far up on the slopes of Haskeval and Haleval the sunset dyed the mountains red, and the whaups went crying above the heather, and in the gloom of a corrie a great hart brayed. Down in the hamlet the reek was rising among the trees, and the men and women and bairns were out on the shore or sitting about the doors to enjoy the cool airs of the evening.

From the door of the schoolhouse, that stood by itself on the eastern shore of the loch, came the figure of a girl. She was tired with the teaching of the day and set out along the shore towards the point where the *each-uisge* rose out of the water, sometimes in the mouth of a summer night. Very pleasant and winsome was she to look upon, and the women of Kinloch called her Aileen the Fair. She was a stranger in the hamlet and had come from Benbecula—the isle of the thousand waters. The blue eyes of her and the wealth of flaxen hair, and the tall lythe form told of her Norse descent. In her veins flowed the blood of the very Sea-Jarls who had given the names to the hills above her that were now red with the setting of the sun. The coming of Aileen was like the coming of the dawn, and the fairness of her beauty made the men of Kinloch forget aught else when they met her on the hill.

When she reached the point she sat down and began to gaze across the loch. There was a white light in the eyes of her as she looked, and always from her lips came the same words repeated in a whisper, "*Mo chridhe, mo chridhe!*" (My love, my love!) This was the secret of Aileen which she kept from all the women of the hamlet, and only told on the summer nights to the little green men that came up out of the water with green glaives at their belts, and magic songs on their lips, and the scent of the sea-wrack upon them. And always as she listened to the sound of the waves it was one voice that she heard, and always as she looked across the loch it was for one face that she yearned—the voice and the face of Padraig Cam.

Padraig Cam was the most mis-shapen man in the Isle of Ridges. He was crooked in the limbs, and when he walked he shauchled over the heather with a lurch in his gait that was queersome to see. This was how the folks came to call him Padraig Cam. But there was no crookedness in his soul. In the coal-black eye of him there would burn a fire at times when the men in their jesting said anything against a woman, so that Padraig's eye was a terror to the lads of Kinloch when they went after their mischief.

The women said that Padraig with all his namely ways and his big soul and his black eye,

would never be wed. The young girls tittered whenever they met him up at the sheilings, and the lads laughed at his crooked gait. So it was in the Isle of Ridges as in every other place, the women had an eye for a shapely man.

But in spite of the tittering the love was deep in the breast of Padraig Cam. And it was for Aileen the Fair that it burned. Always on the summer nights would he go along the western shore of the loch with his pipes under his arm and look across to where the cottage of Aileen was. He could see her sitting on the rocks at the point, and he would play one *piobaireachd* after another until he saw her rise and go back to the cottage. But never once did he walk with Aileen on the hill, for the folks at the clachan would be laughing quietly at his crooked gait beside the stately step of the fair stranger.

Thus Padraig buried the love in his great soul and was content to watch for the coming of Aileen from afar as the *iolair* watches for the coming of the dawn in the mouth of day. And Aileen, who was a stranger in the Isle of Ridges, loved the crooked man with the fine soul, but because of the distant ways that he had with him she thought with a sinking heart that it was not for her he practiced the piping on the summer nights. For Padraig was skilly at the pipes. So each of them hid the secret, and both of them thought no man or woman in the Isle of Ridges had seen their love.

But the lovelight is a lawless thing. It is like the flush of dawn that rises up mysteriously, so that all the world can see the coming of the sun before its rays have struck the mountain tops. And there was one in the Isle of Ridges who saw the white light dance in Aileen's eyes and the fire that burned in Padraig's. It was one evening at the clachan when Cairstine, the *cailleach* of the glens who had the "sight," met Aileen the Fair and Padraig Cam. Padraig was shewing Aileen the tame stag, and when the eyes of them met, it was then that old Cairstine saw the lovelight leap across and back, and she knew in a moment that the fair one and the dark one had read the secret that was in the soul of each of them.

So Cairstine went back to her cottage in the glen that night with a kindly thought on her mind, for she saw with the spirit eyes of her, that before the moon began to wane she would be asked to spay the fate of the fair stranger and the crooked man. And so it was.

One night when Padraig was crossing the hill in the gloaming he saw a woman going up the glen in the way of Cairstine's cottage. It was Aileen. Even in the mirk he could tell the stateliness of her step. And the crooked man felt a fire kindled in his breast.

And Aileen—when she reached the door of Cairstine's hut, the quick blush on her cheek told the *cailleach* what her errand was. Many were the women that came to Cairstine out of Kinloch, but it was always after the same thing that they came.

"And is it to speak with Cairstine, the daughter of the *Taibhsear*, that you have come, child of the fair-haired stranger?"

"It might be that, Mother Cairstine." And when the girl had seated herself on a wooden stool, the *cailleach* stirred up the peats and began to peer into the flames. Then with a staff she traced mysterious circles and lines and crosses on the earthen floor, muttering all the while the words of a formula that was in language strange to the ear of Aileen as she sat trembling on the stool. Then the *cailleach* stopped her divining and spoke. And her speech was in the good Gaelic of the isles.

"It is I that have seen this night into the days that have never yet had a dawning or a setting. And I see the Spinner of All Things weaving a web of the yellow flax and the black wool of a limping sheep. The flax hath flowers of blue, and the sheep hath eyes that like the coal for blackness. Go, my daughter, on the *third* night and look in the pool where the three streams meet at the turning of the glen, and in the water you will be seeing a face, and on the sand you will be reading a name. You will look at the water first, then you will look at the sand, and on the fifth night you will sit through the gloaming at the Rock of the Moaning Winds, that is by the side of the mountain tarn. *An ainm an Athair, a' Mhic 's an Spioraid Naoimh.*"

So Aileen the Fair went home to dream of the yellow flax and the black wool.

With the setting of another sun Padraig Cam was knocking at the door of Cairstine's hut. Again the *cailleach* spayed a fate that was of the black wool and the yellow flax. But to Padraig she said—

"Go, my son, on the *fourth* night and look in the pool where the three streams meet at the turning of the glen, and in the water you will be seeing a face, and on the sand you will be reading a name. You will look at the water first, then at the sand, and on the fifth night you will sit through the gloaming at the Rock of the Moaning Winds, that is by the mountain tarn. *An ainm an Athair a' Mhic 's an Spioraid Naoimh.*"

So Padraig Cam went home to dream of the black wool and the yellow flax.

The third night was still and sultry when Aileen the Fair walked up the glen to the place where the three streams met. When she reached the pool it was of the name on the yellow sand that she was thinking. But she

remembered the words of the *cailleach* and stooped down first on the rock by the glassy pool. Deep down in the water she gazed, until suddenly she saw the face of a man so clear that she uttered a cry, for it was like the face of a living man below the water. He had the hair of the raven, and an eye that was black like the sloe, and the look of one who had the love deep in his heart. So Aileen knew that it was the face of Padraig Cam, and she sprang to her feet and clasping her hands whispered with the white light in her eyes "*Mo chridhe, mo chridhe.*" Then she thought of the name on the sand. And when she looked she was startled to find these words written in the good Gaelic but with an unsteady hand, "*Aileen, is tagh leam thu!*" (Aileen, I love you!)

Cairstine of the glens had filled her water stoup at the pool of the three streams that day.

The fourth night was cold and dark when Padraig Cam stood by the side of the glassy pool. There was just enough light left to see the shadows in the deep water and the circle of the sand. But while he looked the water grew bright with a strange light, and far down among the shadows he saw the face of a woman that was all aglow with the exceeding fairness of her beauty, and round her head were coiled thick plaits of yellow hair, and in the blue eyes of her there danced the white lovelight. It was the face of Aileen.

The man spoke no word when he rose. But there was something that burned in his breast. Then he walked round to where the yellow sand was, and in the failing light of the evening he made out these words, "*Phadraig, is tagh leam thu!*" (Patrick, I love you!)

So startled was he that he struck a light to see that there was no mistake. Old Cairstine saw the flickering of the light as she stood at the door of her cottage. And when she went in she laughed, for her water stoup was still wet on the outside.

And so when the fifth night came Aileen was sitting at the foot of the Rock of the Moaning Winds. It was the gloaming. She was wondering at the face in the water and the writing on the sand and the *cailleach's* word. Then there was a sound. She held her breath and listened. The next moment Padraig Cam came round the rock and saw her just as she was rising to her feet. The eyes of them met in the dark, and it seemed as if the place grew lighter for their look. The woman's face was all afire with her blushing, and into the man's there came a look that was wonderful to see.

Then he stepped forward and said, "*Aileen, m'eudail!*"—(Aileen, my treasure!)

And she answered, "*Phadraig!*"

That was all that old Cairstine could hear as she lay on the top of the rock among the brackens, for the two of them sat down in the shadow of the cliff, and a low talking followed that sounded very pleasant in the ears of Cairstine as she listened.

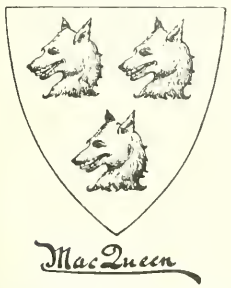
That night when Padraig Cam and Aileen the Fair walked down the glen they were betrothed. And Aileen did not see that Padraig's gait had a lurch in it when he walked, for she thought that he was the shapeliest man in the Isle of Ridges.

TORQUIL MACLEOD

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

No. IV.—THE MACQUEENS.—PART I.



ALTHOUGH originally only an offshoot of the Hebridean Macqueens, who owed allegiance to the Lord of the Isles; the Macqueens of Corrybrough, who settled in Strathdearn, and in time sent out cadets who occupied much of the valley of the Findhorn in the counties of Inverness and Nairn, may be said to have occupied the position of head of the haill name. The Rev. Lachlan Shaw referring to Corrybrough, describes it as "the property of Donald Macqueen, Chief of that branch of Clan Chattan."

The Macqueens were known as Clan Revan, and stand in Sir Eneas Mackintosh's list as No. 10. The circumstances under which the Macqueens left the west coast and settled in Strathdearn are these:—Early in the 15th century Malcolm Beg Mackintosh, 10th Mackintosh, married Mora Macdonald of Muidart, and with the bride came, as was the custom, several of her kinsmen, who took up their abode near her new home. Amongst others were Revan-Mac-Mulmor Mac-Angus, of whom the Clan Revan are descended, and Donald Mac-Gillandrish, of whom the Clan Andrish.

In an old MS. the above Revan is noted as Roderick Dhu Revan Macqueen, and that he fought under Mackintosh at the Battle of Harlaw, 1411. From this date my line is broken to 1594, when Donald Macqueen is found as heritor of Corrybrough. A William Macqueen, styled "of Corrybrough," is noted in 1593; and in 1543 Allister Macqueen and William Macqueen are described as of Clan Chattan. At the Reformation the name of Macqueen is prominent among ecclesiastics, and I will particularly refer to William Macqueen, Parson at Assynt, afterwards Sub-Dean of Ross. In the *Fasti*, under Assynt, he is not recorded. In January, 1577, he is presented to Tain and is described "as probably a convert from the Romish faith," and in 1578 is presented to the Sub-Deanery of Ross, and under date 1583 there is a reference to the alienation of his manse at the Chanonry of Ross. His character did not stand high, and the following account of his deposition is interesting as shewing ecclesiastical procedure against delinquent clergymen, at an early period after the Reformation, prior by many years in date to any existing ecclesiastical record for Ross.

"The extract of the proces led and deducit contrar William M'Kquyne, pretendit Sub-dene of Ros, befoir the Synodall Assemblie of the Ministerie

CORRYBROUGH HOUSE—SEAT OF THE MACQUEENS.

of Ros, holdin at the Channorie thereof, secundo Octobris sessione secundo ejusdern synodi anno dominy 1594.

"The quhilk day ane citation being producit be the moderator and brethren of the presbiterie of Tayne dewlie execute and indorsate whereby the said William was peremtorily summonit to the said secund day of the said synod and year of God forsaid. The tenour of the quhilk summondis and execution thairof followis.

"The brethren of the presbiterie of Tayne to our lovites John Ros executoris heirof. we charge you that this citation sene ye pas and lawfullie summond, warne and chairge William M'Quhyne, pretendit Sub-dene of Ros, to compeir befoir the bretheryne of the Synodall Assemblie of Ros within the Channorie thairof the secund day of October nixtocum beand the secund day of the Synodall, to bring and produce with him the pretendit gift collationn and admissionn of the said Sub-denerie giff if he ony hes, and to heir and sie the samyn cassit rescindit and declairit null, and to heff bene of na strenthe foirce nor effect, fra the beginning, now, and in all tyme cuming, for dyvers cawsis and reasonis. Thay are to say, pluralitie of benefices, adulterie, with dyveris wtheris, and that conforme to ane act and ordinance maid under his owin subscriptionn at the tyme of his said pretended admission, with certification to him that whether he compeir or nocht at the time and place forsaid the said Synodall Assemblie will proceid and minister justice in the said matter according to all

equity and guid conscience. The quhilk to do we committ to you, etc., etc. Be this our precept, delivering the same be you dewlie execute and indorsate again to the berar, at Tayne the tent day of September 1594 yeiris.

"The tennour of the execution follows :—Upon the 23rd day of September the yeir of God 1594 yeiris, I John Ross executor hereof within written, past at the command hereof and lawfully summoned warnit and chargit William M'Kquyne, pretendit Sub-dene of Ros, within written, being in Alexander Spence, his house within the Channonrie of Ros for the tyme, and delyverit ane copie heirof to his wyfe, he being sleeping in the meantyme, in his bed within the same house, to compeir before the brethren of the Synod Assemblie of Ros, day, yeir and place within written, to the effect and for the causes within specefeit, with certificationn likeweys within mentionate. And this I did before these witnesses, Alexander Spence, indweller in the Channonrie of Ros, and William Watsone, with others diverse, and for the mair verification hereof to this my indorsation, my signet and subscription manuall are affixit (Sic Subscribitar cum Signo) Johne Ros with my hand executor heirof.

"That day the summondis producit being callit, compeirit Alexander Ruthven as procurator for the said William, and granted him to have been summonit to that day and receivit ane copie of the summondis, and objectit allanerlie against the execution of the said summondis, allegeand the same was not relevant in respect the same was not raisit upon the premonition of fourtee days according to the Act of Parliament, as he allegit. Notwithstanding of the quhilk reason proponit by the said Alexander Ruthven, procurator forsaid, the kirk found the said execution to be lawfull, notwithstanding of the foresaid allegiance, because there is no such form accustomed or even practised in the kirk in proceedings against members, office-bearers in the same, but that they may lawfully proceed against any such member within their own jurisdiction upon such time and premonition as best pleases them. And further it is notoriously known to the haill brethren of the Synodall that the said William who was summoned was dwelling with his haill family in his own town of Arkindithe, the hail time of the holding of the Synodall, which place of Arkindithe lies within one mile of the Channonrie foresaid, where the said Synodall was holden for the time, and so might have compeared presently at all times before the said Synodall, and he willfully and disobediently absented himself. In respect of the which, the said allegiance prepared by Alexander Ruthven as procurator foresaid, was repelled by the brethren of the Synodall Assemblie, and found that they might proceed with the principal cause for the reasons after following, Primo, plurality of benefices, as the Parsonage and Vicarage of Assynt, and Sub-deanery of Ross. Secundo, adulterie with Elizabeth Ross, he being married with Margaret Gourlay in Kennoway in Fife. Tertio, by virtue of an act of the kirk, subscribed by himself, made at the Channonrie of Ross the time of his pretended admission bearing by a special clause contained thereuntil, that afterwards if at any time he were found guilty of any of these heads of accusations as were laid to his charge, the time of his said pretended admission should be null and of no avail as though the same had never been granted, which points and accusations being thoroughly reasoned, tried and examined by the moderator and haill brethren of the Synodall, and namely having considered his whole course of life, being profane and dissolute from the beginning and to have (blank in the MS.) himself in the kirk, by obtaining of compulsitors of hearing against the Bishop for the time, for advocating of him to the benefice of the said Sub-deanerie, the haill brethren of the said Synodall finds him guilty and culpable in the foresaid crimes, as also having considered his dissolute and slanderous life ever since the time of his said pretended admission. Therefore, in respect of the premises, the haill brethren of the Synodall with one consent, rescinds, casses, and annuls the said pretended admission, and decerns the same to have been null from the beginning and in all time coming, conform to the tenor of the said summons and the act foresaid under his owu subscription. Extracted furth of the books of the Synodall Assembly of Ross, subcribed by the clerk thereof."

Thus the brethren without calling witnesses or putting anyone on oath, determined and pronounced extreme judgment. The poor Sub-dean was expelled, but his two benefices were worth looking after.

I have a Bond holograph of the Sub-dean, dated 25th May, 1592, acknowledging a loan of 100 merks, in which the following singular error occurs. The period of repayment is the "fifth day of August next to come, called our Lady Day."

(To be continued.)

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

MR. DUNCAN MACGREGOR traces his decent from the Roro branch of the clan. His great-grandfather, Duncan Macgregor, suffered, with all other members of the clan, in the dark days when the Macgregors were "nameless by day." Many enemies of the clan at that time considered it an exciting pastime to hunt the proscribed race with blood-hounds, and on one occasion Mr. Macgregor's ancestor, Duncan, and his brother, found themselves the objects of pursuit. They succeeded eventually in eluding the dogs by leaping across the river Lyon at a place where the dogs could not follow, those venturing the leap falling into the rushing water below. It seems, however, that one dog succeeded in effecting a landing and started in pursuit of the men. One of the brothers, unable to proceed further, fell on the heather exhausted, giving himself up as lost. The other pleaded on him to go on as best he could and he would stay behind and face the "black dogs," for the fugi-

tives were not sure how many had succeeded in crossing the river. The brave clansman killed the blood-hound, and rolled its body into the stream. Shortly afterwards the brothers separated, one of them, Duncan, settling at a place called Burnbrae, near Murthly. He was the great-grandfather of the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Duncan Macgregor was born at Waterloo, near Perth, in 1841. When nineteen years of age he joined the Royal Engineers, and served in that distinguished corps for the long period of over twenty-two years, during which he passed through a course of instruction in military engineering, with distinction, and attained the rank of Quartermaster Sergeant. He was employed upon a number of important military undertakings, receiving the highest testimonials on the excellence of his work. He retired in 1882 with a pension, medal for long service and good conduct, and three good conduct badges Since his return to civilian life he superintended, as Clerk of Works, the erection of the Edinburgh prison and other works of a similar nature. In 1895 he was offered and accepted employment with his old corps, the Royal Engineers, in the construction of fortifications for the defence of Loch Swilly, and was recently promoted to be "Clerk of Works," the only one, I believe, who has been so promoted to officer rank.

Mr. Macgregor is a member of the Clan Gregor Society, and is as good a representative of the ancient clan as one could wish to meet.

THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPE:

ITS HISTORY, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

By Dr. Norman Hay Forbes of Forbes.

"The Scots love music. The practice of music and poetry was the favourite amusement of the Gael; and if we look at the beauties of Scottish scenery, if we remember the glorious deeds of Scotsmen, if we learn to understand the land of liberty, of bards, of songs, of hills and lochs, the home of Ossian, of Ramsay, of Burns and Scott, we shall also understand what gives an endless inspiration to poetry and music, and in a land where both these arts are strongly developed, dancing is not wanting."

THERE are few European countries that can boast with justifiable pride of a national instrument, in peace or war, at once so characteristic and so romantic as the great Highland bagpipe. It has been remarked that there are three typical features in the life of all true sons of Caledonia, "the children of the mist," and they consist in the preservation of their ancient language, the Gaelic, with its history, traditions, and folk-lore. The wearing of their much-loved *breacan feile* and *feile beag*, and lastly the music of their bagpipe. Of these three I purpose, with your approval, to sketch the history and service of the last, dealing with the subject in a broad and general aspect under these heads—1. its history, 2. its music, and 3. its poetic romance.

In a history of the manners and customs of Scotland the bagpipe would fill an important page, its music a weird, wild melody, deeply sentimental in essence, the voice of nature, the expression of deep human emotions in martial, festive, amatory, or mournful strains, stimulating good and true passion, soothing bitter sorrow.

The ancient people of Scotland cultivated two musical instruments, the harp and the bagpipe; of the former historic relics alone furnish us with information, but of the latter, the Highland bagpipe, being an instrument of war, we have, fortunately, to this day plenty of general interest and a great deal of private enthusiasm among our own Scots people.

In its rudest aspect the bagpipe comprises the rudiments of that noble instrument the organ, it is its origin, its source and its foundation. A hautbois, called the chanter for treble, and three elongating tubes for bass, all provided with reeds, are connected with a leathern bag, which is inflated by the breath or bellows, and sounds on its pressure. The melody or tune belongs to the chanter, while a dreamy monotonous bass issues from the tubes, very appropriately termed drones.

There are three kinds of bagpipe in the United Kingdom:—1. The great Highland or military bagpipe, the *piob-mhor* of the Gael; 2. The Northumbrian, identical with the Lowland bagpipe, much smaller than the preceding, more suited for dance music than the *piobrach*; 3. The Irish bagpipe, which exhibits the instrument in its highest character.

The bagpipe is a loud, clear-sounding, and somewhat shrill instrument, its natural key being A in the treble of the piano, or second string of the violin. The scale from thence upwards comprehends eight good notes, and rises other two, B and C, that may be obtained by what is technically called "pinching" or partially covering the aperture of each B and C while urging the blast.

The Irish bagpipe is somewhat superior in mellower tone and in greater compass, resulting from prolongation of the chanter and all the tubes and the structure of the reeds. The Highland and Lowland pipe are only suitable for playing in the open air, the moor, the

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

mountain glen, and the field, but the Irish pipes are melodious and agreeable in a private apartment. One of the earliest references to the great Highland pipe occurs in a charge of misdemeanour against a piper in the year 1623 in the Kirk Session Register of Perth. There is no doubt that the instrument of to-day is in a more advanced stage; anciently, it only consisted of the chanter or hautbois affixed to a bag, and Maclean in his "History of the Celtic Language" considers the bagpipe as originally consisting of "a bladder with drones, and chanter of reed or bulrushes." In those grotesque carved ornamentations on the stalls of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and at Hull, and Beverley in Yorkshire, the bagpipe is seen represented as above described. "It is also sculptured in marble, amidst other mystical figures, in the Cathedral of Upsala in Sweden."

Some Biblical commentators have identified

MACCRIMMON, THE PRINCE OF PIPERS
"In peace or in war no more returning."

the saebut of scripture with the bagpipe, while others associate it with the trombone. I think the following opinion of a Highlander on the bagpipes may be neither uninteresting nor out of place:—"Mr. Barclay, an eminent Scots artist, was engaged in painting a Highland scene for Lord Breadalbane, in which his Lordship's Highland piper was introduced. When the artist was instructing him as to attitude, and that he must maintain an appearance at once of animation and ease by keeping up a conversation, the Highlandman replied that he would do his best, and commenced as follows: 'Maister Parclay, ye read yer Pible at tinnes I suppone, Sir?'

'Oh! yes.'

'Weel, Maister Parclay, if ye do tat, Sir, ten you've read te third and fifth verses of te third chapter of Daniel, when te princes, te governors, te captains, te judges, te treasurers, te coun-

sellors, te sheriffs, and all te rulers of te provinces were gathered together into te dedication of the image tat Nebuchadnezzar te king had set up, and tey were told tat whenever tey began to hear te sound of te cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, tey were to fall down and worship te golden image tat Nebuchadnezzar te king had set up. I tell ye, Maister Parclay, if tey had a Hielandman wi' his pipes tere tat nonsense would no hae happened. Na, na, he would hae sent tem a' fleeing. It would hae been wi' tem as Bobbie Burns said—'Skirl up to Bangor, for ye maun a' come back to te bagpipe at last.'"

In that interesting and ancient volume "The Complaynt of Scotland," written about the year 1549, the first of eight musicians had "one drone bagpipe," and there are other references to minstrel pipers in the courts of James IV. of Scotland and of Henry VII. of England, before whose queen a minstrel "played upon a droon," at Richmond in the year 1502.

During the middle of last century a form of Highland bagpipe was in use with a great drone double the length and thickness of the others, which had to be relinquished as it drowned the chanter. The primary object of this form of bagpipe being its grandeur in producing a much more martial effect than horns or trumpets, and in being stimulative of warlike compositions. This instrument was played during the stirring times of the '45, and it is stated that it could be heard at a distance of eight miles! The old Highlanders loved the simplicity of the music of the chanter with its limited compass, and, like the Spartans, refused all embellishments of arts as innovations, even though they promoted personal convenience. It is also worthy of note that "as there are no flat notes in a pipe, there can be no flat keys, there being no transition from one key to another, neither has pipe music any rests, as being one continued sound makes it incapable of having any, nor does the composition require it."

The Highland pipes have been usually constructed of ebony or of cocoa wood, and more or less ornamented with silver or ivory fittings.

The range of the chanter, while somewhat limited, is quite adapted to all simple melodies, so little is compass essential to the excellence of music, that some of the most beautiful foreign and domestic airs scarcely exceed an octave. But the greater performers on the bagpipe, especially those aspiring to honours from competition, deem the *piobrach* as alone the subject for its proper exercise, or befitting their superiority. By the *piobrach* we mean a theme with variations. This theme, ground work, or "urlar," as it is called, is probably in many instances derived from an earlier date, though renovated with later embellishments

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN

(Continued from page 193).

The Black Watch.—*Continued.*

IN 1748 the number of the Highland regiment was changed from the 43rd to the 42nd, the title which it has ever since borne. After being sixteen years in existence, the original members had almost entirely disappeared, and the first supply of recruits after its formation was in many instances inferior to their predecessors in personal appearance, as well as in private station; but they lost nothing of the firm step, erect air, and freedom from awkward restraint, the consequence of a spirit of independence and self-respect which distinguished their predecessors.

Heavy Losses of the 42nd.

In 1758 a second battalion of the 42nd was embodied at Perth, and for seven years it was employed in North America and the West Indies. During that time it lost in killed—officers 13, sergeants 12, rank and file 382. In wounded—officers 33, sergeants 22, rank and file 588, making a grand total of killed and wounded of 1050. The following extract from a Virginian paper will shew the estimation in which the Highlanders were held by the Americans:—

"Last Sunday evening the Royal Highlanders embarked for Ireland, which regiment since its arrival in America has been distinguished for having undergone most amazing fatigues, made long and frequent marches through an inhospitable country, bearing excessive heat and severe cold with alacrity and cheerfulness, frequently encamping in deep snow such as those who inhabit the interior part of this province do not see, and which only those who inhabit the northern parts of Europe can have any idea of, continually exposed in camp and their marches, to the alarms of a savage enemy, who in all their attempts were forced to fly. Along with our blessings for these benefits they have our thanks for that behaviour which they maintained during their stay in this city, giving an example that the most amiable behaviour in civil life is in no way inconsistent with the character of the good soldier."

Though the losses of the Highlanders were heavy as a whole, considering their many engagements, they were considerably lighter than those of other regiments. This was accounted for by the celerity of their attack

and the use of the broadsword, which the enemy could never withstand.

Highland and Dutch Modes of Attack.

An old veteran who joined the Black Watch when it was originally formed, giving an example of this, says:—"On one occasion a brigade of Dutch were ordered to attack a rising ground on which were posted the troops called the King of France's Own Guards. The Highlanders were to support them. The Dutch conducted their march and attack as if they did not know the road, halting firing, and halting every twenty paces. The Highlanders, losing all patience with this kind of fighting, which gave the enemy such time and opportunity to fire at their leisure, dashed forward, passed the Dutch, and the first ranks giving their firelocks to the rear ranks they drew their swords and soon drove the French from their ground. When the attack was concluded it was found that of the Highlanders not above a dozen men were killed and wounded, while the Dutch, who had not come up at all, lost more than five times that number." With the Battle of Waterloo the last of a long series of engagements in which the 42nd Royal Highlanders were engaged, embracing a period of seventy-five years, ended. It is a remarkable circumstance that on every occasion when they fired a shot at an enemy,

1745—THE HIGHLAND ARMY MARCHING ALONG LOCH EIL SIDE.

except one occasion, they were so successful that whatever the general issue of the battle might be, that part of the enemy opposed to them never stood their ground, unless the Highlanders were prevented from closing with them. On the return of the regiment to Scotland it was received with greatest enthusiasm in Edinburgh, and a public dinner was given to it.

We have dwelt on the exploits of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, not so much for their special claims to honourable mention, as a sample of the Highlanders in general. From 1745 to 1800 nineteen other Highland regiments, numbering altogether 25,000 men, were raised, besides Fencible or militia regiments.

The Superiority of the Highland Soldier

over every other we have already demonstrated. This was due to nature and the social circumstances under which he lived. The simplicity of his life gave vigour to his body and fortified his mind. With a strong constitution and great powers of endurance he was taught to consider courage as the most honourable virtue, and cowardice the most disgraceful failing, to venerate and obey his chief, and to devote himself to his native country and clan. Added to this there was the fact that the Highland

regiments were raised from particular localities, and that the rank and file were composed of fathers, brothers, etc. Combined with great daring, there was the emulation from the desire to excel and to bring credit and renown upon his clan and family. Having confidence in his commander nothing daunted him; he faced his enemy whether he was to be found in flank or rear,and was victorious, or died He appreciated the value of a good name, and did his best to maintain it. A learned author writes with reference to the last or beginning of the present century:—"The character of ardour belongs to the Highlander, he acts from an internal sentiment, and possesses a pride of honour which does not allow him to retire from danger with a confession of inferiority. This is a property of his nature, and as it is so, it is the business of officers who command Highland troops to estimate the national character correctly, that they may not, through ignorance, misapply their means. . . . Close charge was his ancient mode of attack; and it is probably from impressions ingrafted on his nature, in consequence of the national mode of warfare, that he still sustains the approaching point of a weapon with a steadier eye than any other man in Europe. Some nations turn with fear from the countenance of an enraged enemy: the Highlander rushes towards it with ardour; and, if he can grasp his foe as man with man, his courage is secure." Alluding to the formation of the Highland regiments, Lord Chatham said:—"I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side: they served with fidelity, and conquered for you in every part of the world." The termination of the civil war of 1745, and the employment of the Highlanders and many of their chiefs in the military service of the country put an end for ever to feudal war, and the inhabitants to study more thoroughly the arts of peace.

(To be continued).

AN OLD STRATHGLASS SMUGGLER.

IN front of a small wayside inn in Strathglass, the very foundations of which have now disappeared, the passer by on an autumn afternoon seventy years ago might have witnessed the following scene. Three men in the garb of Excise officers in a somewhat bemauled condition prostrate on the ground, one of them face downward, his coat-skirts ripped to the neck, and the foot of a stout Highlander planted on his posterior part.

This had not been Seumas-an-Iarl's first meeting with Excisemen. He had the mortification before this time of seeing the privacy of his smuggling bothy invaded, his brewing utensils smashed to pieces, and his malt flung into the adjoining mountain stream. On this particular occasion, however, his exaspiration arose from the loss of a cart, the outcome of a good deal of labour and ingenuity, with which he had succeeded in carrying several loads of whisky to Inverness undetected. The cart was constructed on what Seumas termed the "masan-dubaille" principle—that is with two bottoms, between which the whisky, in flasks made for the purpose, was stowed. Success for a time allayed any fear Seumas had of detection, but a rude awakening was in store for him. On his way home from Inverness one day he stopped at Bogroy inn to bait his horse and have some refreshment himelf, but on going out to resume his journey found a party of Excisemen with axes smashing his cart in pieces. Being too far from the fastnesses of Strathglass, and too near the jail at Inverness, he offered no resistance, and quietly departed with his cartless horse. On his way home he met the three officers that figured in the foregoing sketch.

On another occasion Seumas, accompanied by a neighbour, was wending his way down the strath with a load of whisky, when he observed two mounted men, whom he conjectured to be Excisemen, coming in sight some distance behind. Escape with his load seemed impossible, but he hastened round the next bend of the road, leaving his companion beside a heap of broken stones to cover his retreat. While his companion held the Excisemen in check with a brisk fire of stones, Seumas as he proceeded tossed keg after keg of whisky down the steep broom-covered slope by the roadside until he had emptied his cart, then galloped his horse away. The Excisemen having broken through the impeding fire were soon in hot pursuit, but before they overtook Seumas he had brought his horse to a walk, and when accused of having whisky and being connected with the desperado of the stone heap, seemed very much hurt.

Seumas's hard wrinkled face with its small grey eyes and strong jaws, and his broad chest, open summer and winter to sunshine and storm, hard and brown as plank of seasoned pine from the forests of his native strath, rise before me now from amid the recollections of thirty years ago.

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. M'BAIN FARQUHARSON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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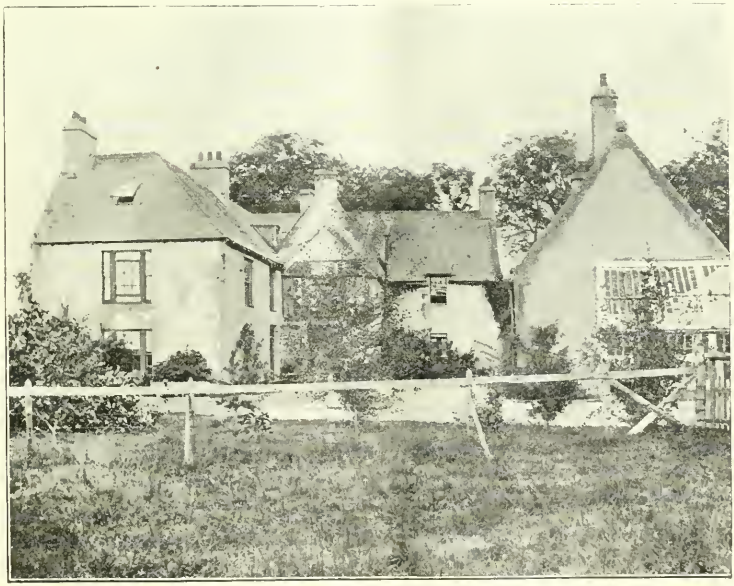
MAJOR-GENERAL G. M'B. FARQUHARSON.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE M'BAIN FARQUHARSON, Bombay Staff Corps (retired), entered the E.I.C. Service in 1842, at the age of 17, and was gazetted to the 20th Regiment Native Infantry, in which he served for several years as Quartermaster and Acting-Adjutant. Passed as Interpreter in two languages, viz.: Hindoostanee and Muratha, between the years 1844 and 1845, passing out on each occasion head of the list, doing thereby what was in those days called at Oxford, "A Double First" He joined the Regiment in November of that year at Shikarpore, Upper Sind. He served in Sind in 1843, and with the field detachment which attacked and totally defeated Meer Shah Mahomed at Peer Aree on the 8th June, 1843; also with the Persian Expeditionary force in 1856-57, at the landing at Hallilah Bay; storm and capture of Reshire and surrender of Bushire (medal and clasp). During the war he was appointed to



BREDA HOUSE—ABERDEENSHIRE

the Commissariat Department, and also to the Land Transport Corps. At this time the Southern Muratha country was in insurrection. In 1858 he commanded three companies of his regiment in a flying column, with a wing of H.M.'s 56th Foot, and half a battery of artillery under the command of Brigadier Heyland, on a forced march from Bhelgaum to Dharwar, as the Muratha rebels were threatening Dharwar. The march of fifty miles was done in good style in fifty hours. Soon after this he was nominated by the Bombay Government, to raise in the very heart of the Southern Muratha country—where disaffection amongst the semi-barbarous natives was rife—a levy named the "Shetsundee Levy." On its disbandment in 1859, he was appointed Acting-Superintendent of Police at Sholapore. On the return of the incumbent in 1860, he rejoined his regiment. Transferred to Bombay Staff Corps 1866, Acting-Commandant 16th Bombay Native Infantry 1872-73. Retired from the service on a pension, 1874.

It may be interesting to mention that General Farquharson was the victim, and eventually the hero, of the famous court-martial at Belgaum in 1856, on a trumped-up charge by his superior officers, Down and Macleod. The trial created a great sensation all over India, and resulted in the triumphant acquittal of the prisoner. It also resulted in the exposure and suppression of the terrible form of military tyranny which was practised in the Indian army.

He is of the family of Farquharson of Allargue and Breda; succeeded as next heir male entail to the estate of Breda, Aberdeenshire, on the death of his uncle, General Francis Farquharson, Bombay Army, 1873; disentailed the estate in 1882, and sold it, 1892; and is the last heir male of the Farquharsons of Allargue and Breda.

The following is the origin and descent of the Farquharsons:—"Gilchrist, son of the Laird of Mackintosh, was the father of Shaw, commonly called Shaw Mòr, who was the leader of the thirty Clan Chattan that fought against the Clan Cay on the North Inch of Perth about 1392. Farquhar, the third son of Shaw of Rothymorchus, of whom the Farquharsons are come, was chamberland or factor to the Earl of Marr, and bought the land of Inverey from the said Earl of Marr."

ANDREW FARQUHARSON OF BREDA, DIED 1831.

THE WHITE SANDS OF BARRA.

IT is a hard tale for a man to be telling about a dead friend. But it cannot hurt Ian now. And for the deep-eyed woman on Barra, it matters not whether she reads these words or not. Her black mischief is done. And Ian MacNeill will never see the sun going down behind the Caisteal of St. Clair again.

It is always of Ian that I am thinking, when, on the long light summer nights I will be seeing, as in a dream, the white sands stretching for miles along the coast of Barra that lies to the west. Many a time did he see the sun dipping away behind the lonely Atlantic out yonder, when the great waves were breaking with a boom of thunder along the shore. But it was not by the clachan of huts near the Caisteal, that stands on the rock in the water, that Ian and I first met. It was far away in the towns of the south, where the folk live like sheep huddled together in squalid lanes, and the very sparrows fall poisoned by the foul air as they fly above the alleys in the mouth of day.

On the skirt of a crowd that surrounded two brawling women, my fellow-islesman and I first met. We were both Barra men, but we had to come away to the towns of the south to be introduced to one another. I had heard of Ian long before I saw him that night in the crowd with Duncan Grant. Duncan was often telling me about the man who was carrying about with him a bitter heart and a wild eye, because a woman had taken his love and then thrown it away again with a laugh. So when we saw one another that night for the first time, it was with a queer look that the eyes of us met, and we were in the understanding of each other in a moment.

From that night Ian MacNeill, Duncan Grant, and I were sworn friends.

But it was just the year after that Ian took the fever, that made him as silly as a bairn, after a long fight with the trouble. It was an ill sight to see the big man brought so low, and the end came one night when we were sitting in his garret-room together. He would always be speaking about the white sands, and the clachan at Caisteal St. Clair, and in the wandering talk we could hear that he was often naming the name of the woman that had laughed at his love. The bitterness of his heart died away, and the old love that was so deep came back to life again the nearer he got to the end. It was a waesome sight to see the man dying in such an evil-smelling den, like a rat in a hole, when he was crying like a lost bairn for the white sands where the winds were blowing caller from the sea at that very moment.

"Coll . . are ye there?"

"Aye, do ye not know me, Ian?"

"Coll, you will take me back to Barra . the white sands and the Caisteal . . far away . . Mairi, Mairi . . why—did—ye—laugh . . O Mairi . . the white sands!"

At the turning of the night, when the dawn-light was stealing in at the window of the garret, we both heard the rattle, and Duncan turned to go for the salt. By the time he was

THE WHITE SANDS OF BARRA.

at the bed-side again, Ian was dead, and the last words that he whispered were, *A Thighearn' Iosa glac mo spiorad!* For he was a good man, with all his bitter ways, and he knew the Book.

Then Duncan threw open the door, and stopped the ticking of the clock. And the dead man, whom the cruel laugh of a woman had driven away from home, lay in the dim garret with the guttered candle flickering near him, and the smile of a bairn on his face.

Three days after, Ian MacNeill was carried on board the steamer at Greenock, for his last journey. Duncan and I were taking him home. The sailors laid him down slowly on the deck, below one of the life-boats, and the rough shell was wrapped round in a black tarpaulin. There he lay for three nights and three days. In the darkness, when the great steamer was plunging through the rough seas, and sending the phosphorous flying from her bows, we stood and watched: the first night it was a waesome task: and you might have seen a strange light playing below the life-boat on the deck, where the tarpaulin was being washed by the spray from the breaking seas.

The dawn-light rose behind the Paps of Jura, where the morning mists were lying in great bands like the shrouds of the night: on and on past the music-haunted Colonsay: and further north by Fiunary, lying basking in the sun:

Coll and Rum, and the wild Coolins of Skye—Ian knew them all, but he was seeing none of them now. What did it matter to him that the white birds were screaming in the sunset light when we sailed up Dunvegan Loch? He would hear the calling of the pyots no more.

But when the night fell on the boat as she turned to cross the Minch, a great moaning of wind came out of the gurly sky: the clouds came up in banks from the sea: and the waters everywhere began to hiss in the darkness with the gathering squall. Thud, thud, thud, went the steamer as she rose and fell on the ridges of the racing seas, and even in the shelter of the funnel, where Duncan Grant and I were standing, the spindrift would drench us again and again. A strange moaning began to sound through the ship, and even the roar of the wind and the waves could not drown it: higher and higher it rose, like the cry of a soul in the last grip of the Black Spirit: and always we could see from where we stood the white light moving slowly back and forwards above the black tarpaulin.

"Coll, what sound is that I am hearing now?" asked Duncan, with the terror in his face.

For away forward the cry had risen higher and higher above the noise of the sea and the whistle of the wind, until it burst into a piercing shriek that made the heart beat faster in the breast of both of us.

"It is the pipes, Duncan!"

And sure enough the wild notes of a lament began to rise above the storm. Someone was playing in the forecastle. And when Duncan heard the music and recognised the air, he looked at the light that was moving back and forwards on the deck, and shivered.

"No more, no more, no more returning,
In peace or in war is he returning,
Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
MacCrimmon is home no more returning."

The next evening when the light was fading, we were gliding past Maoldoanich into the Bay of the Caisteal. The bleak hills of Barra rose in a wilderness of rocks round the melancholy shores. Standing on the quay was an old man with a crooked back and silvery hair. He was leaning heavily upon a stick of thorn, and scanning eagerly the folks on board the steamer. Behind him a rough pony was yoked to a cart that was full of the sweet-smelling hay. Ruari and Alastair and Ewen were all there. There was no word between us at all, but only the grip of the hand. And when we had lifted Ian into the cart, Ruari led the pony away up the road to the left, and the five of us followed behind. We passed the chapel on the hill, and came to the low turf huts at the bend of the road, where the evening airs were full of the smell of the peat reek that was rising blue and clear from the thatch roofs. Then up and up, through the bit of bleak moorland, where the hills sweep away on either side, we followed the cart.

When we had reached the top of the hill, the old man stopped and cried:

"*Mallachd!* Yonder she is! May the gloom of the rocks be upon her!"

And when Duncan and I looked up, there was a woman standing at the side of a rock, watching the cart. She had jet-black hair, and small black beady eyes deep set in her face, and she had a look like the look of the sea shark when he rises to seize the little fish that is playing on the surface of the water.

"It is the woman!" whispered Duncan Grant to me. And when she heard the old man's curse, she turned and ran screaming up the mountain side, and hid among the stones. The gloom of the rocks had fallen upon her.

And now we could see the Caisteal of St. Clair away among the shadows of the loch to the left: the white sands were lying gleaming in the evening light, and the great rollers were booming along the lonely shore: far out above the Atlantic, the sun was gathering himself together into a red ball to go down, down, down, into the cold grey sea. The cart stopped at the door of a low turf hut, from which came a bitter cry of grief. It was the only welcome Ian's mother had for her youngest boy. He had taken his last journey home, and the white sands, for which he cried with his last breath, were lying around him in the fading light.

Then the sun went down into the Atlantic, and the darkness fell. And the only sound that broke the heavy silence that lay among the hills was the long sad moan of the waves upon the shore.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

THE CLAN MACLEAN.—Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., chief of the clan, has received the following letter from the Secretary for Scotland:—

SCOTTISH OFFICES, WHITEHALL, S.W.,
27th July, 1897.

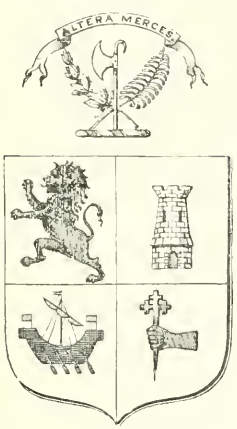
Sir,—I have had the honour to lay before the Queen the loyal and dutiful Address by the Chief, Chieftains, and members of all the branches of the Clan Maclean on the occasion of the completion of the Sixtieth Year of Her Majesty's Reign.

Her Majesty was pleased to receive the same in the most gracious manner, and I have to acquaint you that the evidence received from all parts of Scotland of the attachment of Her Scottish subjects to Her Throne and Person affords Her Majesty great satisfaction."

ARCHIBALD MACLEAN.

ARCHIBALD MACLEAN, Jr.

ARCHIBALD MACLEAN, BERLIN.



THERE are few parts of the world where representatives of the ancient Clan Maclean are not to be found. In Sweden, Morocco, Canada, the United States, and indeed every quarter of the globe where Highlanders have wandered, Macleans occupy positions of honour and trust. The Macleans of Germany have proved themselves worthy descendants of a brave and powerful race. This distinguished family are descended from the chiefs of the clan, who, in days of yore, ruled as princes over a large territory, and figure largely in the history of the nation

Mr. Archibald Maclean of Czerbienczin Castle, is descended from Lachlan 6th of Coll, who married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Macleod; after whom came (1) Neil, of Drimnacross, (2) Allan, and (3) John, of Grisipoll, and (4) Archibald. After the rising of the '45, Archibald went to Germany and settled at Dantzig, his great-grandson being the present Archibald Maclean, who was born on 12th June, 1842. He attended the University of Bonn, and on the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war entered the I. Leib Husaren regiment, the commander of which is the German Emperor himself. In the course of this sanguinary struggle, Maclean greatly distinguished himself, his most notable achievement, perhaps, being the capture of Versailles. When riding on patrol, attended by only five hussars, he forced an entrance into this large town, which was occupied by some 30,000 French troops. Leaving three men to guard the gate, he rode to the Guildhall where the Major and officers were assembled, and threatened to destroy the town with artillery if they did not immediately surrender. The very audacity of the act had its effect—the town capitulated with all troops and provisions. Next day the gallant clansman was decorated with the coveted "Iron Cross," and has ever since been familiarly designated in the regiment, "the Conqueror of Versailles." On the 9th October, 1875, he married Erna, Baroness von Tiesenhausen, *d.* of His Excellency Eduard von Tiesenhausen, Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and has one son, Archibald, born 31st August, 1876, whose portrait we have much pleasure in giving. He retired from the army, and lives on his estate, which is one of the finest in West Prussia.

The young clansman has attended the last two annual social gatherings of the clan in Glasgow, and has made himself very popular. He visited also the Isle of Coll, which for many centuries was the family seat of his ancestors, the Macleans of Coll, and was, as their representative, very kindly received by the population of the island. He wears the Highland dress, and is fond of all Highland sports, dancing, pipe music. He is at present studying at the University of Berlin, and is looking forward impatiently to the time when he may be free again to visit "bonnie Scotland," and spend a brief holiday among his clansmen.

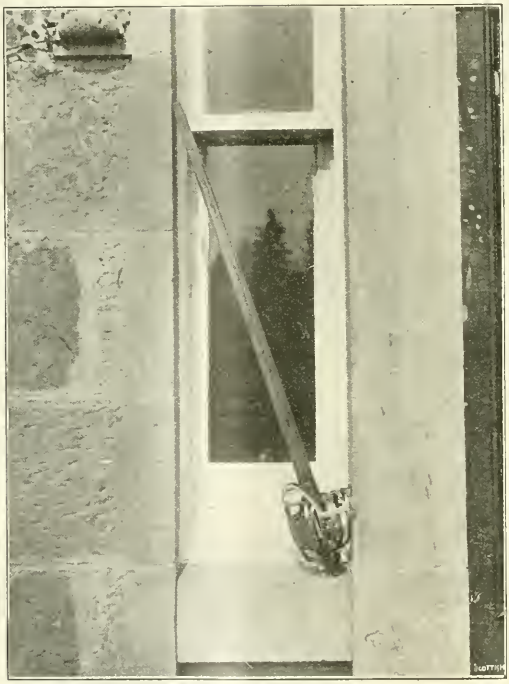
CZERBIENCZIN CASTLE—SEAT OF THE MACLEANS OF GERMANY.

MINOR SEPTS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D.

No. IV.—The Macqueens.—Part II.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century the Macqueens came well to the front. Three landholders, Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough; John Macqueen, Little Corrybrough; and Sweyn Macqueen of Raigbeg, are parties to the Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan, signed at Termit of Petty on the 4th of April, 1609, one of the witnesses to the Bond being Mr. Donald Macqueen, Parson of Petty. This person was in good circumstances, lending 2,000 merks to the Earl of Moray, receiving therefor in wadset the two plough lands of Mideoul, in the parish of Bracklie, by deed signed at Castle Stuart, 18th July, 1628. To his Letter of Reversion of same date, Mr. Donald Macqueen adhibits his signature thus,



THE SWORD OF DONALD FRASER, HERO OF THE ROUT OF MOY.

"Donald M'Queen, Persone of Pettie," and affixes his "Seal of Arms." The reverend gentleman married first Isobel Mackintosh, and secondly Agnes Douglas. With Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough, found in 1594, we arrive on firm ground, but some early Macqueens may be noted. On 21st March, 1559-60, there is note of a legal contention betwixt John Macqueen and John vic Alexander, anent the theft of a black horse. In same year Donald Mac Iain Dhu Macqueen is noted, also William Macqueen, indweller in Inverness. In 1561-62 William Macqueen is a leading Procurator in the Sheriff Court of Inverness, also acts as a Notary Public. Under date 29th March, 1561, William vic Iain Dhu Macqueen, probably the same person, acts as Procurator for the Parishioners of Kilmuir and Suddie in certain legal proceedings.

In 1562 William Macqueen and others are summoned by Mungo Monipennie, Dean of

Ross, for the spulzie of victual out of the lands of Ardersier. On 17th April, 1562, Alexander Macqueen finds Finlay Macqueen Mackintosh as his cautioner, to keep the peace with John Ogilvie in Urlarust of Petty. John Mac Iain Macqueen finds caution to stand trial for an alleged theft of cattle, and on 7th July, 1562, Donald Macqueen and Ivor Macqueen are noted.

During the 17th century it is mentioned that there were twelve heritors of the name in the shires of Inverness and Nairn. Amongst others may be mentioned in Nairnshire, Donald Macqueen of Reatt, Macqueen of Carnoch and Drynachan, and Alexander Macqueen of Daless, also Sweyn vic Lachlan Macqueen in Little Quilichan of the Streens. In Inverness-shire the principal cadets were Macqueen of Pollochaig, Macqueen of Strathnoon, Macqueen of Little Raig, Macqueen of Clune, etc., etc.

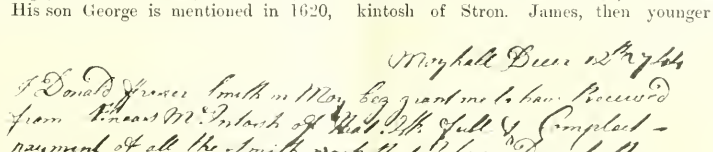
I.—Donald Macqueen, whom I place as first of Corrybrough, is found in 1594, 1609, 1615, and 1623. His son George is mentioned in 1620, who, if married, died without issue. Donald's brother John, with his wife Catherine Fraser, are noted under date 5th June, 1620. Donald dies in or prior to 1623, for in that year his nephew

II.—Angus succeeded, whose mother's name was Agnes Mackintosh, and his wife's name Isobel Farquharson. Angus is noted in 1632, and in 1649 grants a wadset right over Glenkirk. He is one of the signatories to "the Bond by the name of Clan Chattan to their chief, Mackintosh," dated Kincairne, 19th November, 1664. Angus was succeeded by his son

III.—Donald, who died in 1676, having married Mary Cuthbert of Castlehill. Their son, also

IV.—Donald, noted in 1685 and 1697 as a Commissioner of Supply for the County of Inverness. He married Jean Dallas of Cantray, and was succeeded by his son

V.—James, who married, 29th September, 1711, Katherine Fraser of Culduthel. One of his daughters, Anna, is contracted in marriage in 1733 with Robert Mackintosh, son of Mackintosh of Stron. James, then younger of



FAC-SIMILE OF RECEIPT BY DONALD FRASER TO THE CHIEF OF MACKINTOSH, 1744.

Corrybrough, was captain in the Clan Chattan regiment, in the rising of 1715, and was fortunate enough to escape the consequences. The closest friendship existed between James Macqueen and his son, Sheriff Macqueen, with the Mackintoshes, and James in 1756 signs the consent to Mackintosh reclaiming the Loch Laggan lands, as eldest son and representative of Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough, at Glenkirk, 29th October, 1756, dying in 1762. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Lachlan Mackintosh, second of Raigmore. James Macqueen was succeeded by his son,

VI.—Donald Macqueen, the well-known Sheriff-Substitute of Inverness, an authority in Celtic literature, long the valued neighbour and confidential adviser of the Mackintoshes. As early as 1740-41, I observe that he transacts business for the family, he being then a law student in Edinburgh. He married in 1742 Margaret Shaw of Dell, and lived to a great age, not dying till 1792. A discreditable affair connected with the Sheriff, then in venerable old age, and an invalid daughter, occurred in 1792, in which John Grant, Sheriff Clerk Depute of Inverness, was a prominent actor.

In the Circuit Court held at Inverness, 2nd May, 1793, the foresaid John Grant was found guilty of forgery, and after the case was remitted to the High Court of Justiciary, sentenced to transportation for life. Sheriff Macqueen, erroneously described in Burke as dying in 1789, was succeeded by his son

VII.—Captain Donald Macqueen, a man of undoubted ability, but over hasty, in whose time the affairs of the family, formerly involved, became critical. An intention of re-establishment occurred in 1758, when John Macqueen, of Potosi in Jamaica, by will ordered the estate of Muirtown in the County of Moray, to be purchased and settled on the family of the testator's cousin, Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough. But at John's death, his estate was found to be inconsiderable. There are few Macqueens at present in the parish of Moy, and none on the estate of Corrybrough, which was

unhappily cleared by a notorious speculating surveyor named Smith. The estate, originally two ploughs of land, had been enlarged by the acquisition of the plough of Raigbeg, and the plough of Morclune, raising the whole estate to a davoch of land extending to seven thousand acres. Naturally, Corrybrough did not remain long with the speculator, and was acquired about 1844 for £12,000 by an Englishman named Malkin. The new family did not re-people the estate, but it is only just to say that they bear a kindly reputation, and have shown attention to the family of Donald Fraser aftermentioned. Contrast Corrybrough of to-day, without a single tenant of land, with the positions under the Macqueens in 1811. In Lyn Evan there were Donald Mackintosh and Alexander Mackintosh. In old Town, Donald Macqueen. In half of Ballimore and Miln Croft, Alexander Mackintosh and Alexander Macdonald. In the other half, Alexander Macdonald and Alexander Macqueen. In Dalnaban, James Macqueen. In Tombreck, James Macqueen and Donald MacGillivray. In Glenkirk, James Macqueen and Angus Macqueen. In upper Corrybrough beg, Alexander Macbean and Alexander Macqueen. In lower Corrybrough beg, Donald Macqueen and widow Macqueen. In Battanmore, widow Elspet Macdonald. In Dalreoch, William Chisholm and Donald Diamond. The total rental in 1811 was £314 1s. 10d., furth of 13 possessions, on which, perhaps 100 souls were nourished, and there is a note on the back of the rent roll that there were no arrears. The dispossessed people emigrated chiefly to the United States, and in the year 1890, their settlement in Ohio was visited by one of the respected Macdougall family, who reported "that they had formed a prosperous colony in the State of Ohio, and he found that many of them spoke the Gaelic well." Writing in 1827, Mr. Campbell Mackintosh, Town Clerk of Inverness, refers to Morclune "as the place where the present mansion house of Corrybrough is built.'

(To be continued.)

HIGHLANDERS IN FRANCE.

AMONG the many results which followed the expulsion of James the Second from the kingdom of his ancestors, one of the most interesting was the close connection which sprung up between France and the Highlands of Scotland. In pre-Reformation times, Scotland and France had been bound together by the strongest ties, social and political. The friendship, which had existed for centuries, was only terminated by the accession of the Stuarts to the throne of England, the common enemy against whom the two allies had combined. When the sovereignty of England passed from the ancient Scots line to the House of Hanover, something of the old familiarity between Scotland and her ancient associate was renewed. To most of the Highland lairds the true King of Scotland lived at St. Germain's, and not at St. James'. It was to the Scottish House of Stuart and not to the German House of Guelph, that the chiefs paid their court. The streets of Paris were familiar ground to many a Highlander who was strange and ill-at-ease in London. Stewarts and Frasers and Macdonalds took the gold of Louis le Grand, and served with distinction in the ranks of his army. Many an officer who wore the blue of the French king spoke Gaelic only, when he did not speak French. The intercourse with France added a poetic tinge of cosmopolitanism to the characters of the Highland lairds. The combination of French grace and refinement with the *perfervidum ingenium* of the Highlander produced curious types of character, which gave increased interest to the story of James the Eighth and Charles, his son.

Perhaps no better type of the Highland chief who was at once half a Frenchman and half a Gael, could be found than Simon, Lord Lovat, the old grey fox of the mountains, Duke of Fraser, as he would have been, if Prince Charles had won his own. He was a familiar and troublesome figure alike in Scotland and in France. He enjoyed for a time a pension from Louis XIV. He could speak from experience of the inside of French prisons. He had sojourned in the Bastille and the Castle of Angoulême. His appearances and disappearances were almost as mysterious as those of Prince Charles himself in his later days. Shortly before the death of Queen Anne, his clan lost all knowledge of him and despatched Major James Fraser to France to search for its lost chief. The MSS. left by this worthy major are delightful reading. A curious document was drawn up at the instance of Lord Lovat, which is worthy of mention in connection with the present subject. Prior to the French revolution there flourished in Tourraine a noble family of great antiquity, named Frezeau de la Frezeliere, which claimed kinship with the Frasers of Scotland. Lord Lovat and the Marquis de la Frezeliere, having struck up a friendship, entered into a formal league of amity and drew up an act and record acknowledging the relationship of the two families, and declaring an alliance between them. It was executed on the one part by the Marquis de la Frezeliere, the Duc de Luxembourg, the Duc de Chatillon, and the Prince de Tingrie; on the other by Lord Lovat, John Fraser, his brother, and George Henry Fraser, Major of the Irish regiment of Bourke in the French service.

It was only such a connection as existed between France and the Highlands that could have produced such a phenomenon as Neil Mac

Eachan, who was out with Prince Charles in the Forty-Five. A young man is found in South Uist who has been bred at Douai, and who knows Greek, Latin, French, Gaelic, and English. Neil was descended from a sept of Macdonalds named Mac Eachan, or sons of Hector, sprung from the house of Clanranald. When Prince Charles arrived in the Highlands, Neil gave his services to the Prince as an interpreter and secretary. After the suppression of the rising of 1745, he became a lieutenant in Ogilvie's regiment of the Scots Brigade. He was the father of Stephen Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's most brilliant marshals. The Duke of Tarentum always maintained his connection with South Uist. He was wont to remit money to his relatives there. He visited his father's birthplace in 1825, and took earth from the floor of the house where he was born, and potatoes from the garden. Having carried them home to France, he planted the potatoes in his garden, and ordered that the earth should be placed in his coffin after his death. The Duke addressed his relatives in French and broken Gaelic. They answered in Gaelic for they could speak no English.

Another curious product of the Franco-Highland connection was such men as Sergeant Mòr Cameron. He was one of the last to follow the profession of reiver, and to collect blackmail. He had been a sergeant in the French army, and came over to Scotland in 1745. He formed a party of outlaws between the counties of Perth, Inverness and Argyle, who lived on their neighbours in the good old Highland fashion. He was betrayed by a treacherous friend, and executed at Perth in 1753. His name was long the subject of tale and jest by the winter fireside. General Stewart of Garth tells a story of him.

"On one occasion he met with an officer from the garrison on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and with a large sum of money, and much afraid of falling in with Sergeant Mòr, requested the stranger would accompany him on his road. The other agreed; and as they walked on, they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber, murderer——'Stop there,' interrupted his companion, 'he does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and the Sassenachs, but neither he nor his cearnachs ever shed innocent blood, except once,' added he, 'that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the creach (the spoil) to be abandoned, and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune.' —'You!' says the officer, 'what had you to do with the affair?'—'I am John du Cameron—I am the Sergeant Mòr; there is the road to Inverness; you and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send in future a more wary messenger. Tell him also, that though an outlaw, and forced to live upon the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me.' The officer never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related."

The Scotsmen never lost their love of their native country. "I like France fine, when I'm there, man," says Allan Breck in *Catriona*, "yet I kind of weary for Scots divots and the Scots peat-reek." The mountains and lochs, the songs and tales of their native land were never forgotten. It is touching to read the account of the last days of James Mòr Macgregor, the son of Rob Roy. In a letter which he wrote to his chief, Drummond Macgregor of Bohaldie in September, 1754, he speaks of himself as living in the Rue de Cordier, Paris, in absolute destitution, and as willing to earn a pittance by the breaking or breeding of horses. He concludes his epistle by asking the loan of his chief's bagpipes to "play some melancholy tunes" of his own native land. He must have played them on his death-bed, for he died a week after. Almost equally touching is a story, told by Sir Walter Scott, of the real Allan Breck Stewart (for he, like James Mòr, was a genuine historical personage). His later life was spent in France, where he lived till the beginning of the French Revolution. "About 1789," says Scott, "a friend of mine, then residing at Paris, was invited to see some procession which was supposed likely to interest him, from the windows of an apartment occupied by a Scottish Benedictine priest. He found sitting by the fire a tall thin old man, with the *petit croix* of St Louis Some civilities in French passed between the old man and my friend, in the course of which they talked of the streets and squares of Paris, till at length the old soldier, for such he seemed, and such he was, said with a sigh in a sharp Highland accent, "Deil ane o' them a' is worth the Hie street of Edinburgh." He had not forgotten his native land. And what true Highlander ever does forget his native land or ever sees any to equal it? Is he not ever conscious of that feeling so beautifully expressed by Neil Munro?

"If I were King of France, that noble fine land,
And the gold was elbow-deep within my chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the wine land,
With towers as high as where the eagle nests:
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting—
The heather at my door?

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them, where the heather waving
Gave fragrance to the day;

The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And, still content, I'd find a bedding cheery,
Where'er the heather grew."

J. A. Lovat-Fraser.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The present issue completes Volume V. The annual subscriptions (4/- post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. We trust our readers will give this matter their immediate attention, and obviate the necessity of a second notice.

NEXT VOLUME.

It has been frequently suggested to us that we should enlarge the *Monthly* and increase the price to 6d. After giving the matter serious consideration we have decided, for various good reasons, to continue the magazine in its present form, for another year at any rate. The *Celtic* has attained a popularity which, we daresay, no former venture of the kind ever enjoyed, and we are especially gratified that a large and increasing circle of our readers is to be found among the crofting and industrial classes of our countrymen. Any increase in price would make the *Celtic* prohibitory to many of these, and we fear that we would in consequence lose the support of a number of our warmest well-wishers. Besides, the magazine in its present form is a source of delight to readers in all parts of the globe, and we are not sure that to the bulk of our readers any alteration of size or appearance would be welcome. The coming volume will therefore be conducted on the old lines, and from the promises of continued support which we have received from our present able staff of contributors, we feel sure that Vol. VI. will be in some respects even more interesting than its predecessors. We have already on hand a large selection of most interesting articles on Highland topics, as well as several short complete stories from four novelists of note. It is also our intention to give a larger variety of complete papers each month, confining the continued articles to not more than two in each issue. The artistic features of the magazine will also receive careful attention, and the high standard of our illustrations will be fully maintained, if not improved upon. We hope that our readers, on their part, will continue to give us their generous support, as they have done in the past, and they can rest assured that no effort will be spared by us to provide them with an interesting, bright, and attractive *Monthly*.

NEXT MONTH

WE will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Colonel Duncan Campbell of Inverneill; Mr. Hercules MacDonell of Kingston, Co. Dublin; and Mr. W. MacAndrew, Colchester.

THE MOD.—Our readers will please note that the Mòd takes place on 15th Sept. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

We are pleased to notice from the report of the The Owens College just issued, that the daughters of Dr. Chisholm of Radcliffe have taken high places in quite a number of the subjects of examination.

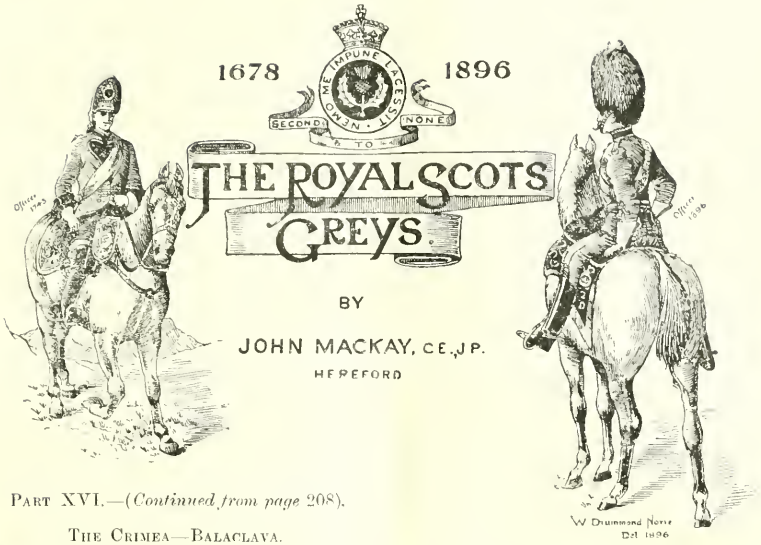
ROB DONN'S "SONGS AND POEMS."—We have a new edition of the works of the famous Sutherland bard, with the music of 50 of the original melodies, in the press. Particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

VOLUME V.—We now offer a few copies of the yearly volume, tastefully bound, for 10/- post free. As we are only able to offer a very limited number of complete sets those who desire copies should apply at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Two copies each of the last two volumes may still be had, Volume III., 20/-; Volume IV., 10/-, post free.

MANY of our readers will regret to learn of the death of that worthy and esteemed Highlander, Mr. Mackintosh, Erchless. He was 88 years of age, and was for the long period of forty years, head gardener to the Chisholms of Chisholm. There was a very large gathering of Strathglass people present at the funeral. His four sons occupy positions of trust, and are well known in Highland literary circles. Although resident in widely separate parts of the kingdom, they have been subscribers to the *Celtic* since its commencement, and we have among our readers no more enthusiastic supporters than the sons of the late Mr. Mackintosh of Erchless.

SUTHERLANDERS will be interested to learn that a Sale of Work in connection with the Free Church, Old Kilpatrick, is to take place in October. The minister, the Rev. Robert Munro, M.A., B.D., a native of Strathy, and widely known as a distinguished antiquarian, has issued an appeal for donations, and friends desirous of contributing, in money or kind, should communicate with him, F.C. Manse, Old Kilpatrick.

Members of the Clan Mackay Society will doubtless be glad to learn that the ancient banner of the clan (The White Banner), is to be placed in the society's possession for safe custody. Had it not been for the prompt and energetic action of the society this ancient relic would probably have gone out of the country.



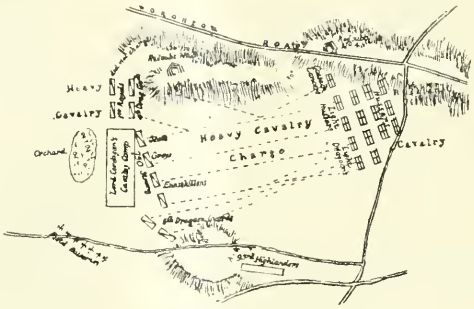
PART XVI.—(*Continued from page* 208).

THE CRIMEA—BALACLAVA.

AT first the Russians seemed in no haste, but by and by they perceived an advantage before them. The backward movement of the cavalry had uncovered the position where Sir Colin stood with his handful of troops. They consisted of 550 men of the 93rd Highlanders and two Turkish battalions from Kadikoi. The Highlanders were drawn up in line two deep at the foot of a slight acclivity. A certain stir and movement became perceptible among the Russian forces. Field batteries were advanced and began to play upon the 93rd. Sir Colin promptly withdrew them from exposure to the first swell of the rising ground, no more than a hillock, causing them to lie down for better protection, leaving the Russian balls and bombs to tear up the ground where they had stood. The Russian cavalry came on in one grand line, charging in towards Balaclava. Campbell calls his men, who stand up and crown the summit of the slight ascent. The Russians gallop forward, gathering speed at every stride. The ground flew beneath their feet, they dashed on towards that "thin red line tipped with steel." The Turkish battalions fire a volley at 800 yards and run. As the Russians came within 600 yards down went that line of steel in front, and out rang a volley of Minie musketry. The distance was too great, the Russians were not checked, but still swept inwards through the smoke, with the whole force of man and horse, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above their flank, without in the least checking their speed. With breathless suspense everyone awaited the bursting of the wave upon the line of "Gaelic Rock," but ere they were within 250 yards another deadly volley flashed from the levelled rifles and carried terror among the Russians. They wheeled about, opened files right and left, and fled faster than they came. "Bravo! Highlanders! well done!" shouted the excited spectators (Russell). Events thickened; the Highlanders and their splendid front were soon forgotten in another event, in which the Russians were even more conspicuously and decidedly worsted. Men had scarcely had a moment to think of the fact that the 93rd had not altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, stern and steady, was that day as it had been on previous occasions, quite sufficient to repel the attack of hostile cavaliers.

Lord Raglan perceiving the Russian advance, and that its intention was to attack Balaclava, sent orders to Lord Lucan for eight squadrons of his heavy horse to move down to support Sir Colin Campbell's little force, and cover the approaches to Balaclava. Brigadier General Scarlett commanded the men sent forth on this

business. They consisted of two squadrons of the Scots Greys, two of the Inniskillins, two of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and other two of the 4th, following after. They rode out in parallel columns round the west end of the Causeway Heights. They had not proceeded far when Scarlett saw a large body of Russian cavalry coming after him over the ridge. His decision was instantly taken. He wheeled his squadrons round and advanced to meet the enemy. The old Brigadier could be seen riding in front of his massive squadrons. At this moment Lord Lucan galloped up, applauded his resolve, and hastened its execution. The Russians in front of him were evidently *corps d' élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, a forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them. There was now little time to lose. The trumpets of our cavalry gave out a warning blast which told all that in another moment the shock of battle would be seen, beneath the very eyes of all beholders. Lord Raglan, his staff and escort, groups of French and British generals and officers, the Zouaves, and bodies of French infantry, on the heights were interested spectators of the scene about to be enacted, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, there was intense silence, not a word was spoken.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and very soon nearly halted Their first line was at least double the length of the British—it was three times as deep. Behind the first line was a similar one equally compact and strong. They seemed evidently to despise the insignificant looking force before them, but the trial of strength of arm, and dexterity in wielding weapons, and horsemanship, was about to be seen.

Trumpet sounds again rang through the valley, the Greys and Inniskillins went straight at the centre of the Russian cavaliers. The distance between them was only a few hundred yards, scarcely space enough to let horses "gather way," nor had the men sufficient space for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line advanced each wing as the British horsemen advanced, and seemed to threaten their annihilation as they passed on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the gallant Greys rushed on with a cheer that thrilled every heart—the wild shout of the Inniskillins rose through the air at the same instant. As lightning from a cloud flashes through the air, Greys and Inniskillins darted on the Russians and pierced through their masses. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and Inniskillins disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment they were seen emerging in diminished numbers and in broken order, charging into the second line. It was a terrible moment, "God help them! they are lost! was the exclamation of many and the thought of more. With unabated fire and spirit the noble and valiant hearts dashed at their enemy, as it was their wont to do. It was the fight of heroes! The first line of the Russians which had been utterly smashed by this charge and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, was now coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and courage Scot and Inniskillin were winning their desperate way right through the Russian squadrons, and already grey horses and scarlet coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when with irresistible force, like a bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoons Guards riding straight at the right flank of the Russians, and the 5th Dragoons following close after the Inniskillins, rushed at the remnant of the first line of the enemy, went through it, as if it were pasteboard, and put them to utter rout.

It will be recollected that the 4th Dragoons were left to follow in the rear of the double column led forth by Scarlett. This they did at some distance. They also imitated his movement in facing round to meet the descending foe.

Seeing their comrades about to engage, they without orders rode forward to be near. Its significance was at once discerned. "By God, the Greys are cut off!" shouted a voice from their ranks. "Gallop! gallop!" was the cry now set up from all ranks. Colonel Hodge, with great skill and presence of mind, led his men straight forward on the right flank of the outer or right column of the Russians. The trumpets sounded, and the gallant regiment bounded forward without waiting to dress ranks, passed along the side of the column till his rear was abreast of its front, then wheeling to his right, bore down with an impetuous rush upon the defenceless flank of the enemy. Some of the Russians in the rear saw the danger of the movement, spurred forward to break the shock. They were too late. Only a few horsemen got far enough to interpose. They were swept aside and knocked over, while the regiment as a whole, like an arrow from the string, struck at the disordered throng, each rank toppling over the other, and from flank to flank drove through them all without loss of men—and so faithfully fulfilling the old precept, "hard all across." This ended the ever glorious contest. An irrepressible cheer broke forth from the spectators on the allied side. The Heavy Brigade had nobly done its duty, a force of 750 had put to the rout well nigh four times that strength. The Russians soon quitted the scene and made off to the valleys; there was no pursuit.

Sir Colin Campbell, a little later on, rode up to the Greys, and uncovering, exclaimed, "Greys! gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old. If I were young again, I should be proud to serve in your ranks!"

Notwithstanding the desperate fighting, the loss sustained by the Heavy Brigade was comparatively slight. The Russian loss was about 500. The loss of the Scots Greys, 2 men killed, 4 officers and 48 men wounded.

Lord Raglan sent one of his aides-de-camp to congratulate General Scarlett, and to say "well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message, and with the modest bluntness of a brave Englishman, replied, "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely." In reporting to the Minister of War two days later his Lordship wrote, "The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to the Brigadier General, and to the officers and men engaged in it."

The Scots Greys with other regiments of the brigade were engaged later in the day in covering the return of the survivors of the light cavalry charge, and remained in the Crimea till the end of the war, sharing in the hardships and privations which the British troops suffered and so nobly endured during the terrible winter of 1854-55. They lost many men by disease, and but a few of those gallant fellows who marched from Nottingham so full of life and spirit were with the regiment when it returned to England in July, 1856.

The strength of the Scots Greys on embarking for the Crimea was 18 officers, 299 N. C. officers and men, and while serving in the Crimea they received reinforcements amounting to 10 officers and 272 N. C. officers and men. Of these 2 officers and 89 N. C. officers and men died in the East, 11 officers and 75 N. C. officers and men were invalided home.

Since the return from the Crimea the Scots Greys as a regiment have seen no active or foreign service, but in 1884-5 a detachment of 2 officers and 44 N. C. officers and men proceeded to Egypt as part of the Camel Corps, which went through the Desert March, fought at Abu Klea, and reached the Upper Nile too late to save General Gordon. At the Battle of Abu Klea the Greys detachment had 1 officer and 11 men killed, 1 man wounded (died of his wounds).

The Greys and 1st Royal Dragoons are the only remaining regiments of the old "Heavy Cavalry Brigade" which only go abroad in time of war. This privilege the Royal Scots Greys have enjoyed since they were raised. It enables them to enlist men who would be too tall and heavy for the Indian troop horses.

The regiment is at present on the strong establishment and numbers 682 of all ranks.

In closing this record of the Royal Scots Greys it may be truly remarked almost unbroken success has ever attended its arms, from its formation to the present day—a period of two hundred and twenty years. In the numerous campaigns in which it has been engaged, a single instance can scarcely be found where the regiment was broken, or compelled to retreat for its own sake, and only once (at Val) did it lose a standard.

In camp or quarters, in peace or war, the gallant Royal Scots Greys have always maintained their glorious reputation, the honour of their country, and nobly proved their right to the proud motto—

"Second to None."

[Concluded.]

The Clan Donnachaidh Society have just started a branch in London, which was inaugurated under most favourable circumstances. Struan Robertson, Chief of the clan, presided, and Mr. Forbes Robertson gave a glowing account of the achievements of members of the clan in the fine arts, in science, and in warfare, and urged the meeting to keep green the memory of the clan by joining the society.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY EX-DEAN OF GUILD DAVID MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.

(*Continued from page* 220).

PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION.

HAVING thus given a cursory glance at the Highlands—its people, literature, music, and general characteristics—the utmost that can be done in the course of a single lecture—I shall now draw to a close with a few remarks on the present social condition of the country. If there is a bright side to this Highland picture there is also a shady side, and it is necessary that the latter should be freely looked at, and honestly stated. Perhaps I may do this the more readily without giving offence, seeing that I am a genuine son of the mountains myself, coming as I do from Lochaber, where my progenitors were born and reared. I say

HIGHLANDER WORKING THE "CAS CHROM," THE ANCIENT HAND PLOUGH OF THE HIGHLANDS.

this with some pride, for many of them did good service in their country's battles at home and abroad. Some of them could display trophies of prowess gained on many a well-fought field. The name which I bear stands conspicuous throughout the history of the Highlands for its patriotism and daring. Its possessors have ever been ready to risk life and property for the cause considered at the time just and right. I can then the more readily appeal to my brethren and kinsmen to give me an impartial hearing. It is granted that the Highlander excels morally and physically, and, when intellectually cultivated, that he is one of the best specimens of our humanity. His qualities are, as a rule, great moral and physical courage, sound judgment, genuine warm-heartedness, together with religious fervour. Acknowledging all this, how, we ask, are we to account for the social degradation of many parts of the

Highlands and Islands of Scotland? Anyone who has travelled over the country cannot fail to have observed the state of dependence and poverty, which pervades a large proportion of the Highland population. The effect of this is manifest when a sudden calamity occurs, such as a bad harvest, an unfortunate fishing season, etc., subjecting the natives to the direst poverty and destitution, and necessitating appeals to the whole country for its alleviation. We have heard much from the learned disquisitions of Professors and others of the "noble Gaelic language," "the mother tongue," "the language spoken by our first parents," etc. It would be well were we treated to such practical experiments, however, as the Highland and Agricultural Society and their friends some time ago witnessed on the Duke of Sutherland's estates, or to the proper development of local manufactures, the fisheries, and enterprises of a wise and safe kind. Even the best natural endowments run to waste for lack of cultivation or the encouragement needed to make them spring into active life, and if we are asked on whom the blame for this discreditable state of matters rests, we fear we must say that it is due, on the one hand to an inadequate sense of duty entertained by the owners of the soil, and on the other hand to the demoralization which long years of dependence and poverty have engendered. If all this is to be changed, we must in the first instance look to the proprietors of the soil for improvement, and we have no fear that, should the encouragement be forthcoming, the Highlander will be ready to do his part with credit to himself and advantage to his landlord. I do not willingly blame; but I know instances where perhaps, with fair intentions, all feelings of enterprise, manly independence, and progress have been effectually beaten out of the population as if these qualities were foreign to the race. It may well be asked in astonishment how progress, which has made such rapid strides in other parts of the United Kingdom, has been altogether unknown in many parts of the Highlands—how it comes that in "this fair part of creation," the peasant and his cattle still, in some parts, dwell together under the same roof, sometimes without even a slender partition to divide them—burrowing in cabins, innocent of windows and chimneys, the inhabitants often half clothed and half fed. I was on a visit to the Highlands and while leaving I met a clergyman, and spoke to him of the desperate state of matters in these places. Much to my surprise he laughed at my complaint, and stated that the people were healthy and well, and that the construction of such primitive dwellings, as I have mentioned, was an anti-septic for disease—was, in fact, a cure for consumption. I told him that if he believed in such a doctrine he could put it in force on himself, and declare it from the house-tops for the good of the country. In Shetland there is an island containing a fishing population in very wretched condition. It is often difficult to get at, and the minister who officiates there is obliged to sleep all night on the island. One of his requisites in visiting the place is "vermin-killer," which he sprinkles in his bed before lying down. He often does not go to bed at all. The whole place is said to be overrun with vermin. I said to him, "You are to blame for letting such a state of things exist. Why not arouse the people to a sense of their duty to themselves and to society—'Cleanliness is next to Godliness?" In many parts it is necessary that this should be rung in the ears of teacher and taught. During the past quarter of a century the country generally has made great progress, in which all classes have shared. But the Highlander has not made the same progress. In many parts he has suffered much from getting aid, a system which has taken away his manhood, and dwarfed and sapped his independence. Natural circumstances, no doubt, have contributed to this state of matters—the long tracts of moorland, sparsely populated—the many islands removed from the advantages of larger populated districts—and the "mother tongue," has still further locked them up within themselves, and tended to keep them removed from the influences which have elsewhere contributed to the material prosperity of the country. It is to be hoped that the better system of education which is in course of being carried everywhere into effect will do something to go to the root of the evil. No doubt it will give a better acquaintance with the English tongue in the remote Highlands, and make the pathway to the temple of knowledge more easy. Other circumstances being equally favourable, it is to be hoped that a few years may see an improvement which will make itself felt generally in the improved social life and prosperity of the people.

Highland Emigration—the only solution of present difficulties.

The Highlanders are bestirring themselves all over the country and abroad. Intelligence is paving the way for inquiry into their history—their intellectual, social, and political condition in their native country. If the Highlander had opportunity—if his education had been commensurate with his intellectual and moral qualities, he would not stand to disadvantage with the Saxon community, as he unquestionably does in the meantime—he would not be "the hewer of wood and the drawer of water" that

he presently is in the Highland district. He is as "the serf bound to the soil," "the soldier to be shot at for a shilling a day for his country's fame and glory!" The poor Highlander has had to flee from his country for the sheer preservation of physical life—not because the land could not maintain him, but because it is not allowed to do it. The miserable condition of the Highlanders, in many parts of the Highlands, in all the social relations of life, is a disgrace to any civilized country. (The cattle in many cases are better housed and taken care of than the Highlander.) In his mountain fastness he is excluded from seeing the world he lives in, and thus, the Highlanders, comparing themselves with themselves cultivate a spirit of self-satisfaction, till they feel no inducement to profitable and honourable exertion. They even get into a state of mental and bodily torpor which is incompatible with all progress or improvement. Want of education is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of their thorough elevation. And their being able to communicate only in the Gaelic language shuts them out entirely from the larger world with which they should be rubbing shoulders. Thus they are excluded from the influences of the teeming populations outside themselves, from all the impulses, the pulpit, the platform, the press, in English communicate. Their birth-right is thus taken away, and is it any wonder therefore that they are in the state that has been described?

I am not going into the attractive subject of Celtic literature, valuable as it is, but I want to ask your attention to another subject—"What is to elevate the poor Highlander from his present deplorable condition?" This question, it is humbly thought, should take precedence of all others. The Highlanders as a people, mentally and physically depressed, are not in a position to make much progress in life. I look upon the people as I find them, and do not, for the present, raise the question what has brought them into this condition. Differences of opinion may arise as to that, but there is no difference of opinion as to the fact that the people should be extricated from their present deplorable state. What mean all those social public annual gatherings of Highlanders over the two hemispheres? They are the men and women who had the courage and power, or on whom necessity was laid, to leave their native glen or mountain home, the quiet lochside or humble hamlet, to honestly earn the merest physical necessities of life which they could not get in the country of their birth. The dwellers in these mountain ranges have a physique denied the denizen of the city. They import into our large cities not only elements for the perpetuating or building up of a strong healthy race, but they also give them a people who are earnest, diligent, and of the very highest moral qualities. It is also well known that Highlanders take their position in society—whether as merchants, or in the learned professions, or as statesmen. They have been found in the very highest stations, taking the foremost places in the best and most cultivated society. But while you are thus enriching the cities, you are depopulating the Highlands. Why not? The Highlander cannot get the merest physical existence amid his native mountains. In the cities he rises to respect and distinction, gets an honourable living for himself and his family, and becomes a blessing to society. An exodus from the Highlands will enrich the people, and the countries they go to. What use is it to the Highlander to live in those mountain glens, however beautiful, extolled in prose and poetry—if he cannot live? He cannot live on the air?

I now come to the great climax of my argument. I would encourage the depopulation of the Highlands, not as a service to the landowners who may wish to get clear of a too numerous tenantry, but as a service to the Highlanders themselves—to benefit their condition. Depopulate the Highlands! it is said. Why not get the laws respecting the land altered so that the people could live contented and happy, as one of our national poets has expressed it:—

"A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle."

Why not get the laws altered to realise such a picture as that where you could grow your own wool, and spin it by the ever-recurring waterfalls that abound so abundantly in the Highlands, develop its mineral resources, its fishings, and agriculture. In reply to all this it is sufficient to say that the landowners and the legislature have all been trying for generations to get the grievances put right, but without the least effect; and at the present moment the evils are intensified by English sportsmen getting the whole Highland districts at a high rental, or buying the estates at a great price for the purpose of sport. If anyone thinks he is to get matters put right after the experience of so many years, he must be a very sanguine person—must hope against hope—and by the time the grass grows the animal may be dead. It is said city life is artificial and soon runs itself out, therefore you must not depopulate the Highlands, but keep it up to supply new blood for our cities. To keep up the Highlands for such a purpose is as bad as to keep up the Highlander to be shot at, as formerly stated,

COLONEL ALLAN MACLEAN.

for a shilling a day. Rather let the cities go to seed, let the supply of fresh energy and fresh blood get done if it will, but for these and such-like purposes don't make the Highlander your burden bearer, the hewers of wood and drawers of water that they have been for generations in the past. No doubt the Highlander is bound to his native locality with strong feelings of deep affection, and for him to emigrate may be like banishment—many of them have broken their hearts by removal. Notwithstanding all this the future of the people must be looked to, and no present or prospective remedy can give the necessary and present relief but removal. It is in the interest of the people this is advocated, and in their interest solely.

[Concluded.]

COLONEL ALLAN MACLEAN, WEYMOUTH.

COLONEL MACLEAN was born on the 18th May, 1845, at Strathallan, Melbourne, Victoria, where, some years previously, his father, Malcolm Maclean, with ten brothers and sisters, emigrated from the Island of Coll, the voyage occupying five months. In 1851 his father returned to Scotland, and the subject of our sketch attended school in Edinburgh, and passed through the University, taking in 1868 the degree of M.B.,C.M., and F.R.C.S.E. Later on he took his M.D. Like many another enterprising young Scot, Colonel Maclean decided to push his fortunes in the south, and from 1870 to 1892 carried on a large practice at Portland, Dorsetshire, holding nearly all the public and private appointments in the Island. In July of the latter year he retired from general practice, having suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and settled in Weymouth, where he finds his time fully occupied, with his many volunteer and other duties. As a lecturer he has gained considerable prominence, his favourite subjects being ambulance work, wood-carving, etc. He is examiner to the St. John Ambulance Association.

In 1873 Colonel Maclean married Catherine Georgina Varenne, eldest daughter of Hanbury Pargeter, Esq., by whom he had one daughter, Katie, whose sympathies are strongly Scottish. To her the annual trip to the Highlands has a particular charm.

The Colonel is a J.P. for the County, and Secretary to the Weymouth Golf Club. Never a St. Andrew's Day passes but he and a number of "brither Scots" celebrate the event with a dinner, the *menu* being a distinctly Scotch one.

Perhaps, however, it is as an enthusiastic volunteer that the Colonel is most widely known. In 1864 he joined the University Coy. of the 1st Batt. Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, now the Royal Scots, which was then under the command of Sir Robert Christison, and Professor —now Sir William—Turner. He was soon promoted to the rank of Corporal and then to Sergeant. He gave valuable assistance to the officers in arranging the various shooting competitions, a subject in which he has always been specially interested. He resigned on leaving for the south in 1869, but he always looks back upon the four years which he spent in the Queen's Edinburgh as the happiest in the whole of his thirty years service as a volunteer. In 1872 Colonel Maclean joined the 1st Dorset Volunteer Artillery as Surgeon-Lieutenant, but soon after resigned and took combatant rank as Lieutenant, rising to Captain in 1880, Major 1890, and Colonel 1894. He has passed the examinations in tactics and artillery subjects. The brigade under his command consists of ten companies, 800 strong, and is generally recognised as one of the best and most efficient artillery corps in the south of England, the detachment from his corps winning the first prize in the 10 inch gun competition at Shoeburyness this year.

The Colonel occupies a high position in the masonic craft. He was initiated in 1876, W.M. 1887; P.J.G.D., 1887; Z. 170, in 1890, P.G. S.N. 1890; W.M.M. 126 in 1888-90; P.G.M. S.W. and P. Prelate in 1888, E.P. No. 31 in 1889; and is treasurer to the Knight Templars, and Rose Croix degrees, and Life Governor R.M.I. girls.

THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPE:

ITS HISTORY, MUSIC, AND ROMANCE.

By Dr. Norman Hay Forbes of Forbes.

(*Continued from page* 218.)

IN the year 1783, at a competition in Edinburgh, John M'Arthur, "the only surviving Professor of the ancient College of Dunvegan," performed with great approbation. Ten competitors strove in vain against him, and the president of the meeting directed "the handsomest Highland bagpipe" to be made for him, it being also resolved "to establish a college" for the instruction of those whose services might be useful in the Highland regiments. In his work on "Highland vocal airs," Patrick Macdonald states that the great Highland bagpipe is the instrument for war, for marriage, in funeral processions, and for other great occasions, the smaller being that whereon dancing tunes were played. It is, however, in the military service where the Highland pipe has played so conspicuous a part.

In the year 1549 a French officer describing the warfare carried on near Edinburgh, specifies that fourteen or fifteen thousand Scots, including the Savages accompanying the Earl of Argyll, arrived, and while the French prepared for combat, the wild Scots encouraged themselves to arms by the sound of their bagpipes. "Les Ecossois Sauvages se provocquoyent aux armes parles sons de leurs Cornemeuses." The military use of the instrument among the turbulent and uncultivated Irish is sufficiently noted from repeated combats with the English. Stanihurst in 1584 writes:—

"Now goe the foes to wracke,
The Karne apace doe sweate,
And bagge-pipe then instead of trompe
Doe lull the back retreate.

* * * * *

The bagge-pipe cease to playie,
The pyper lies on ground,
And here a sorte of glibbed theeves
Devoid of life are found."

A HIGHLAND PIPER.

In 1601, Moryson, the traveller, visiting Ireland during a rebellion, says "that near Armagh a strange body of insurgents approached the camp of regulars, with cries and sound of drummers and bagpipes, as if they would attempt the camp, and poured into it some two or three thousand shot. After that our men had given them a volley in their teeth they drew away, and we heard no more of their drummers and bagpipes, but only mournful cries, for many of their best men were slain."

In 1642 there were regimental pipers, and it is believed that the "North British Fusiliers" (now the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers) were among the first regiments possessing pipers.

As the Highlands have always been the grand focus of insurrection here, from peculiarity of manners, inaccessibility to the arm of the law, and a language unintelligible to the more civilized districts and other causes, so has the bagpipe been the concomitant of rebellion as in Ireland. On the trial of James Reid, a piper,

at York, for treason in the year 1746, it was observed that no regiment ever marched without musical instruments, such as drums and trumpets and the like, and that a Highland regiment never marched without a piper, therefore his bagpipe in the eye of the law was an instrument of war. The victim of this harsh decision consequently suffered capital punishment in that city for having joined the rebel army, while other two of his profession were acquitted because they had been forced into the service. At the battle of Quebec in April, 1760, the bagpipe rallied the Highland troops, and when beginning to yield at Cuddalore, in India, their drooping spirits were reinvigorated by its wild appeal leading them on to victory.

At the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal, in 1813, after a courageous piper had fallen, and lay bleeding on the ground, he boldly played on, thus helping to turn the fortune of the day. At Waterloo the pipers of the 79th, including those of the other regiments forming the Highland brigade, played courageously, urging their comrades by such inspiriting tunes as the *Cogadh na sith* (peace or war). The bagpipe was much in vogue in all Highland sports and pastimes and at all "gatherings of clans." From Highland hospitality, so predominant in Scotland, the chief had frequent opportunity of entertaining his guests with the music of his pipers. When Dr. Johnson visited Coll, one of the Western Isles, "the piper played regularly when dinner was served, whose person and dress made a good appearance." The bagpipe has always been employed to heighten mirth and lighten labour, and at a wedding in Scotland it has been a custom for the "piper to have a piece of the bride's garter tied about his pipes."

While the inhabitants of the Isle of Skye were occupied making roads in the year 1786 each party had a bagpipe. Also when numbers of men in the north of Scotland engaged in works of strength and joint labour, as launching a large boat, they required a piper to regulate the time. Some, too, when occupied in the Highland harvest were accustomed to keep time together by several peculiar tones of the voice, to stoop and rise together as regularly as a rank of soldiers when they ground their arms. Sometimes they were incited to their work by the sound of the bagpipe. In funeral rights the bagpipe has served to "lament" the loss of the brave and the honourable on those mournful occasions, and that perhaps from periods of remote antiquity. The weeping of women for the departed, and the funeral pipes preceding the bier, are among the ancient customs of the "Scottish mountaineers."

Lord Lovat of the '45 wished for "the coronach of all the women of the country to attend him to the grave." The piper preceded the bier at all Highland funerals, playing a "lament," such as "Lochaber no more," on his bagpipe, which was hung with narrow streamers of black crape.

In halls of joy and in scenes of mourning, the Highland pipe prevailed. It has fired the hardy sons of Caledonia in battle, it has welcomed them back again after their toils, to the longed-for homes of their love, and to the hills and valleys of their birth. Its strains were the first sounded in the ears of infancy, and they are the last to be forgotten in the dreamy wanderings of age. Even Highlanders will allow that it is not the gentlest of instruments; but when far away from their heath-clad mountain homes, what sounds, however sweet, however meritorious, could thrill round their warm heart, like one passionate burst of their own wild native pipe? In the words of Aytoun:

> "Sound the fife and cry the slogan,
> Let the pibroch shake the air
> With its wild triumphant music,
> Worthy of the freight we bear.
>
> Let the ancient hills of Scotland
> Hear once more the battle song
> Swell within their glens and valleys,
> As the clansmen march along."

Of the varieties of pipe music, the piobrachd or pipe-theme (or tune) is usually the "Cruinneachadh" or "gathering" of a clan, being a long piece of music composed on the occasion of some victory or other fortunate circumstance in the history of a tribe, which, when played, is a warning for the troops to turn out. There are, however, other classes of this sort of music, which generally pass by the same name, but which, in reality are, or ought to be, used for particular purposes. Some of these had their origin in similar events to the "cuairt piobrachd" or "regular gathering," and are of the same character, but are properly a "cumhadh," "coronach," or "lament," and a "fàilte," salute or welcome. The coronach has been composed on the death of some celebrated chief, and is played at the funeral of his successors and others of the clan. The "fàilte" or "salute" has been composed on the birth of a chief or gentleman of a clan, his baptism, arrival at age, marriage, or other happy event, and was played on like occasions to his successors, and when the chief or captain of a clan came on the field of muster.

Although their characters are much alike, with the exception of the "Coronach," which is, of course, particularly slow, impressive, and plaintive, very little attention is now paid to the distinctions, and so much has propriety been disregarded, that these pieces of music are frequently called "marches."

Several piobrachds originated in the '45, as one by Cluny's piper, who composed it during the battle of Falkirk, which is yet well known. In playing a piobrachd the "ùrlar" or ground work theme, generally in common time, is first played, followed by the "siubhal" or variation, of which there is most usually a doubling and often a trebling, the time quickening, and the last being generally termed "Taorluidh" or fast movement, the "ùrlar," like a chorus, is then repeated, and variation second commences.

The second variation has both doubling and trebling, after which is the "ùrlar," and then the third variation with its doubling, trebling, and closing strain. Lastly, the fourth variation, which has only a doubling, and the repetition of the "ùrlar" leads to the "crunluath" or round, quick, and yielding movement, which has its doubling, trebling, and quadrupling, the latter part in $\frac{9}{8}$ time, being the quickest of all runnings, extending through sixty-four bars, the piece closing with the opening strain additional. Of piobrachds, *Cogadh na sith* (peace or war), *Craig Ealachaidh* (or the Grants' Gathering), and *Creag dubh* (the Gathering of Clan Chattan), are among the best known. The "gathering" of my own clan is now known by the local words which begin *Ca 'Gleneruan* (Gather, Glennochty), and seems the air which has been appropriated to the "Locheil's Warning" of Campbell. There is also the Forbes's march *Cath Ghlinn Earainn.*

Of salutes, *Fàilte Phrionnsa*, composed by John MacIntyre, piper to Menzies of Menzies, on the landing of King James in 1715, and a similar one on the landing of "bonnie Prince Charlie" at Moidart in 1745, are among the best compositions, and I had the pleasure of hearing the Queen's piper (James Campbell) play the *Fàilte Phrionnsa* at the recent anniversary Dinner of the Highland Society of London, on the 21st of March last year.

Among the most beautiful and pathetic of laments may be mentioned *Cumha Mhic a' Arisaig* or "The Macintosh's Lament," "Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Land o' the Leal," and "The Chieftains," to which words are sung on the unfortunate death of the Colonel of Glengarry's regiment, who fell in the streets of Falkirk after the victory, by the accidental discharge of the gun of one of Clan Ranald's men.

In the mystic domain of romance, the bagpipe has no other musical rival except it be the harp. Perhaps one of the most interesting of romantic legends is that of the ancient and celebrated pipe in the possession of the chief of Clan Chattan, known as the *Feadan Dubh* or Black Chanter.

It is carefully treasured at Cluny Castle in Badenoch, and on its possession the prosperity of the House of Cluny is said to depend. It is said that its original fell from Heaven during the clan battle fought between the Macphersons and Davidsons in the presence of King Robert the III., his Queen and nobles, on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and that being made of chrystal, it was broken by the fall, and the existing one made in *fac-simile.*

There is another tradition connected with this "Black Chanter" which is said to have possessed some supernatural charm or virtue. Three Macdonalds of Glencoe had on one occasion taken a *creach* (cattle-lifting) from Strathspey, but were overtaken by a strong party of the Grants near Aviemore, when they thought themselves out of danger; and, while asleep, the two elder Macdonalds were surprised and bound, but the younger escaped to the woods. The Grants, on their return home, stopped about two miles from the place, and while they were refreshing and enjoying themselves in apparent security, the three dauntless heroes, who had recovered themselves and come together, attacked their enemies, dirk and claymore, driving them clean off with confusion, killing seven, and wounding sixteen, and rescuing the whole of the cattle. The Laird of Grant, highly vexed at the shameful conduct of his men, compelled them for three successive Sundays to walk round the church in the presence of all the clan, carrying wooden swords, suspended by straw ropes, exclaiming, "We are the cowards that disgracefully ran away." The whole clan were much disheartened by this affair, and to reanimate them the chief sent to Cluny for the loan of the *Feadan Dubh*, whose notes could infallibly rouse every latent spark of valour. Cluny is said to have lent it without hesitation, saying his men stood in no need of it. It remained with the Grants until 1822, when Grant of Glenmoriston presented it to Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, the then chief.

In the words of Mrs. Ogilvy's poem—

"Proud music! by shame or dishonour ne'er daunted,
By murmur of orphan, by widowed despair,
The fall of thy country, thy spell disenchanted,
With the last of the Stuarts it vanished in air.
Yet rouse thee from slumber, Black Chanter of Chattan,
Send forth a strong blast of defiance once more,
On the flesh of thy children the vulture doth fatten,
And sodden with blood are the sands of Lahore.
As fierce as the tiger that prowls in the forest,
Those sons of the Orient leap to the plain,
But the blade striketh vainly wherever thou warrest,—
Black Chanter of Chattan, bestir thee again!

END OF VOLUME V.

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